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Monsieur Beaucaire

A ROMANTIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

(FOUNDED ON BOOTH TARKINGTON'S STORY.)

Book by
FREDERICK LONSDALE.

Lyrics by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD.,
16, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

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roduced by Mr. Gilbert Miller at the Prince's Theatre.

IONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Monsieur Beaucaire	MARION GREEN
Philip Molyneux	JOHN CLARKE
Frederick Bantison	LENNOX PAWLE
Rakell	SPENCER TREVOR
Francois	YVAN SERVAIS
Duke of Winterset	ROBERT PARKER
Beau Nash	ROBERT CUNNINGHAM
Townbrake	DENNIS KING
Capt. Badger	PERCY CARR
Joliffe	HARRY FRANKISS
Bicksitt	LEIGH ELLIS
Marquis du Mirepoix	YVAN SERVAIS
Lucy	ALICE MOFFAT
Countess of Greenbury	VIOLET RUSSELL JEROME
Girl	RENE MORRELL
AND	
Lady Mary	MAGGIE TEYTE

Doris Wheatley, Dorothy Schofield, Marjorie Burgess, Gladys Burgess, Peggy Wentworth, Nan Wilcox, Adeline Rose, Ellen Grubb, Diedonne Donaldon, Vi Harcourt, Dorothy Easton, May Pauline, Gladys Hirst, Marjorie Burke, Patricia Hare, Pat Newell, Beatrice Thompson, Lillie Rennie, Kate Zoller, Gladys Tudor, Olivia West, Barbara Esmé, Leila Mackenzie.

Frederick A. Pitman, J. Allan Black, Charles B. Lumb, J. Leonard Perret, Herbert Edwards, Ian Alexander, Jacques Thomas, John Neal, A. Brouard, Ernest Vincent, W. A. Phillips, Jack Kelly.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Prologue :—Monsieur Beaucaire's Lodgings in Bath. (Early evening.)

Act I. :—Lady Rellerton's Ballroom. (Same evening.)

Act II. :—At Mr. Bantison's Park, outside of Bath. (Three weeks later.)

Act III. :—Assembly Room at Bath. (One week later.)

Production Staged under the direction of J. A. E. MALONE.
Dances, Choruses and Ensemble arranged by WILLIE WARDE.
Orchestra under the direction of KENNEDY RUSSELL.

Manager	F. C. POOL.
Stage Manager	HARRY HARDY.

Wigs by Clarkson. — Dresses by Simmons. — Shoes by Raynes.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

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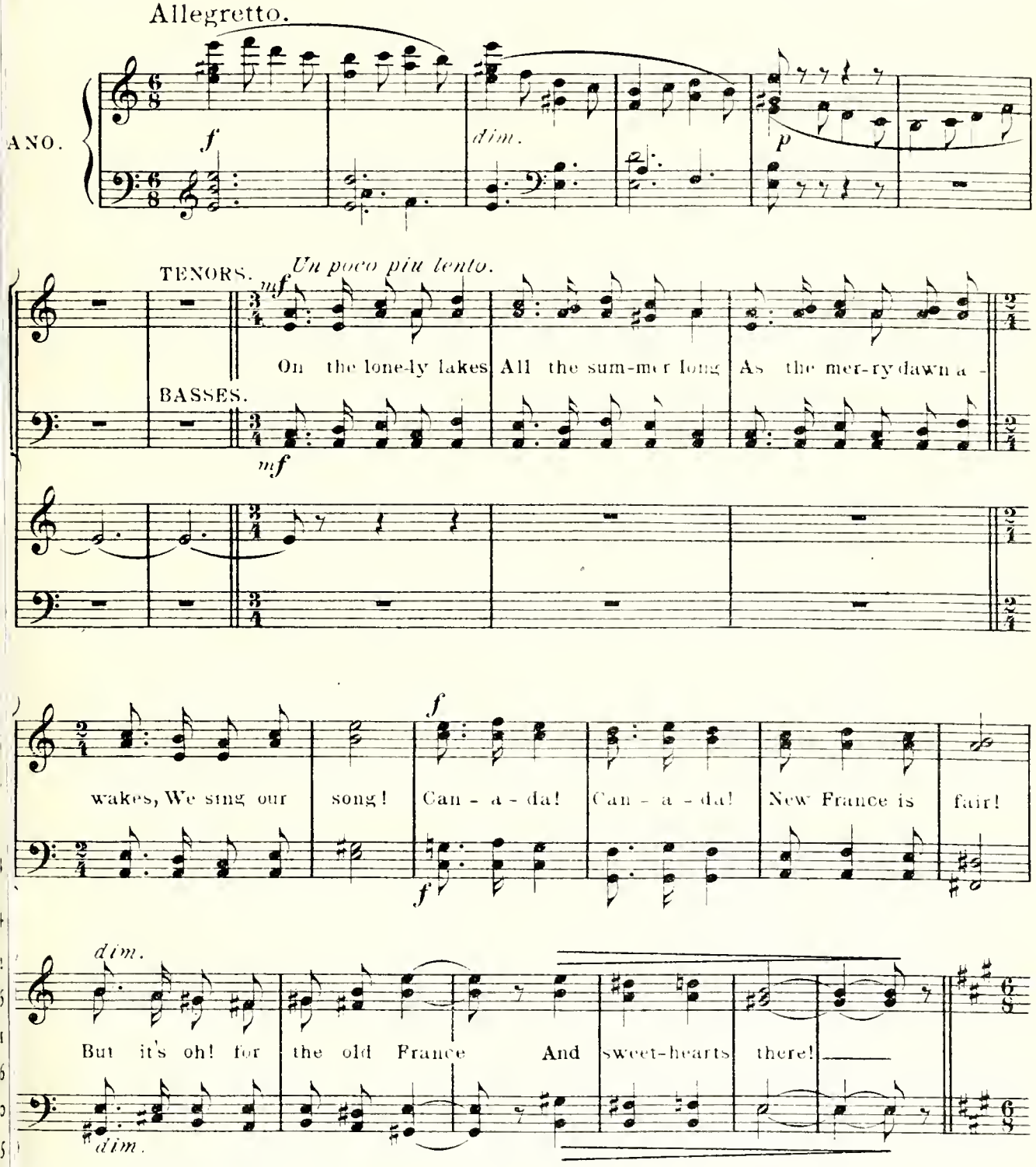
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
Act 1.

No 1. PROLOGUE and CHORUS—"Voyageur's Song."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER.


Allegretto.
ANO.
f
dim.
p
TENORS.
BASSES.
Un poco più lento.
mf
On the lone-ly lakes All the sum-mer long As the mer-ry dawn a -
wakes, We sing our song! Can - a - da! Can - a - da! New France is fair!
But it's oh! for the old France And sweet-hearts there!

After an old French Song.

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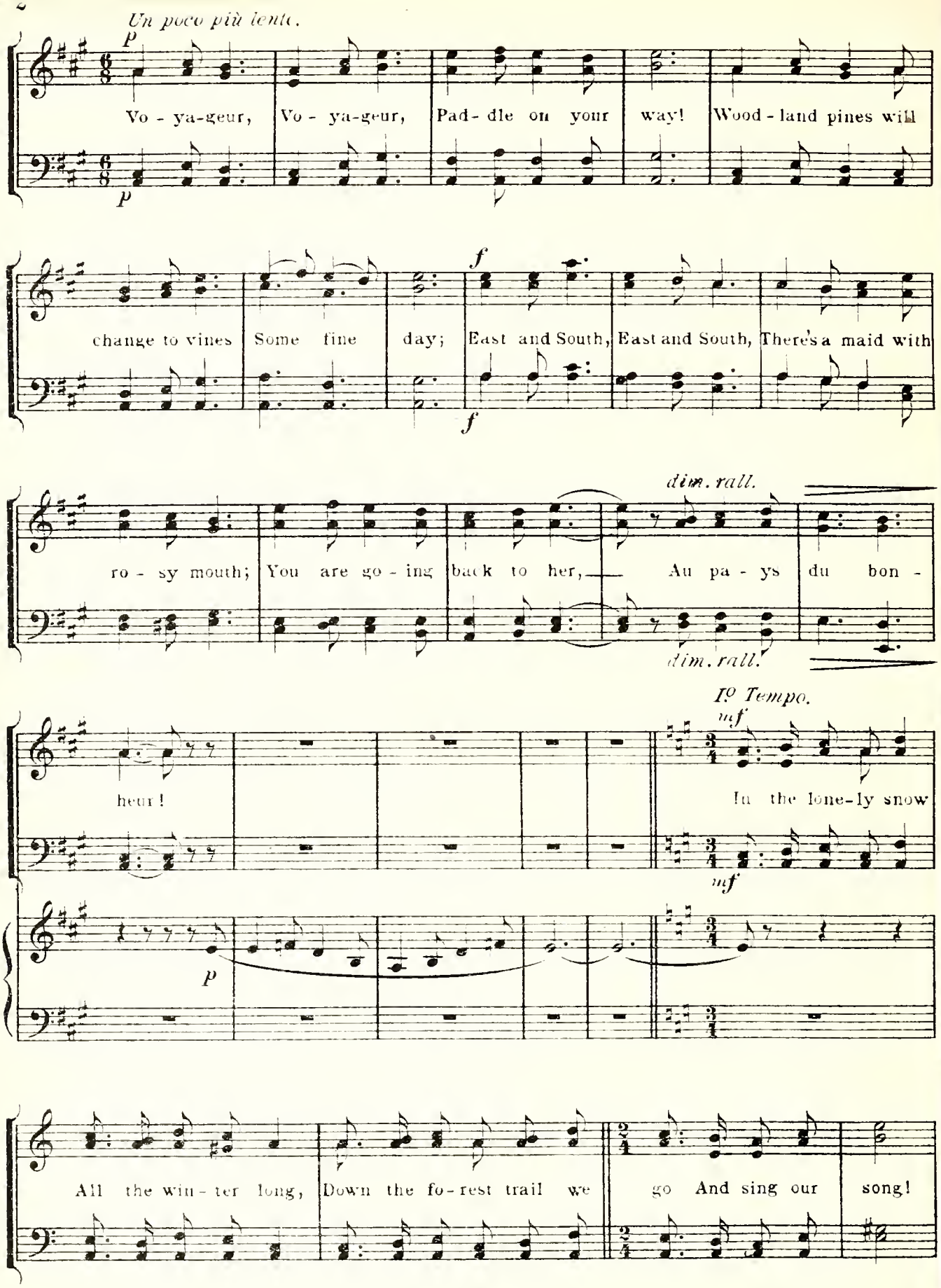
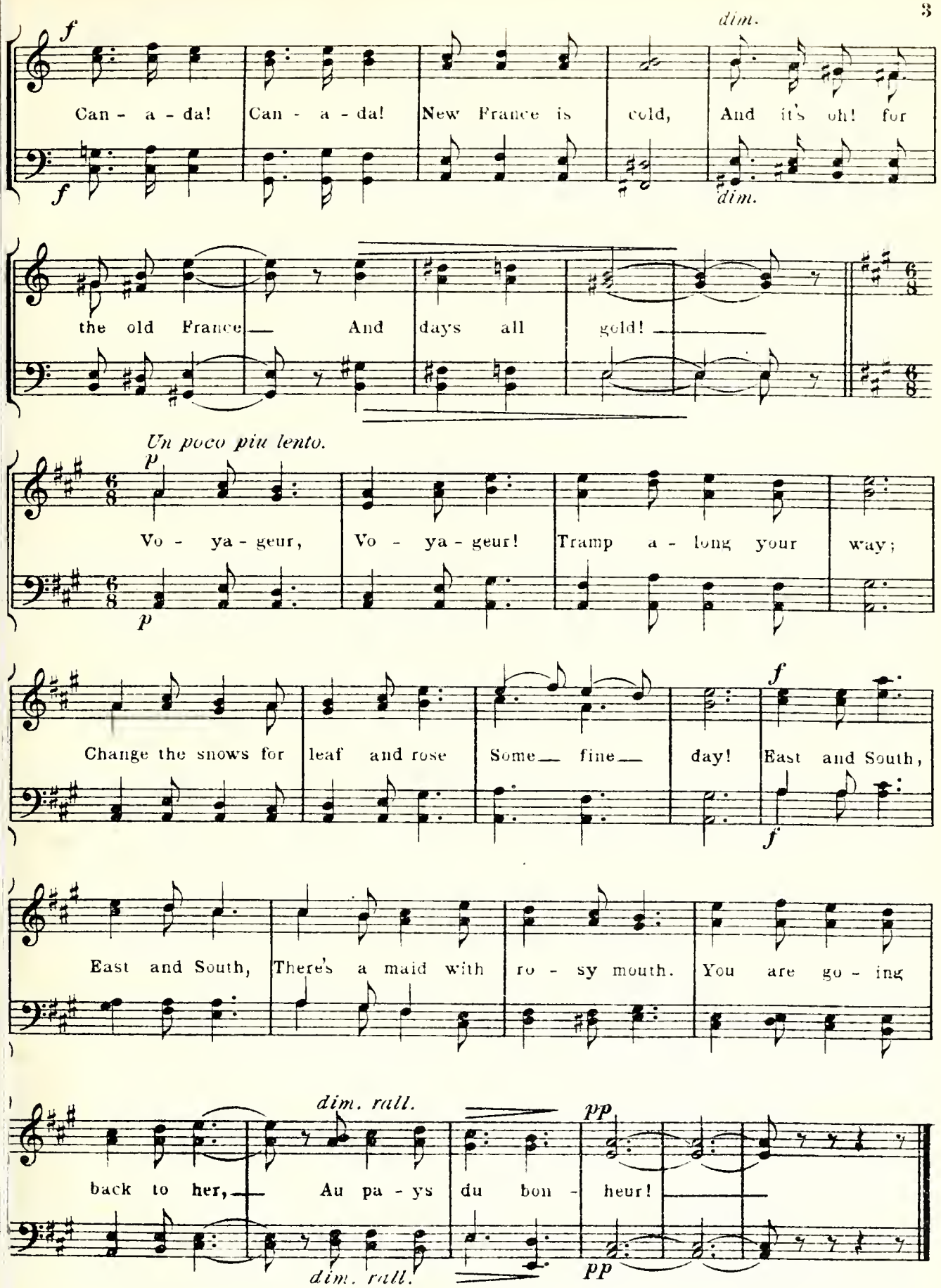
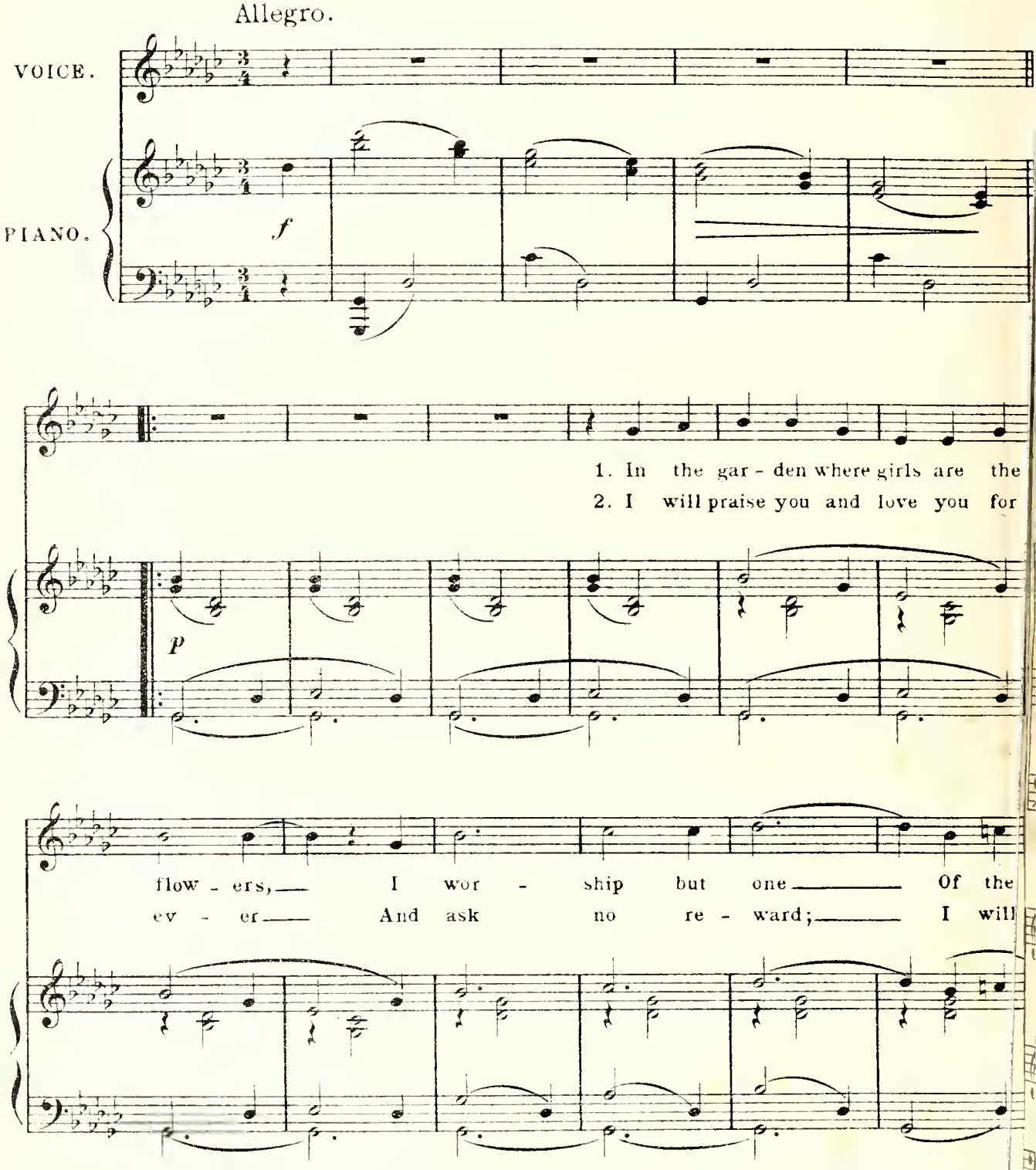

Un poco più lento.
p
Vo - ya-geur, Vo - ya-geur, Pad - dle on your way! Wood - land pines will
change to vines Some fine day; East and South, East and South, There's a maid with
f
ro - sy mouth; You are go - ing back to her, Au pa - ys du bon -
dim. rall.
heur!
I° Tempo.
mf
In the lone-ly snow
All the win - ter long, Down the fo - rest trail we go And sing our song!


f
dim.
Can - a - da! Can - a - da! New France is cold, And it's oh! for
f
dim.
the old France And days all gold!
Un poco piu lento.
p
Vo - ya - geur, Vo - ya - geur! Tramp a - long your way;
p
Change the snows for leaf and rose Some fine day! East and South,
f
f
East and South, There's a maid with ro - sy mouth. You are go - ing
dim. rall.
pp
back to her, Au pa - ys du bon - heur!
dim. rall.
pp

No 2. SONG— "Red Rose."

(BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Allegro.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. In the gar - den where girls are the
2. I will praise you and love you for
p
flow - ers, I wor - ship but one Of the
ev - er And ask no re - ward; I will

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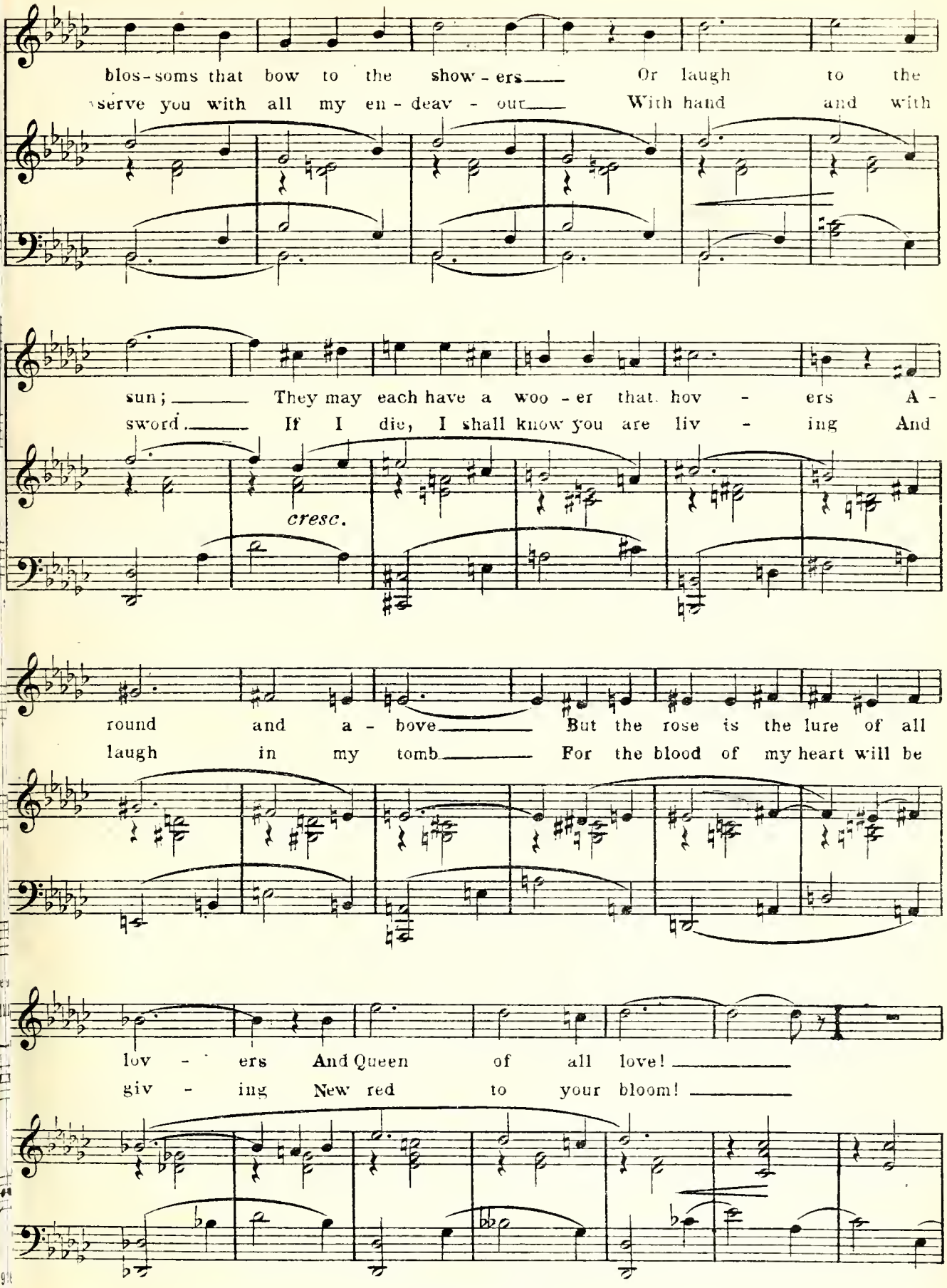
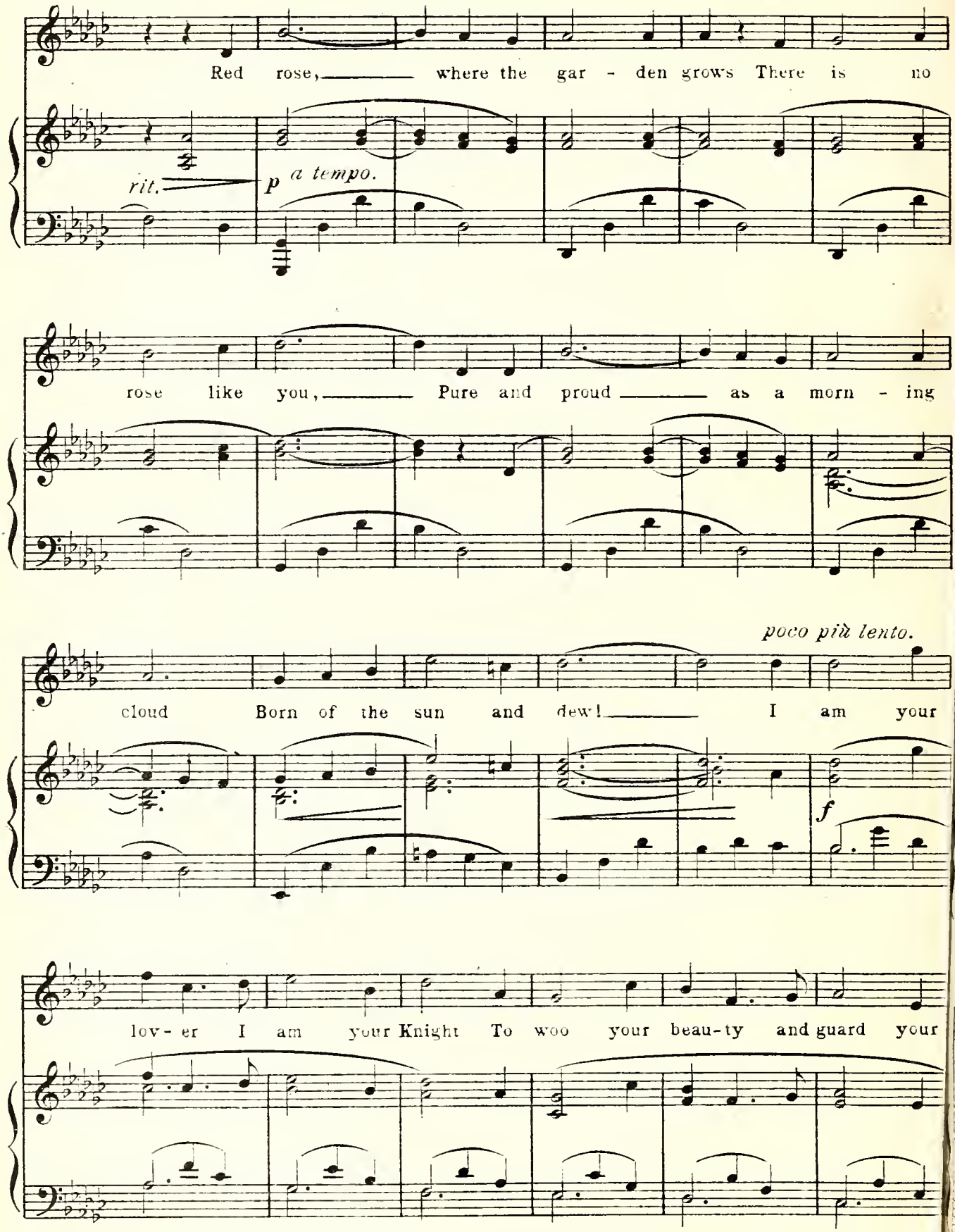
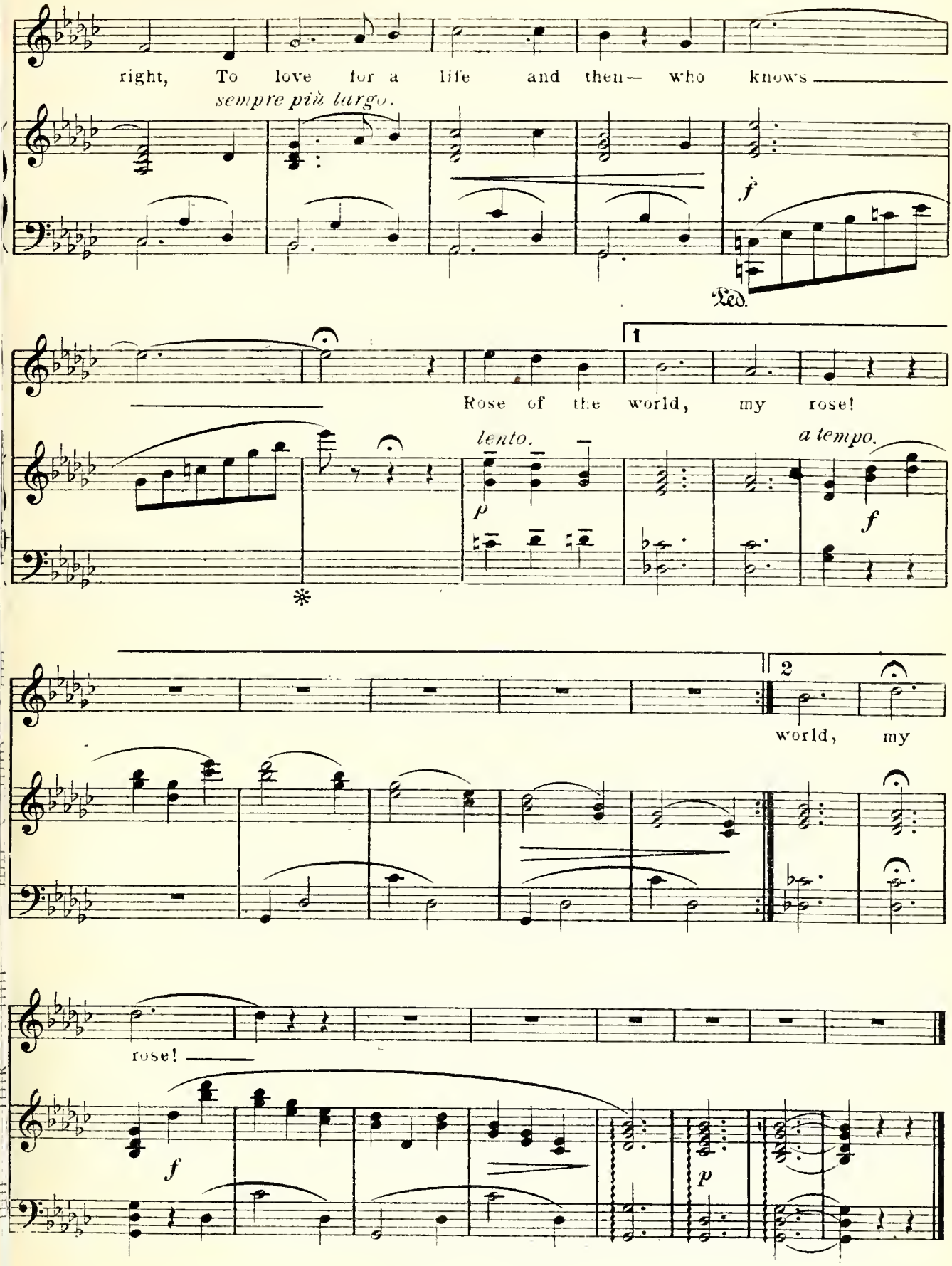
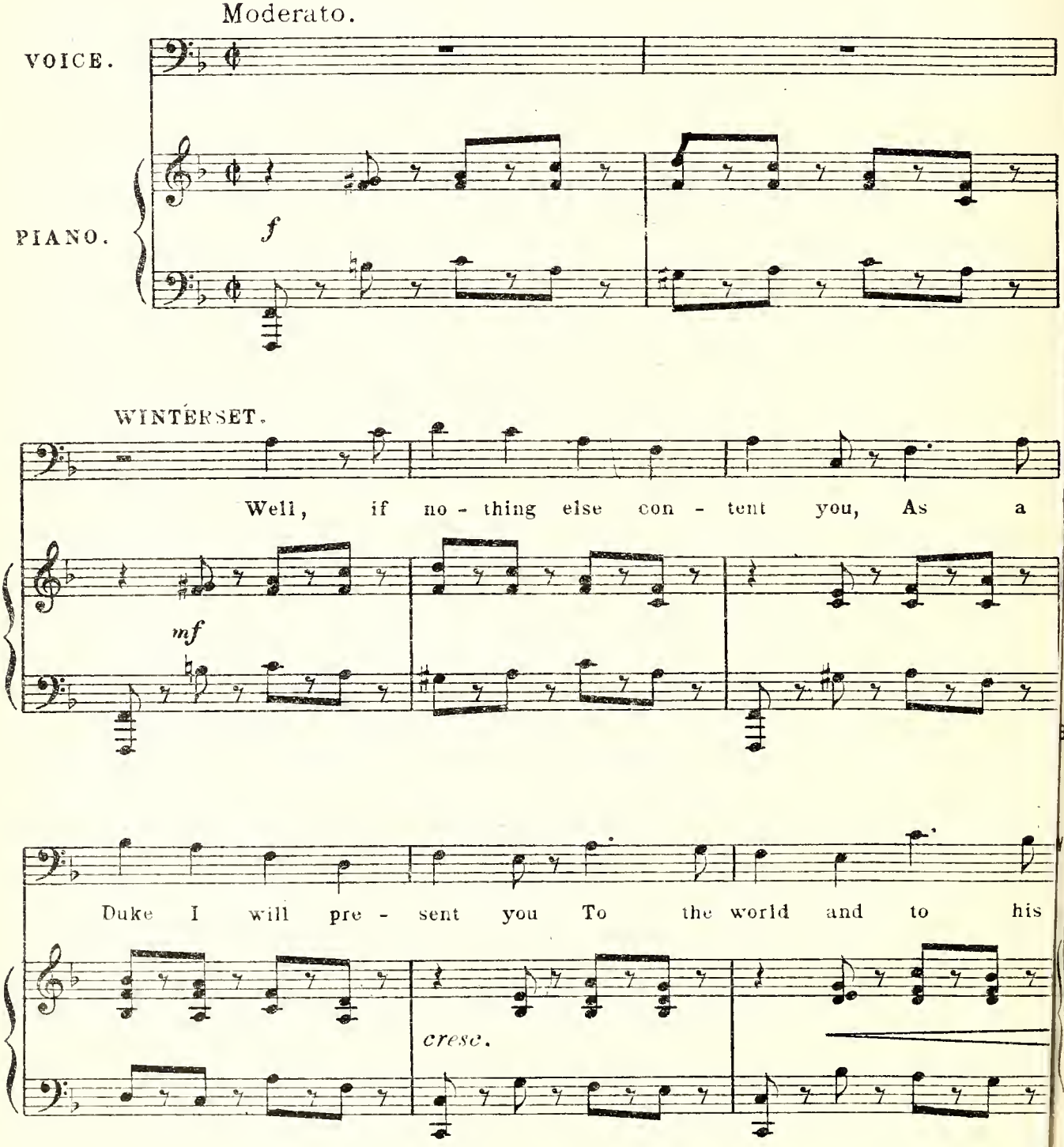

blos-soms that bow to the show-ers Or laugh to the
serve you with all my en-deav-our With hand and with
sun; They may each have a woo-er that hov-ers A-
sword. If I die, I shall know you are liv-ing And
cresc.
round and a-bove But the rose is the lure of all
laugh in my tomb For the blood of my heart will be
lov-ers And Queen of all love!
giv-ing New red to your bloom!

Red rose, where the gar - den grows There is no
rit.
p a tempo.
rose like you, Pure and proud as a morn - ing
poco più lento.
cloud Born of the sun and dew! I am your
f
lov - er I am your Knight To woo your beau-ty and guard your

right, To love for a life and then— who knows
sempre più largo.
f
Ped.
1
Rose of the world, my rose!
lento.
a tempo.
p
f
2
world, my
rose!
f
p

No. 3. TRIO – "Going to the Ball."

(MOLYNEUX, BEAUCAIRE & WINTERSET.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.



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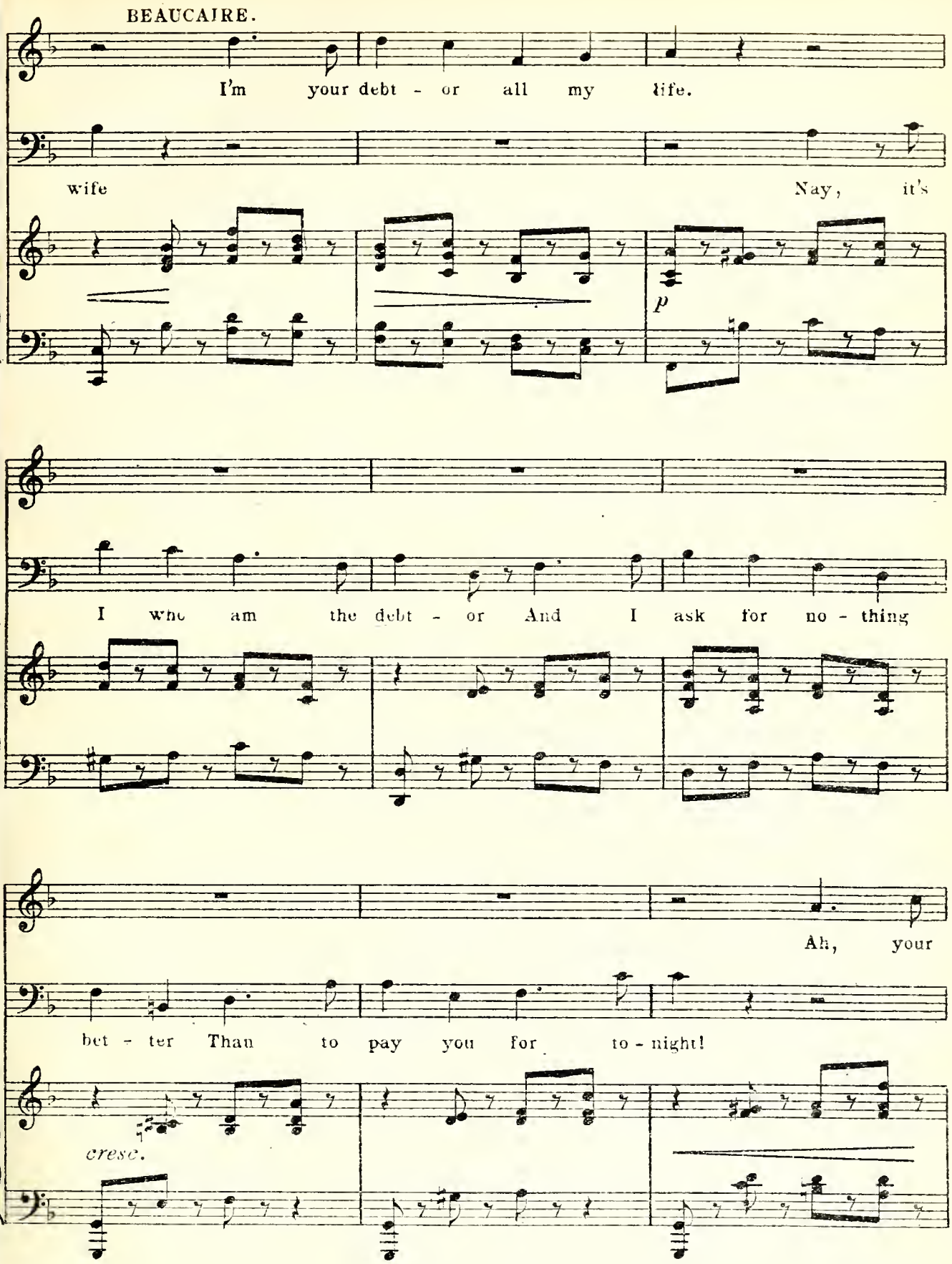
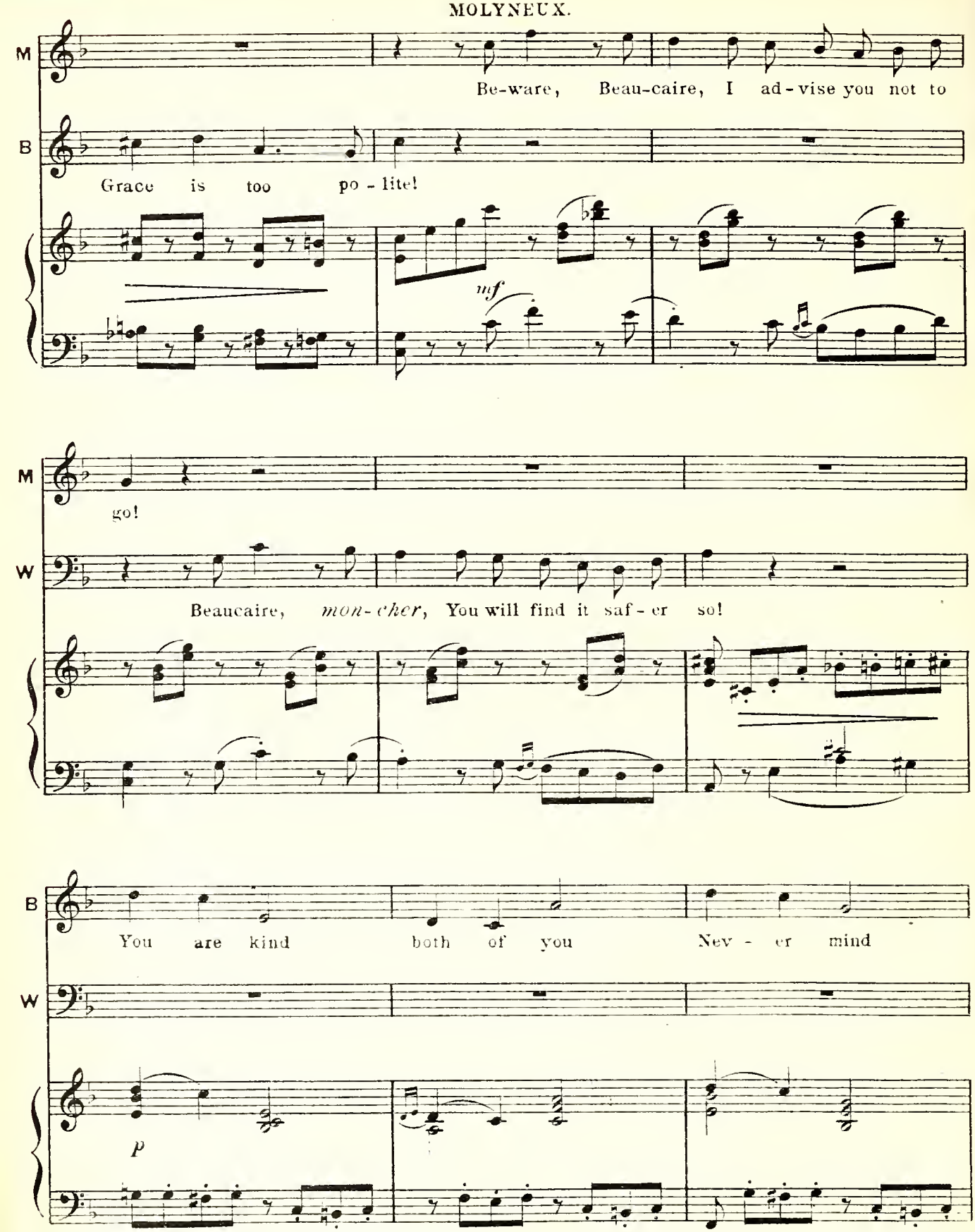
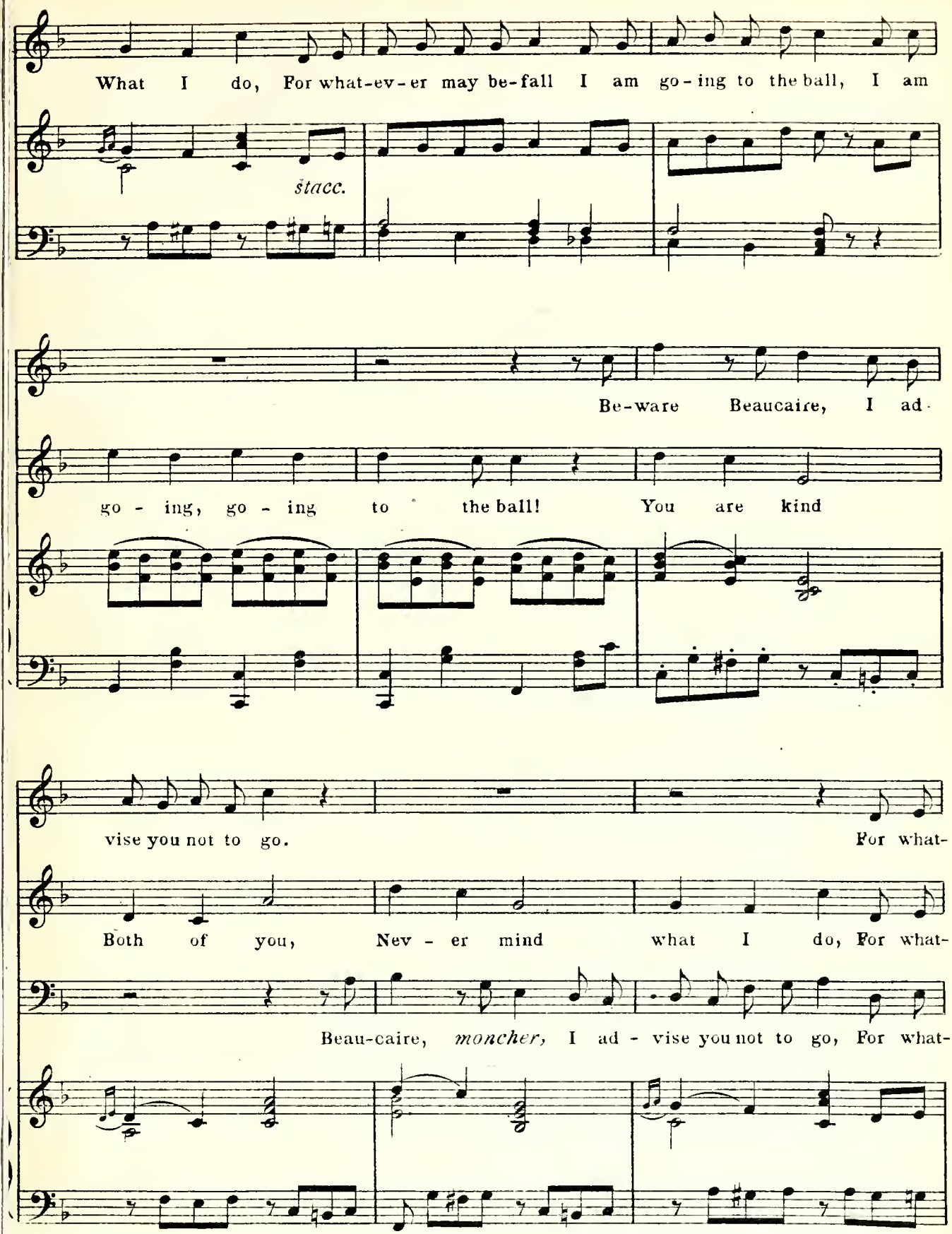
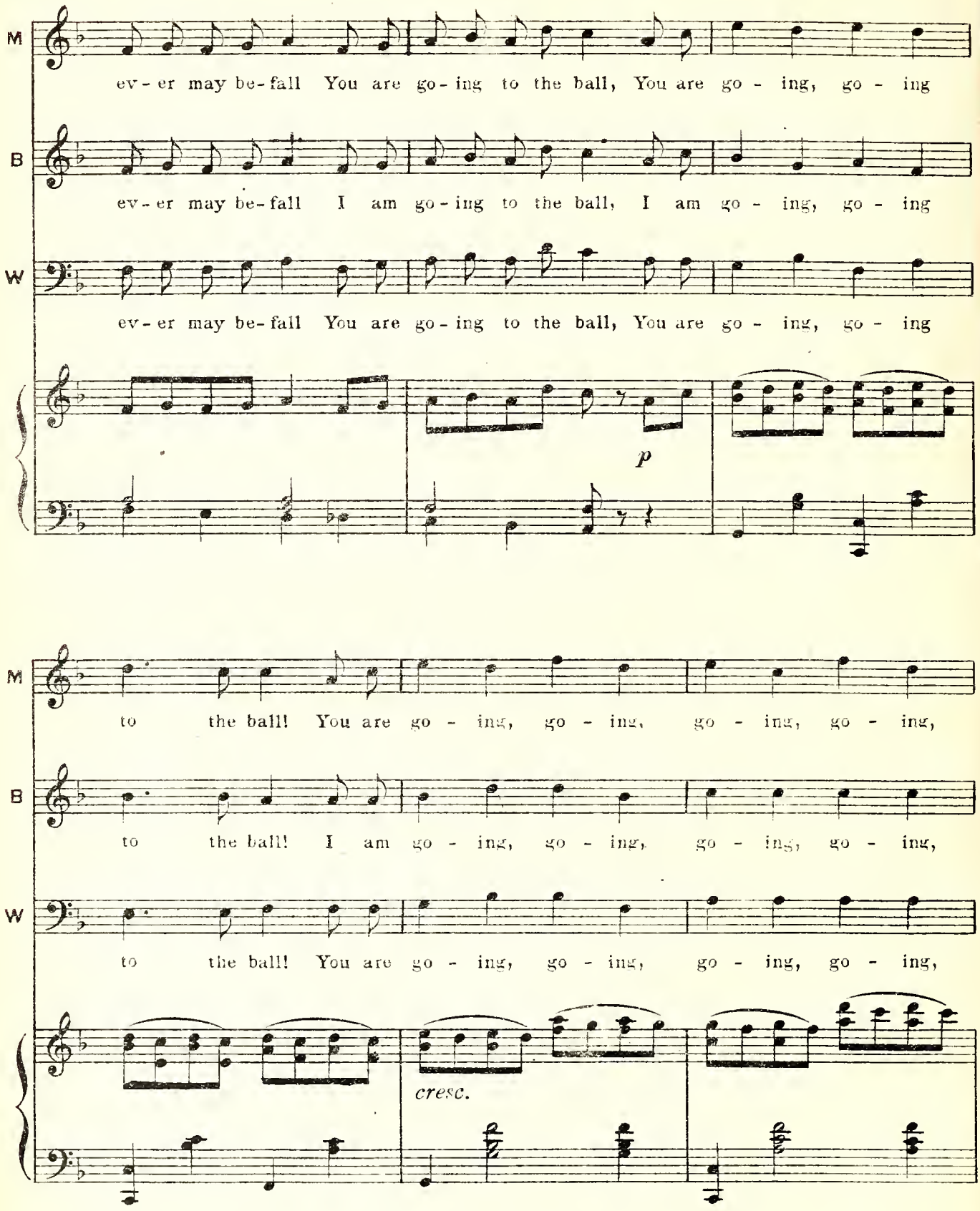
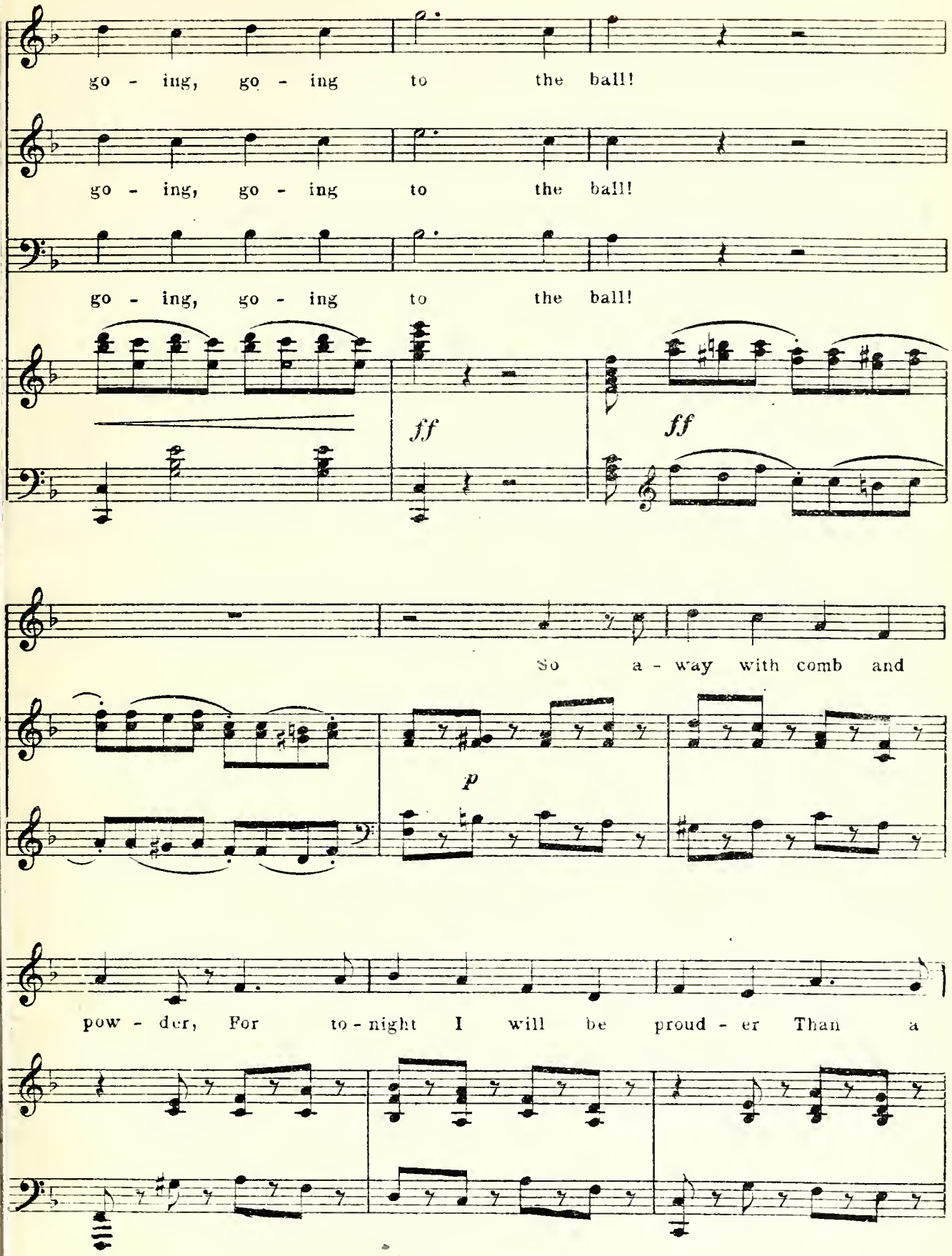
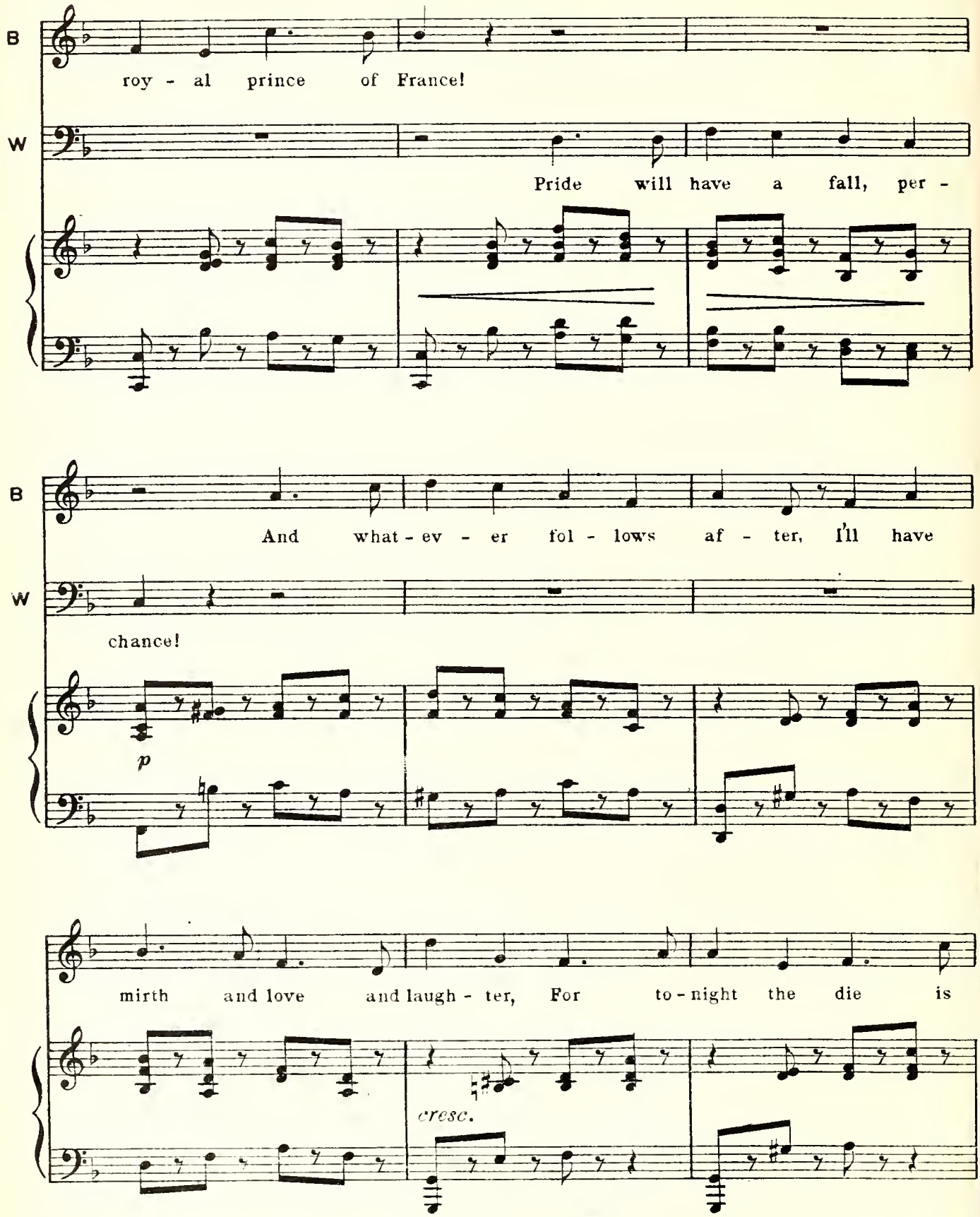
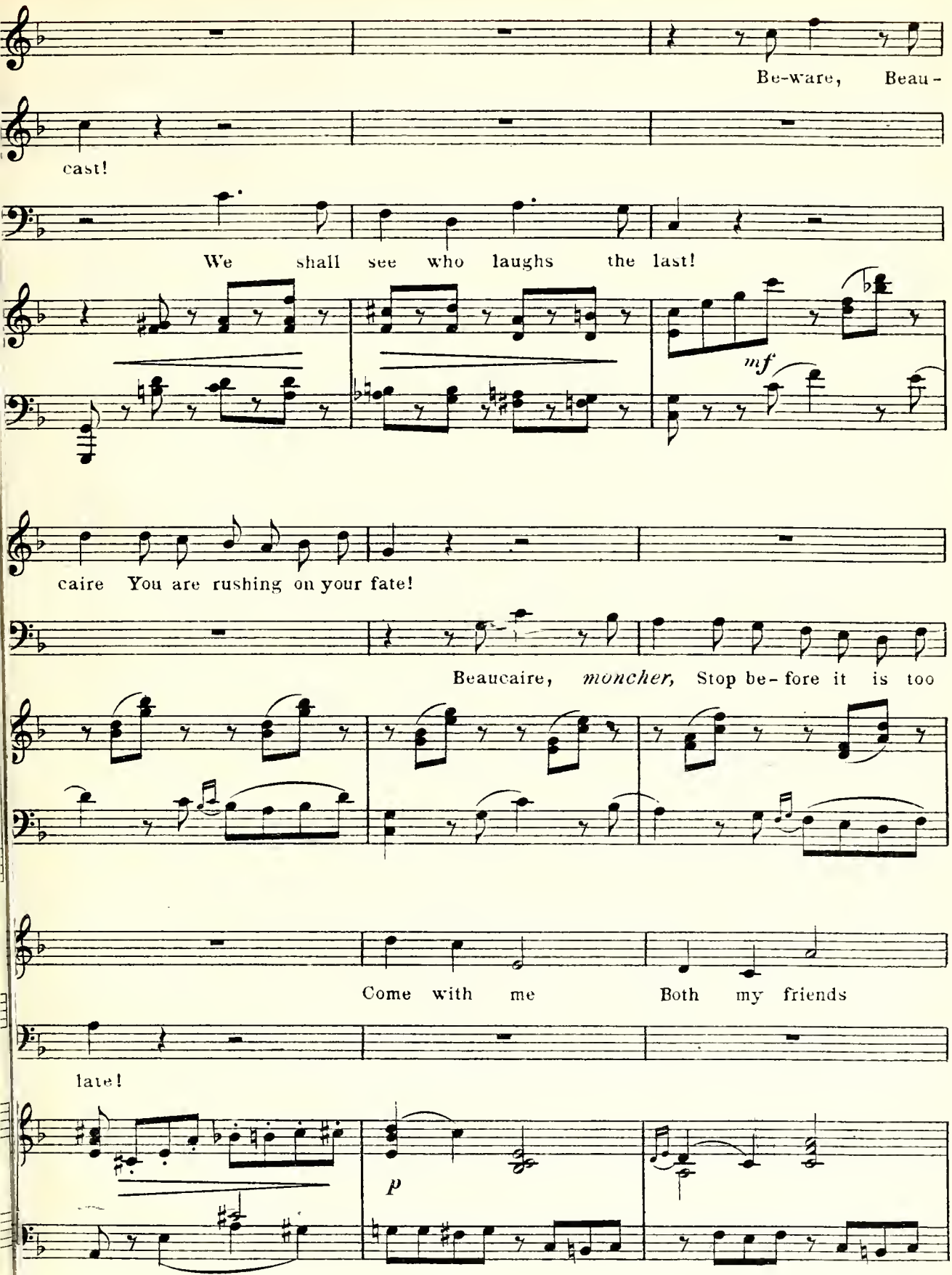
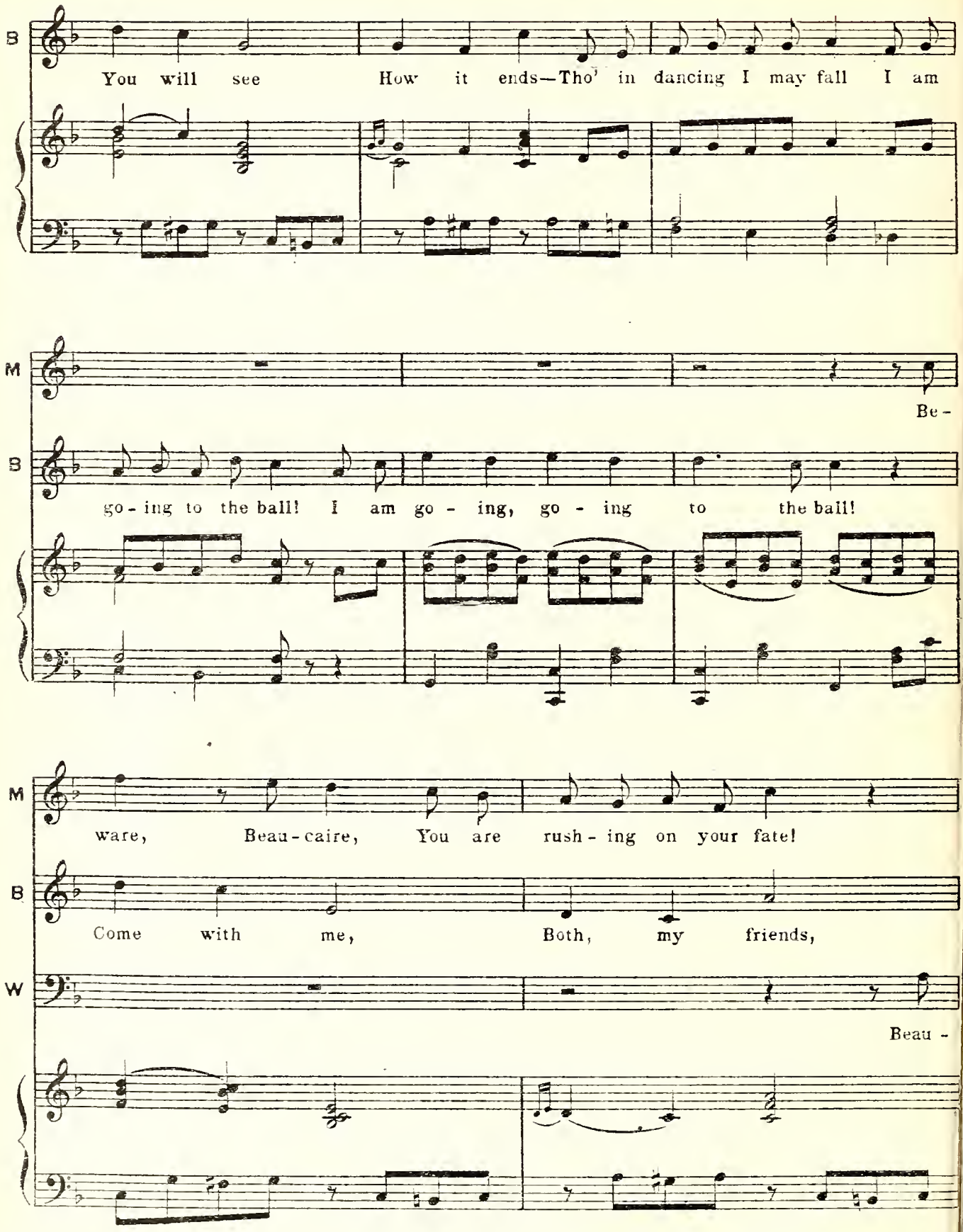
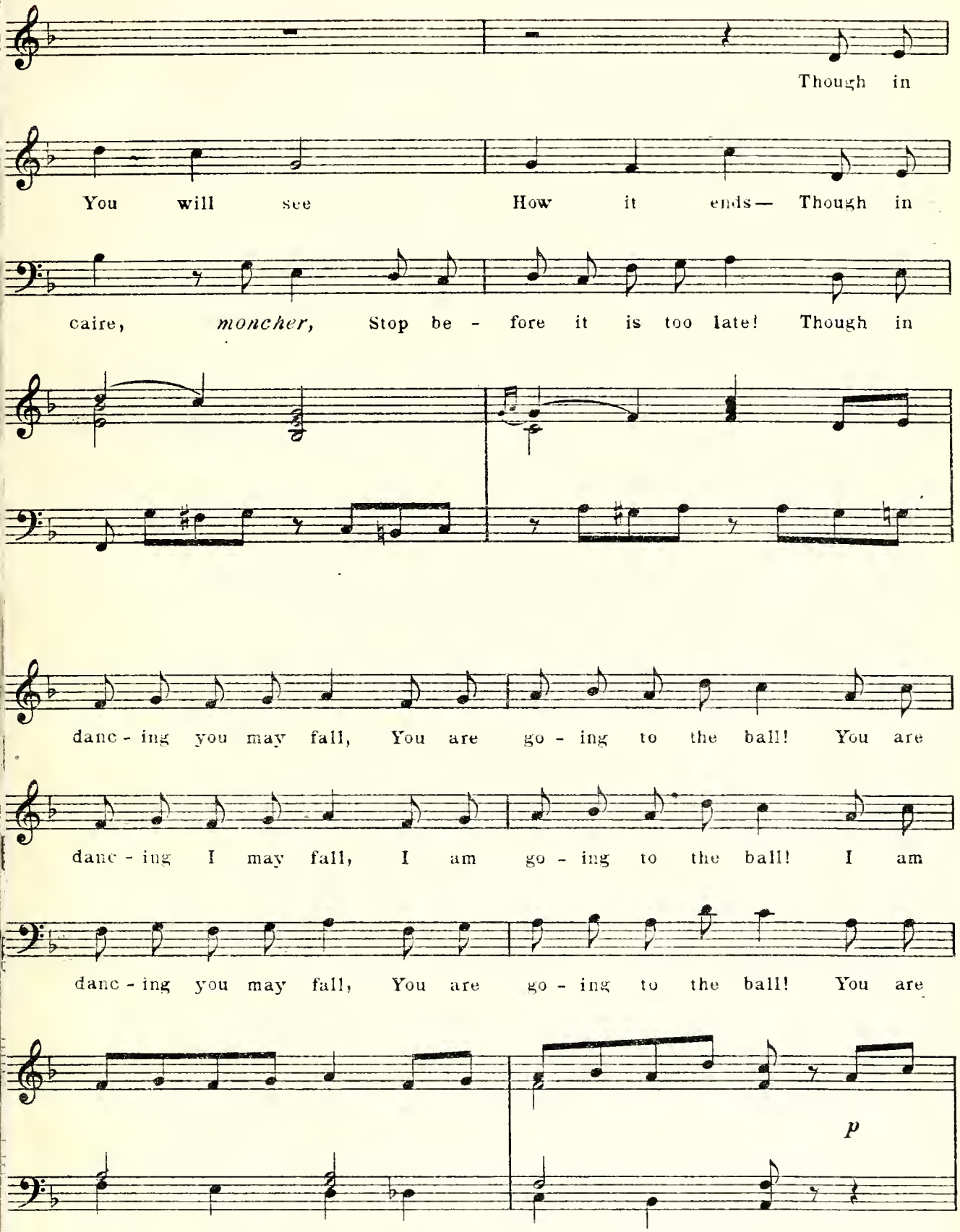
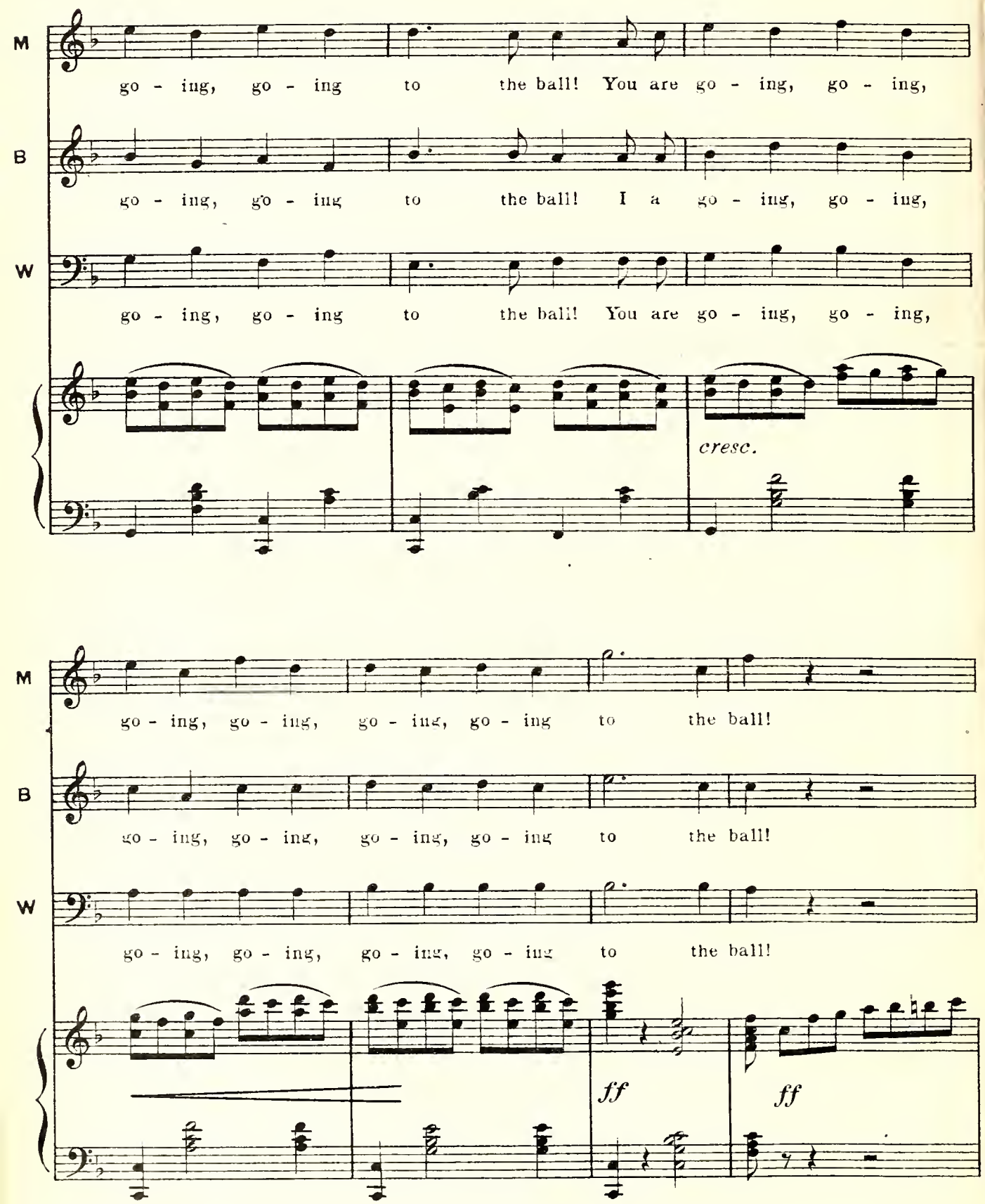
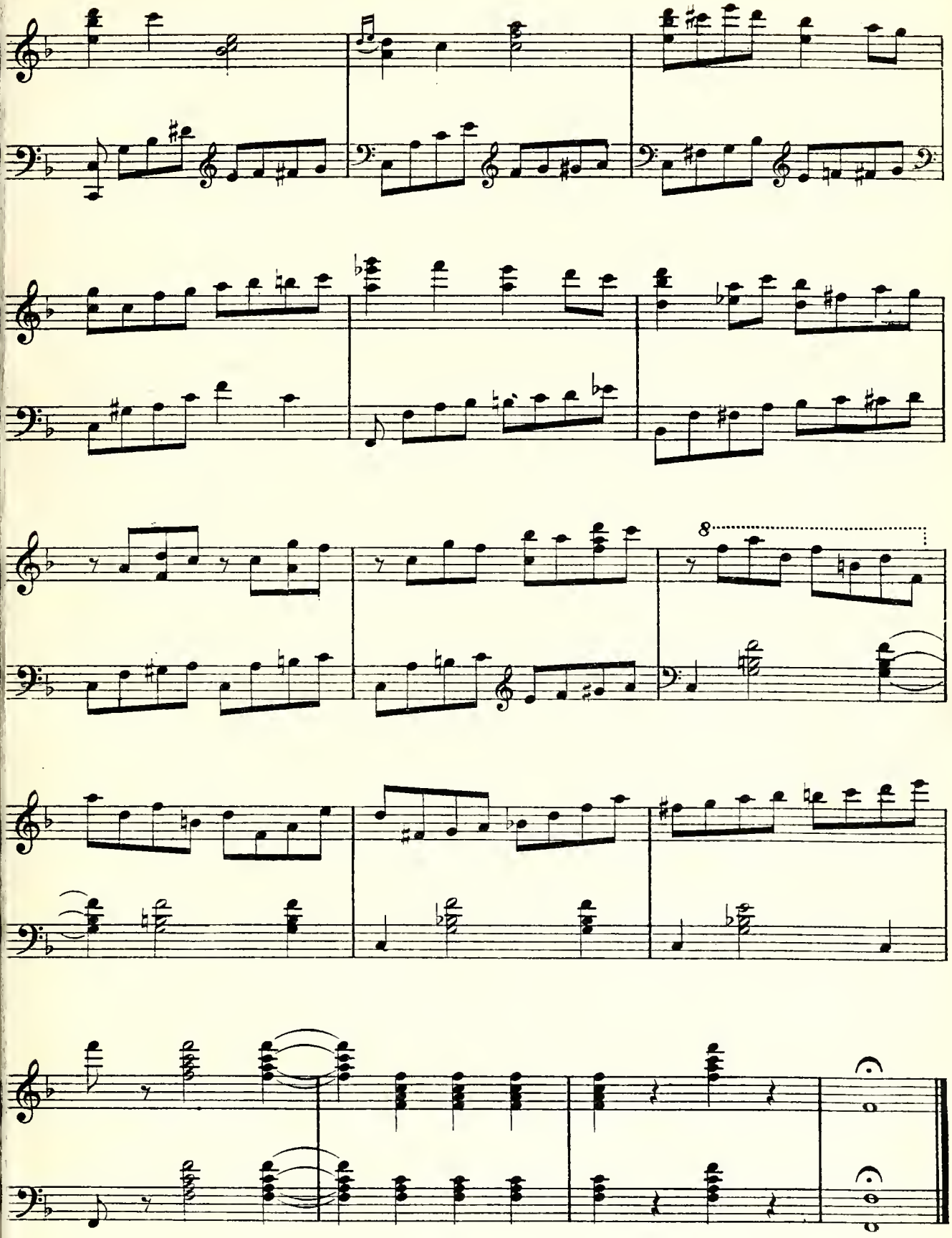

BEAUCAIRE.
I'm your debt - or all my life.
wife
Nay, it's
p
I who am the debt - or And I ask for no - thing
Ah, your
bet - ter Than to pay you for to - night!
cresc.

M
Be-ware, Beau-caire, I ad-vise you not to
B
Grace is too po-lite!
mf
M
go!
W
Beaucaire, *mon-cher*, You will find it saf-er so!
B
You are kind both of you Nev-er mind
W
p


What I do, For what-ev-er may be-fall I am go-ing to the ball, I am
stacc.
Be-ware Beaucaire, I ad-
go - ing, go - ing to the ball! You are kind
vise you not to go. For what-
Both of you, Nev - er mind what I do, For what-
Beau-caire, moncher, I ad - vise you not to go, For what-

M
ev - er may be - fall You are go - ing to the ball, You are go - ing, go - ing
B
ev - er may be - fall I am go - ing to the ball, I am go - ing, go - ing
W
ev - er may be - fall You are go - ing to the ball, You are go - ing, go - ing
p
M
to the ball! You are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing,
B
to the ball! I am go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing,
W
to the ball! You are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing,
cresc.


go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
ff
ff
So a - way with comb and
p
pow - der, For to - night I will be proud - er Than a

B
roy - al prince of France!
W
Pride will have a fall, per -
B
And what - ev - er fol - lows af - ter, I'll have
W
chance!
p
mirth and love and laugh - ter, For to - night the die is
cresc.

Be-ware, Beau-
cast!
We shall see who laughs the last!
mf
caire You are rushing on your fate!
Beaucaire, *moncher,* Stop be-fore it is too
Come with me Both my friends
late!
p

B
You will see How it ends—Tho' in dancing I may fall I am
M
Be -
B
go - ing to the ball! I am go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
M
ware, Beau - caire, You are rush - ing on your fate!
B
Come with me, Both, my friends,
W
Beau -

Though in
You will see How it ends— Though in
caire, *moncher,* Stop be - fore it is too late! Though in
danc - ing you may fall, You are go - ing to the ball! You are
danc - ing I may fall, I am go - ing to the ball! I am
danc - ing you may fall, You are go - ing to the ball! You are
p


M
go - ing, go - ing to the ball! You are go - ing, go - ing,
B
go - ing, go - ing to the ball! I a go - ing, go - ing,
W
go - ing, go - ing to the ball! You are go - ing, go - ing,
cresc.
M
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
B
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
W
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing to the ball!
ff
ff

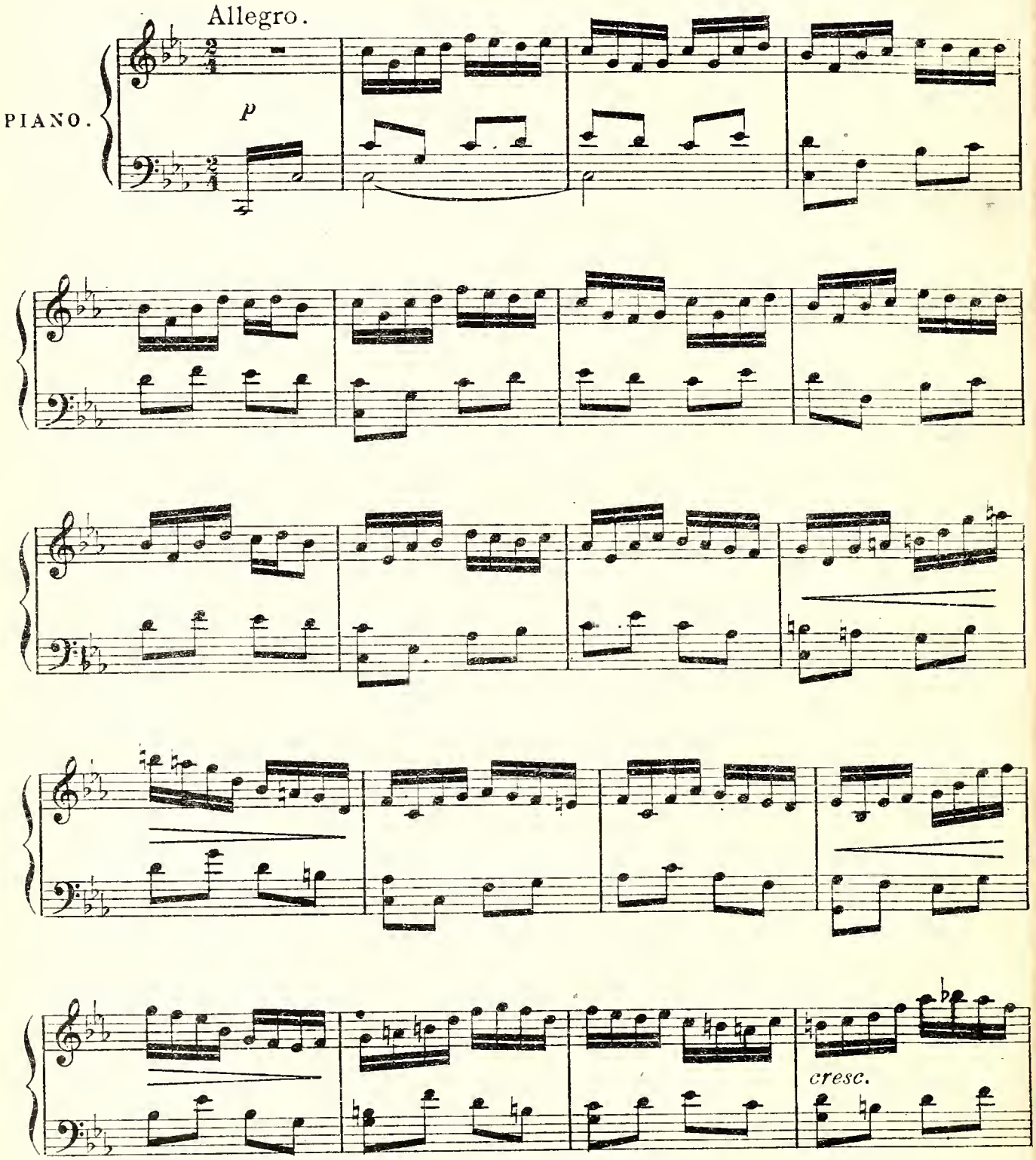

8

No 4. OPENING CHORUS.

"The Beaux and the Belles of Bath."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.



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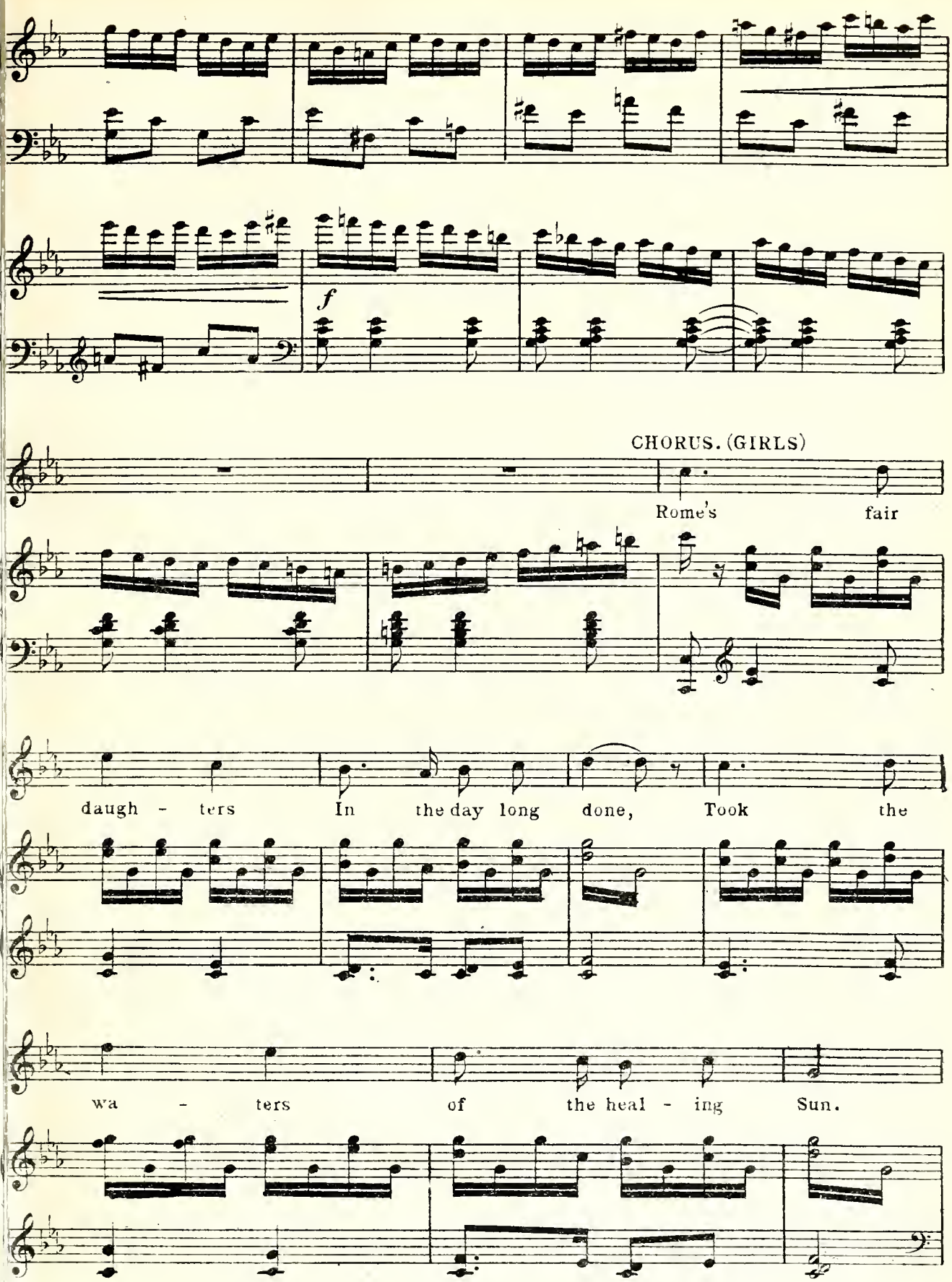
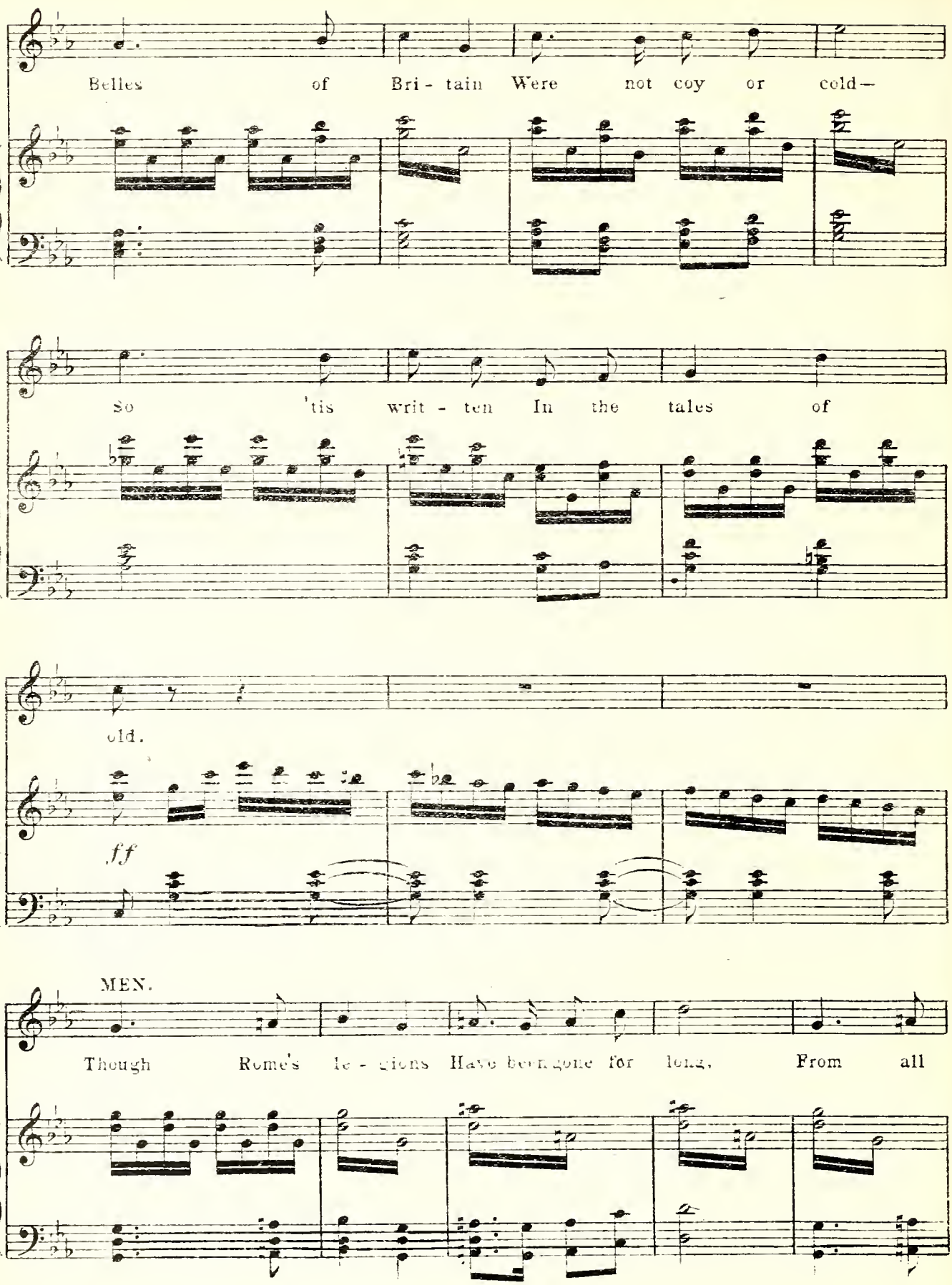
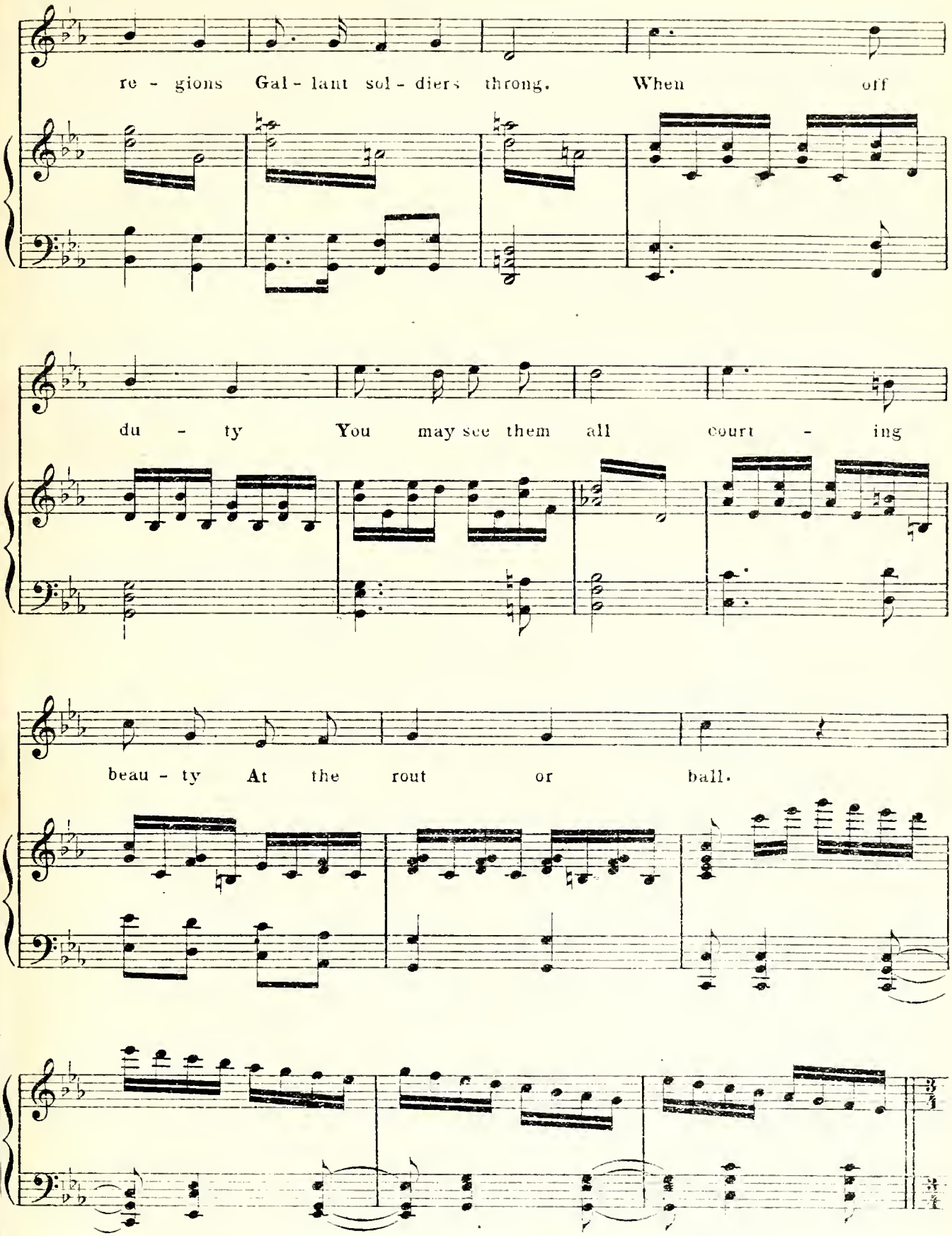
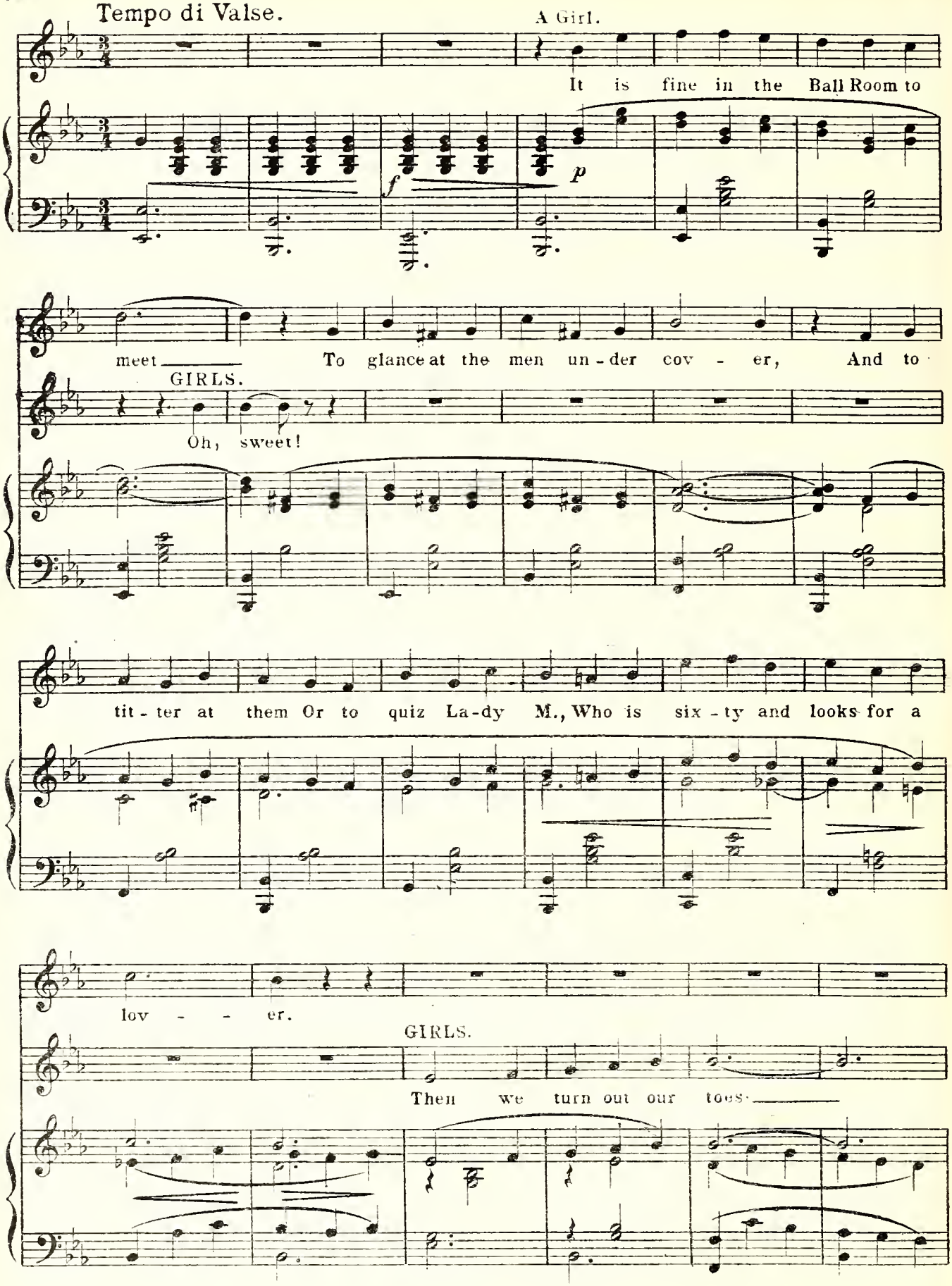
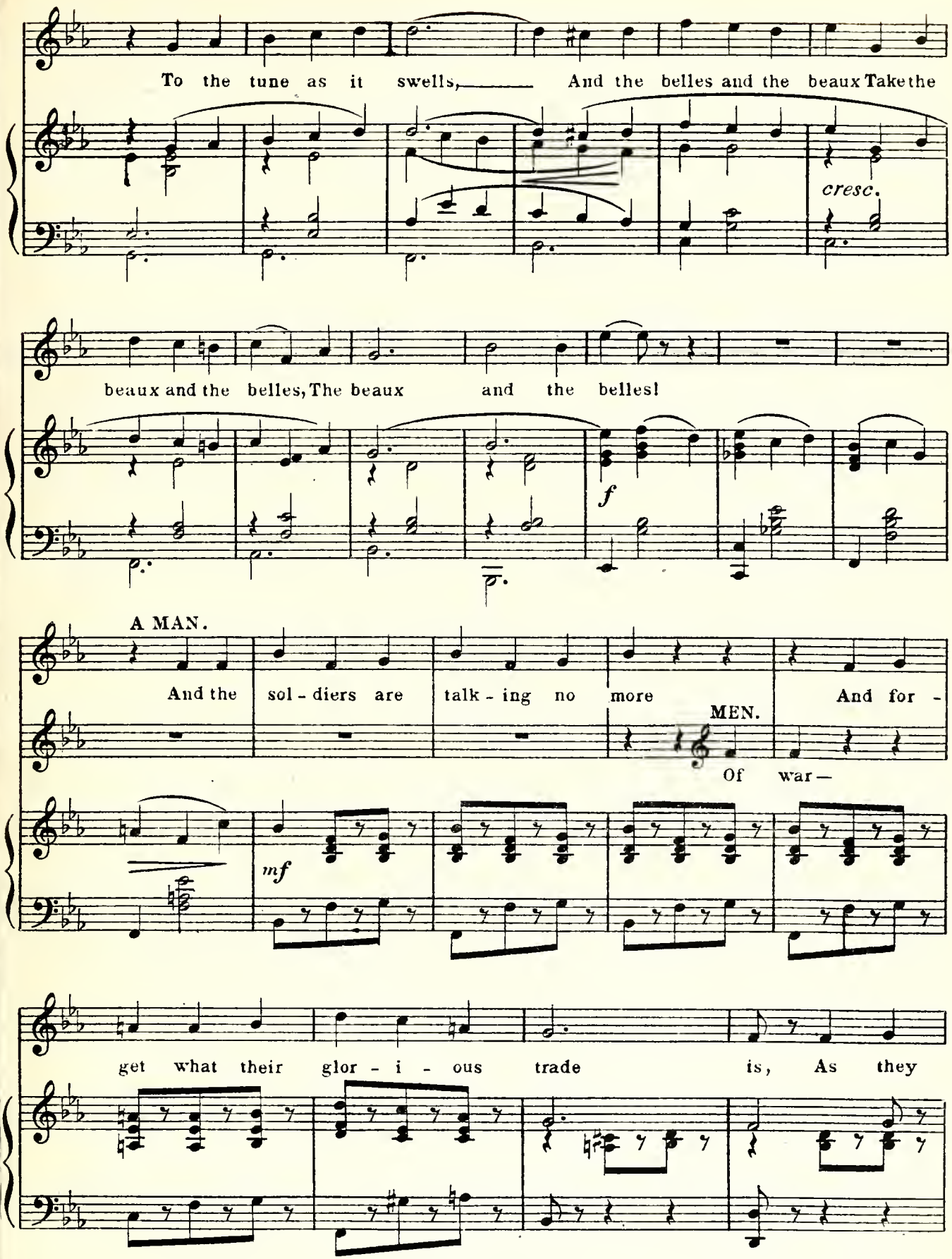
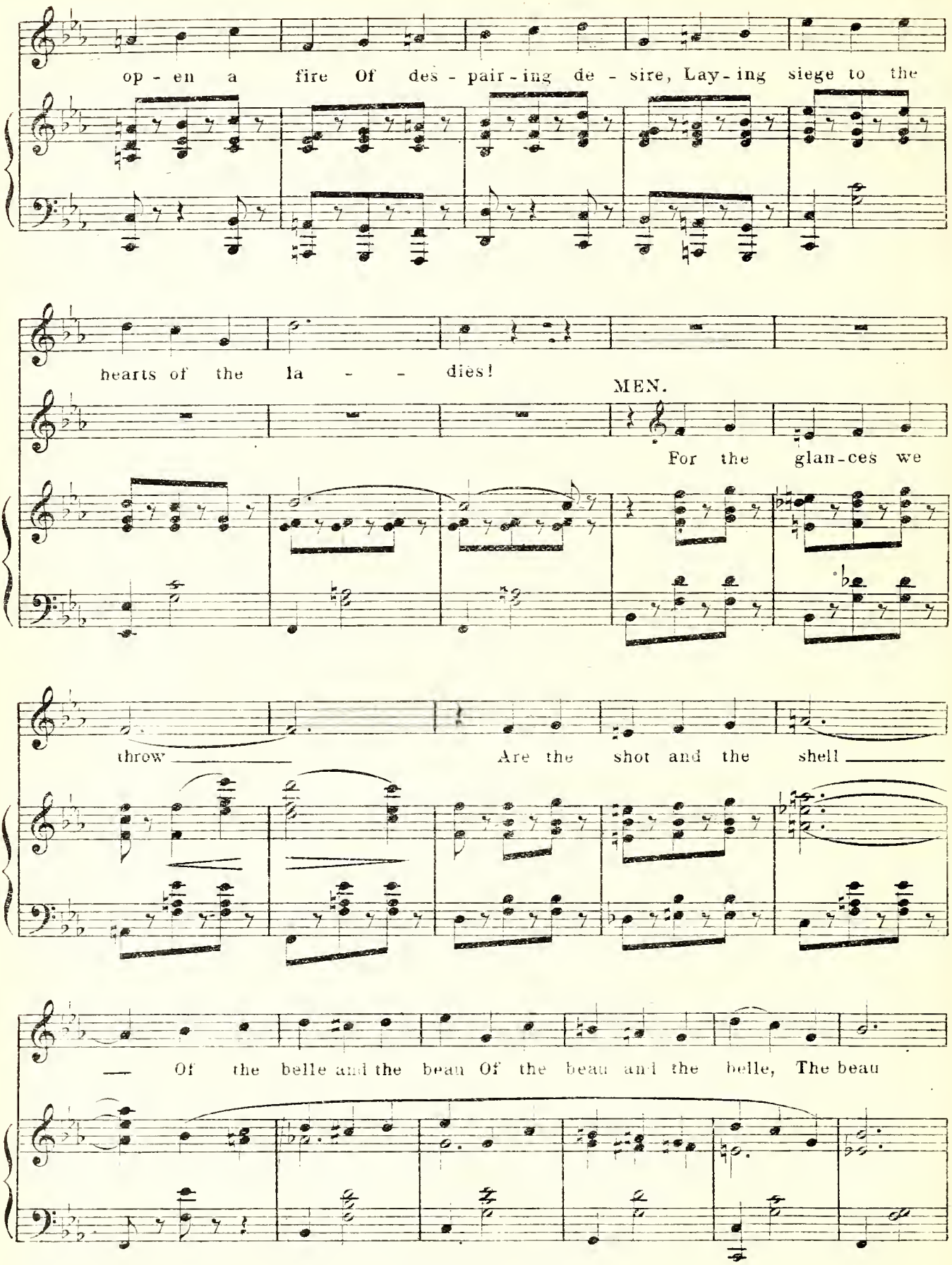
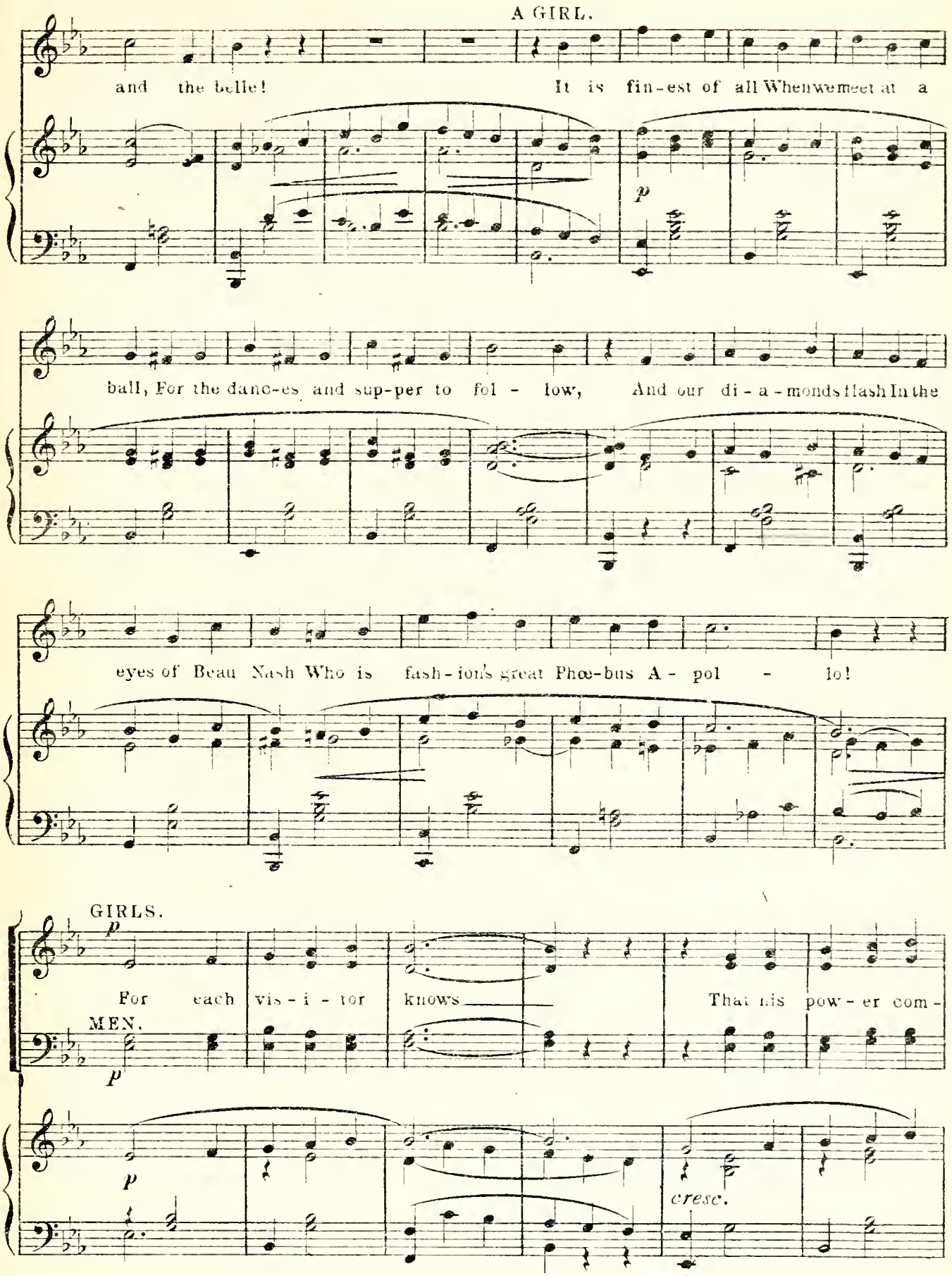
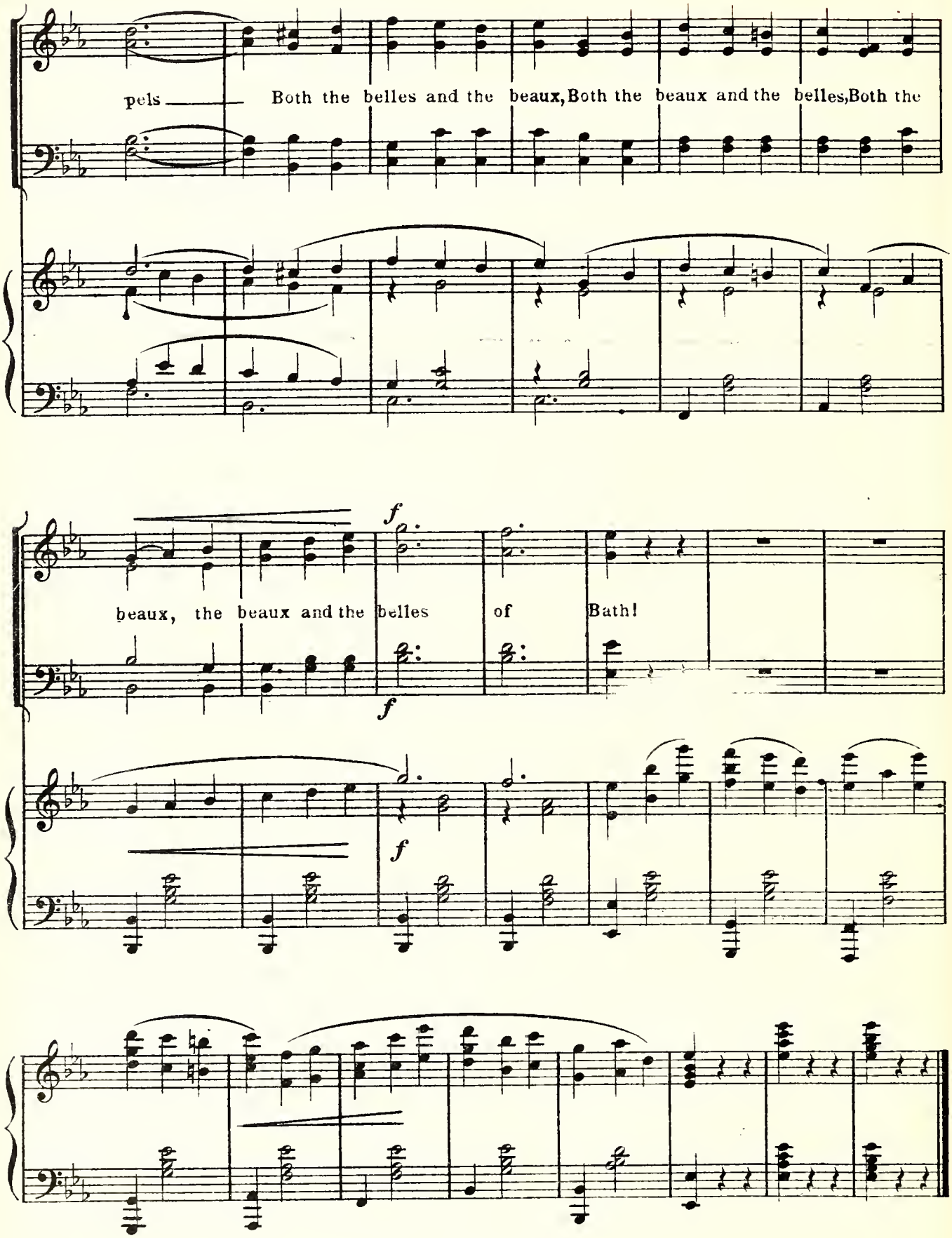
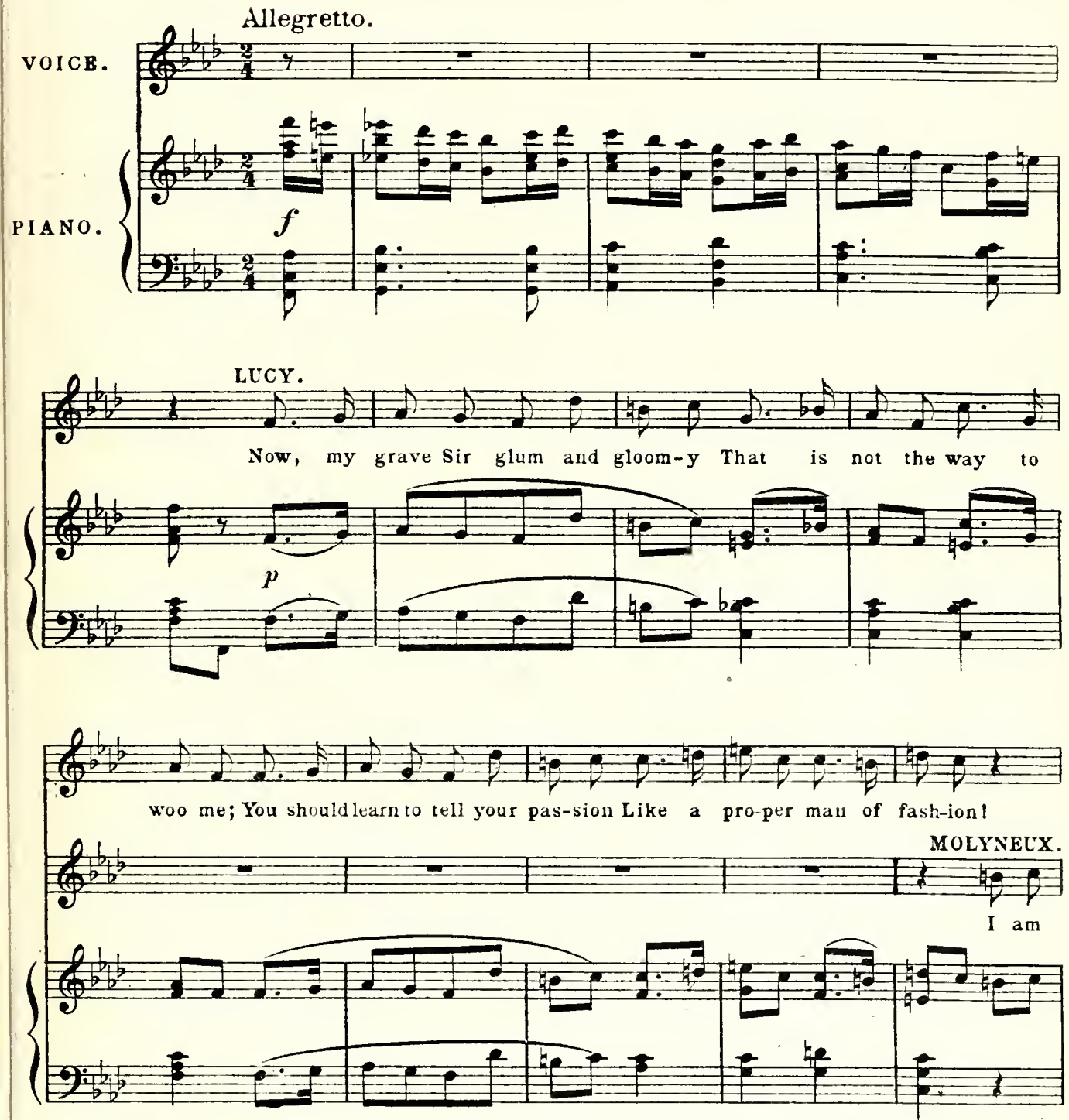

f
CHORUS. (GIRLS)
Rome's fair
daugh - ters In the day long done, Took the
wa - ters of the heal - ing Sun.

Belles of Bri - tain Were not coy or cold—
so 'tis writ - ten In the tales of
old.
ff
MEN.
Though Rome's le - gions Have been gone for long, From all

re - gions Gal - lant sol - diers throng. When off
du - ty You may see them all court - ing
beau - ty At the rout or ball.

Tempo di Valse.
A Girl.
It is fine in the Ball Room to
f
p
meet To glance at the men un-der cov - er, And to
GIRLS.
Oh, sweet!
tit-ter at them Or to quiz La-dy M., Who is six-ty and looks for a
lov - - er.
GIRLS.
Then we turn out our toes.

To the tune as it swells, And the belles and the beaux Take the
cresc.
beaux and the belles, The beaux and the belles!
f
A MAN.
And the sol - diers are talk - ing no more
MEN.
And for -
Of war —
mf
get what their glor - i - ous trade is, As they

op - en a fire Of des - pair - ing de - sire, Lay - ing siege to the
hearts of the la - - - dies!
MEN.
For the glan - ces we
throw
Are the shot and the shell
— Of the belle and the beau Of the beau and the belle, The beau

A GIRL.
and the belle! It is fin-est of all When we meet at a
p
ball, For the danc-es and sup-per to fol - low, And our di-a-monds flash In the
eyes of Beau Nash Who is fash-ion's great Phœ-bus A- pol - lo!
GIRLS.
p
For each vis-i-tor knows That his pow-er com-
MEN.
p
p
cresc.

pels
Both the belles and the beaux, Both the beaux and the belles, Both the
beaux, the beaux and the belles of Bath!
f
f
f

No 5. DUET – "A little more."

(LUCY & MOLYNEUX.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

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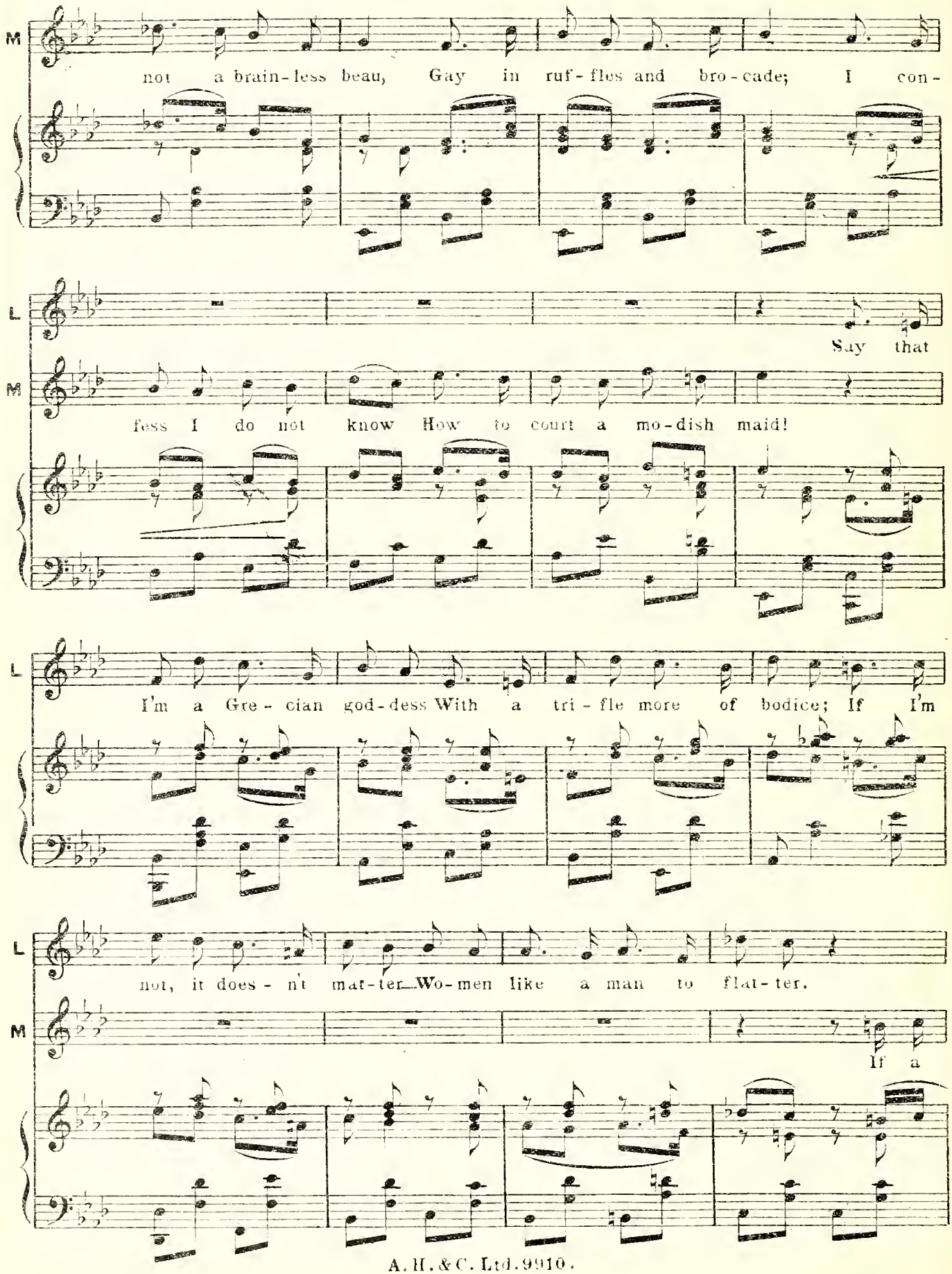
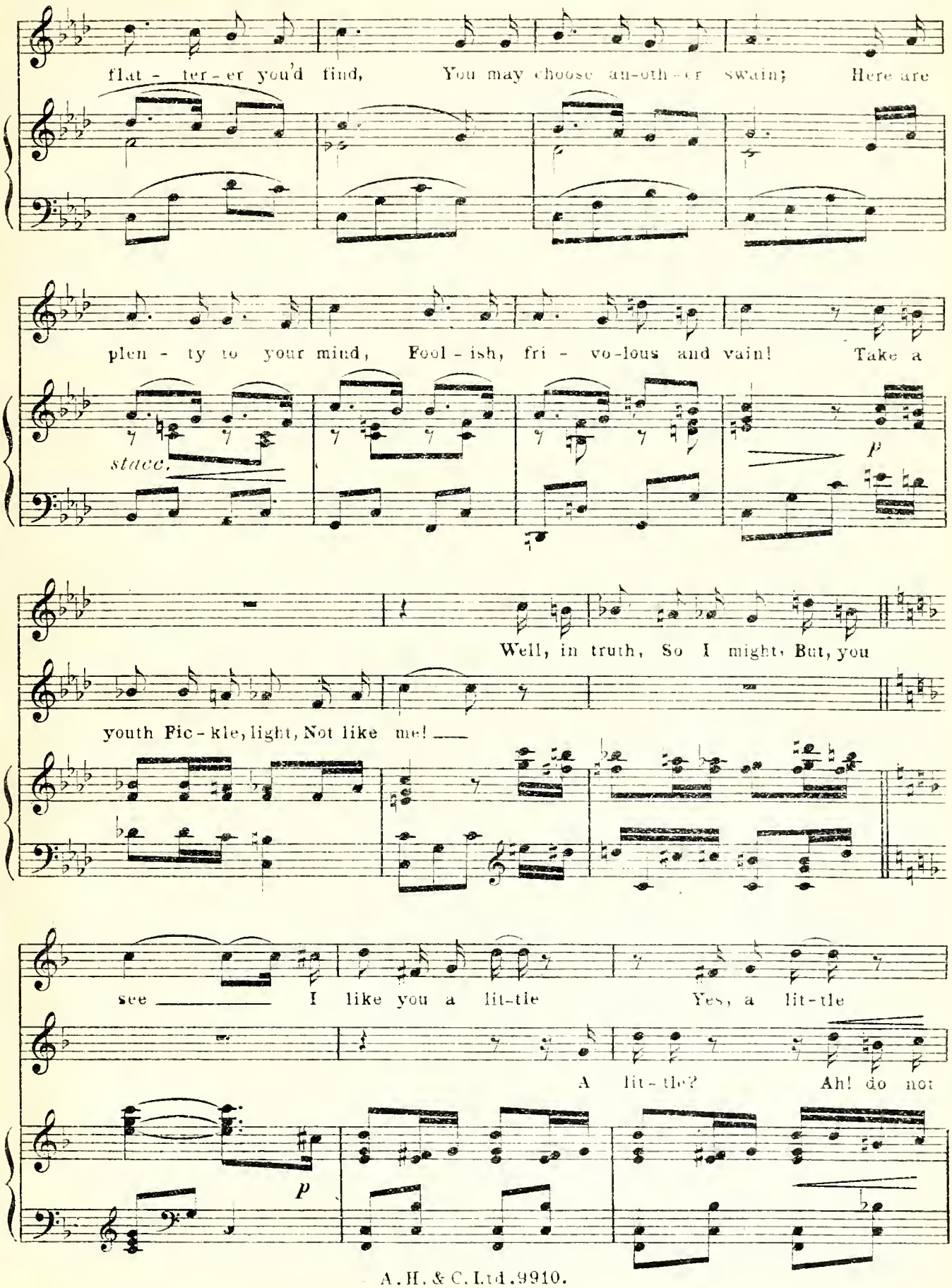
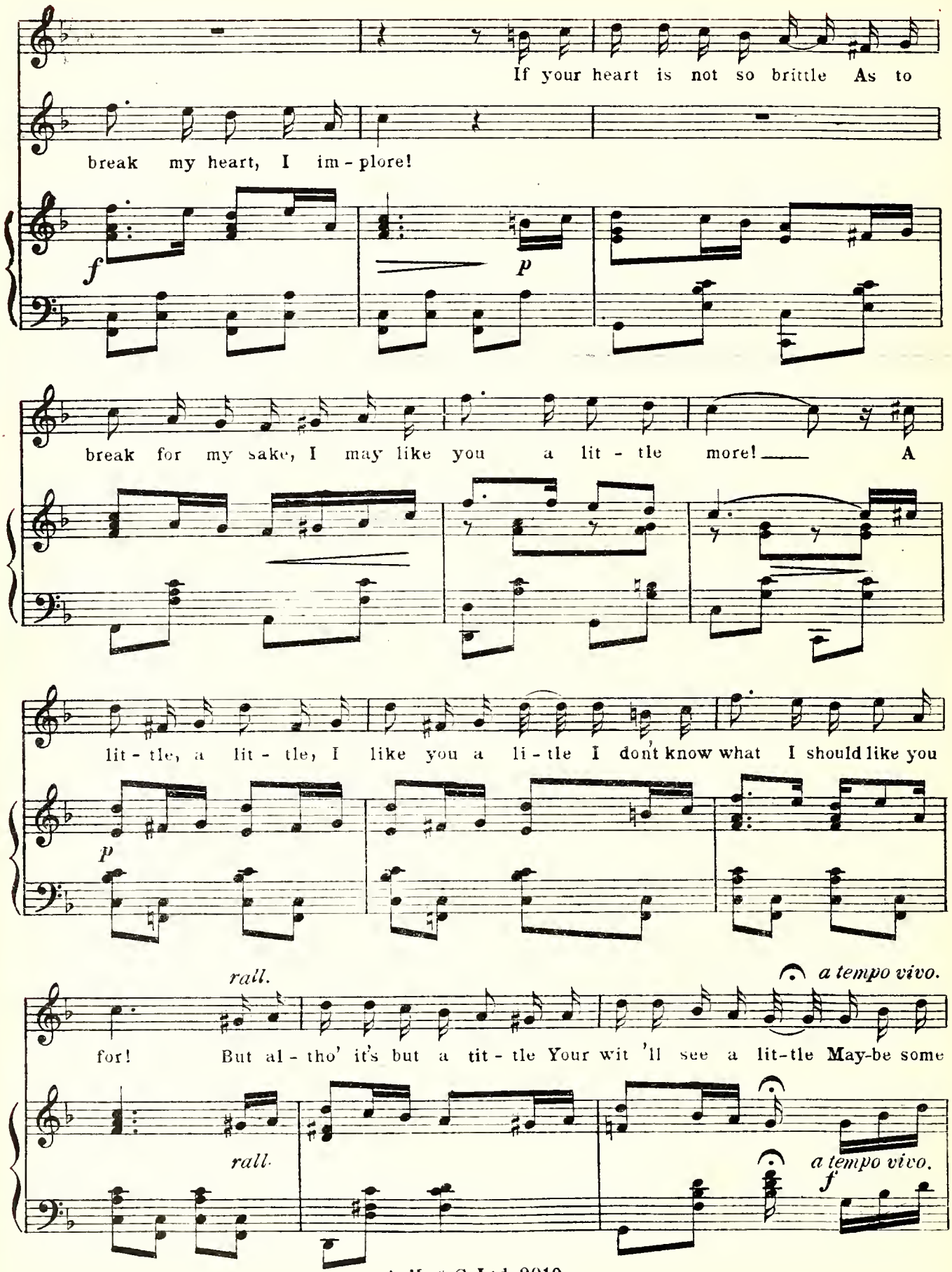
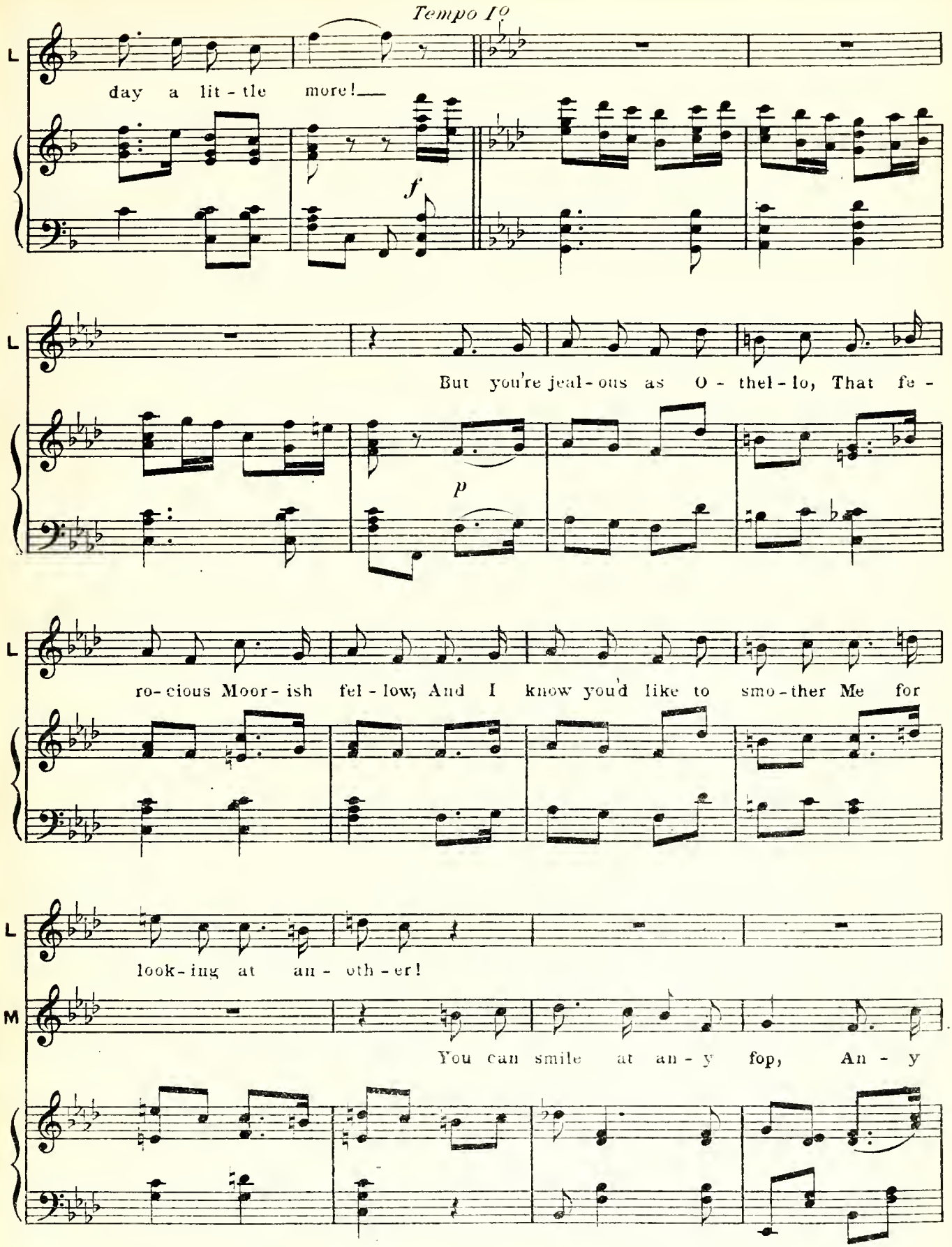
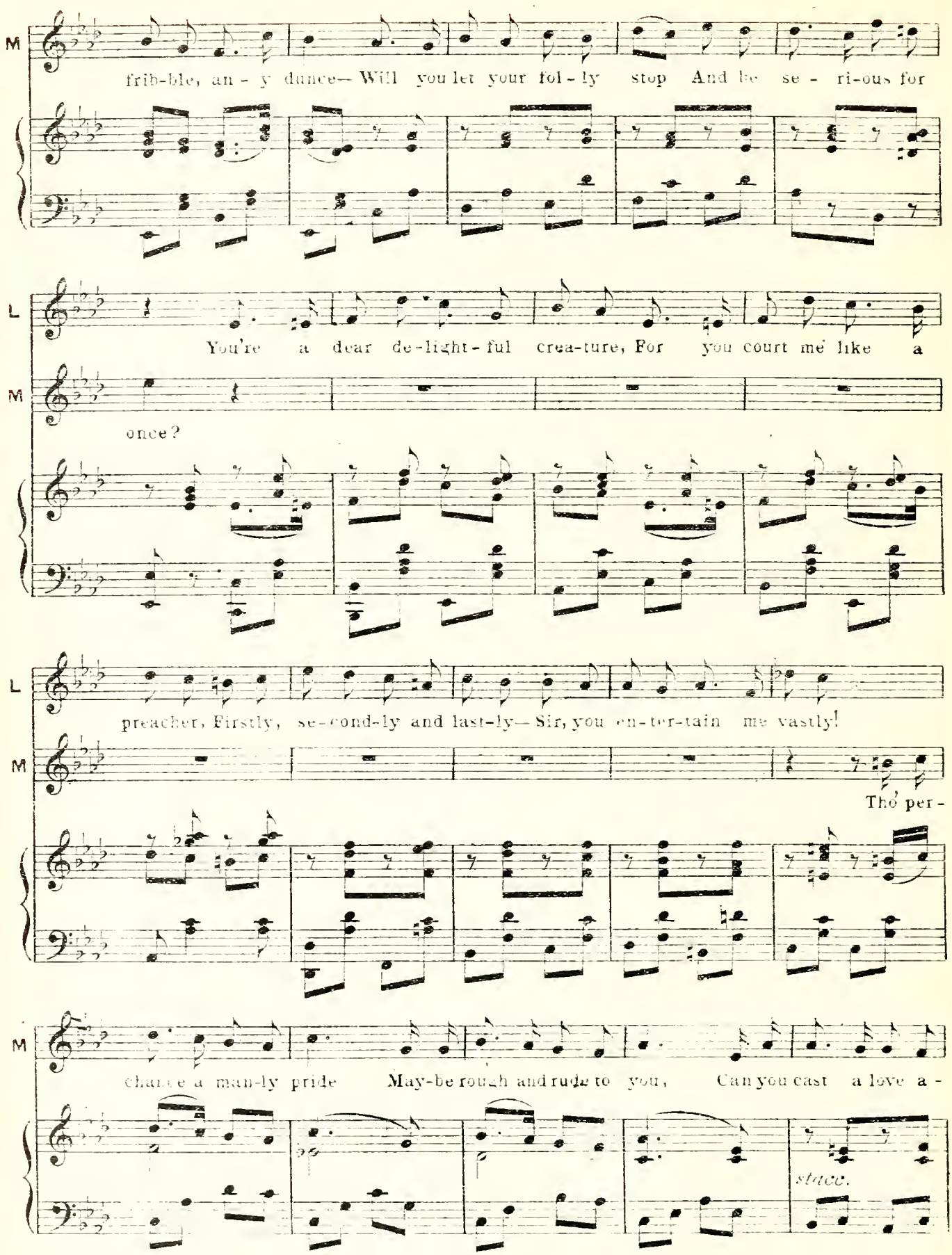
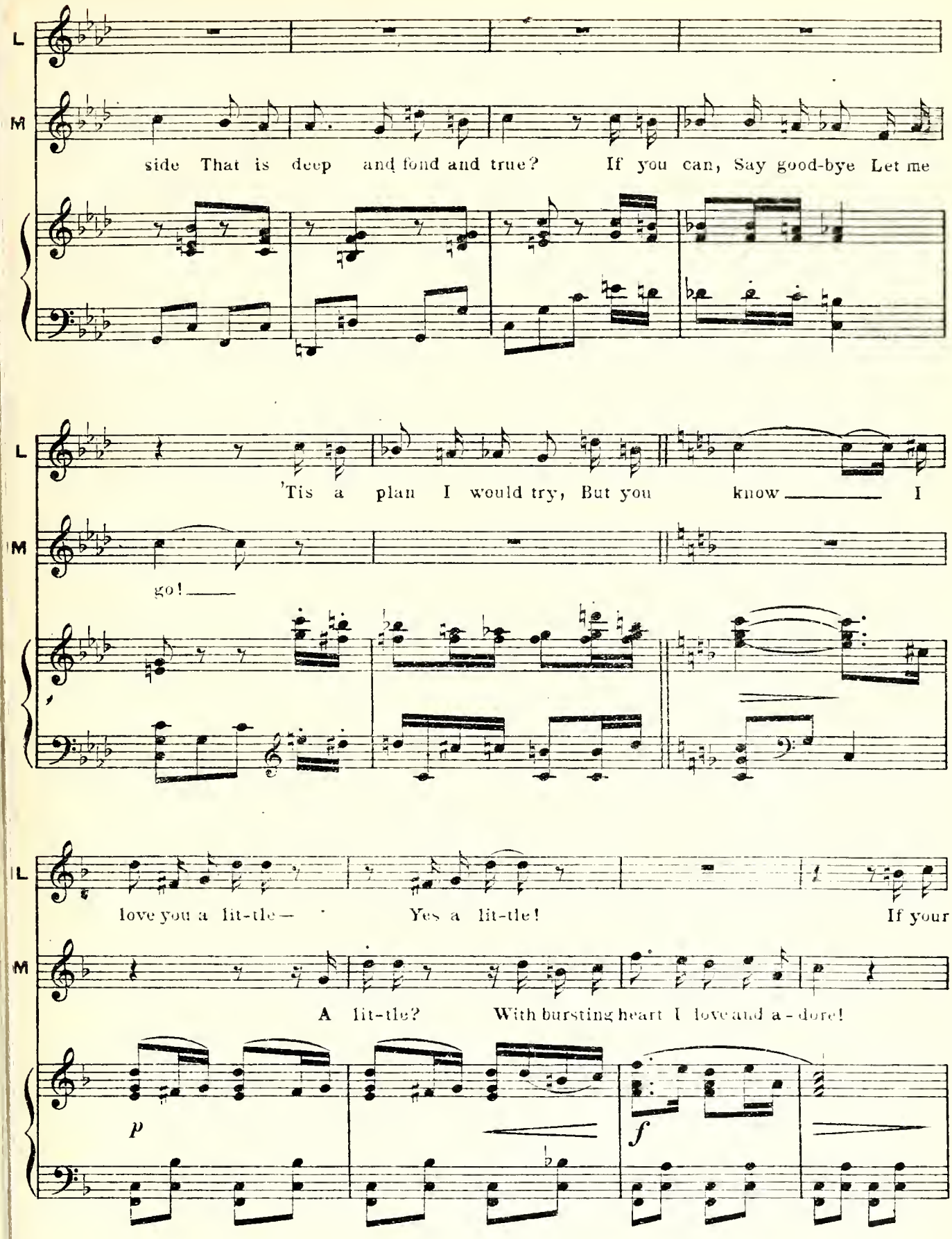
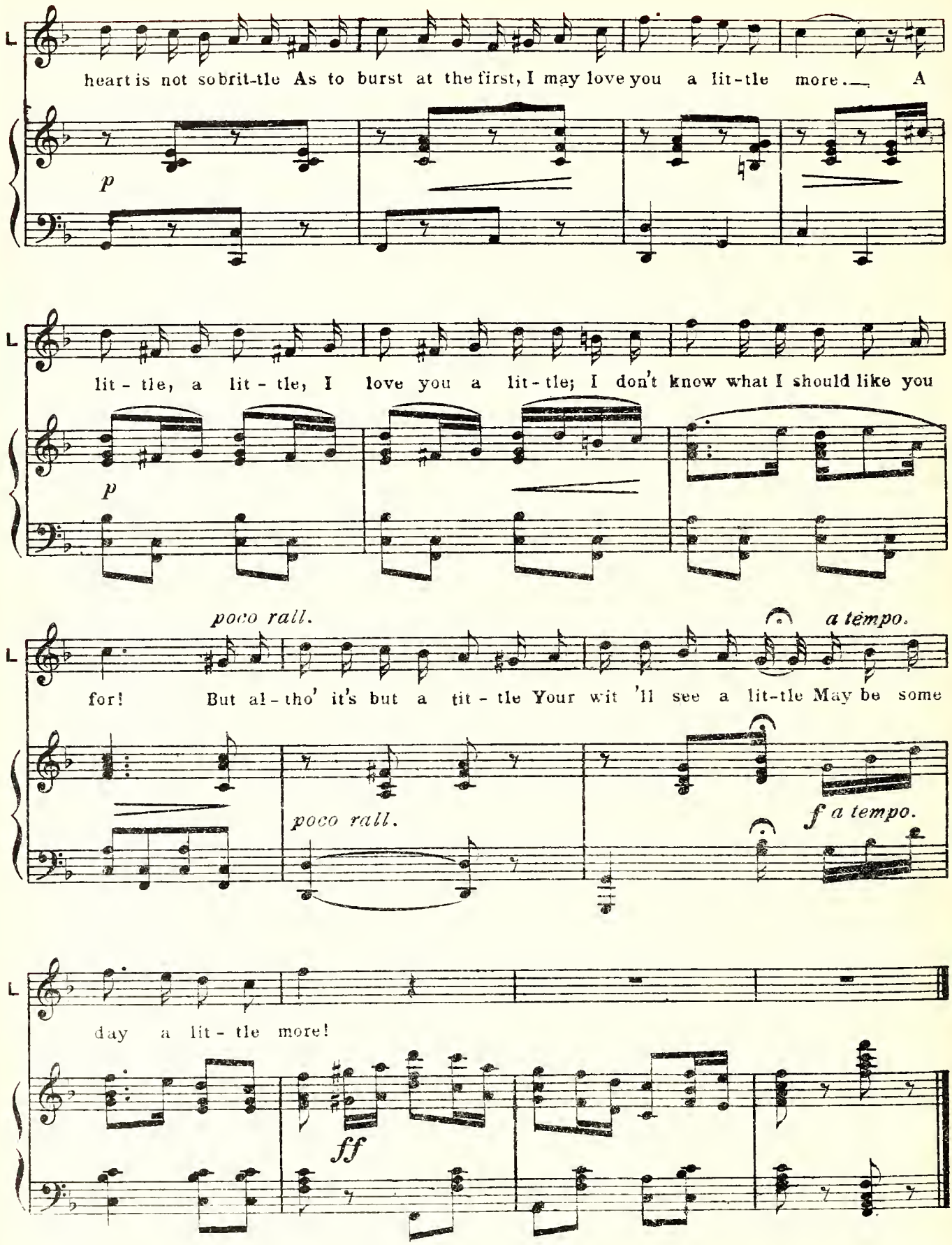
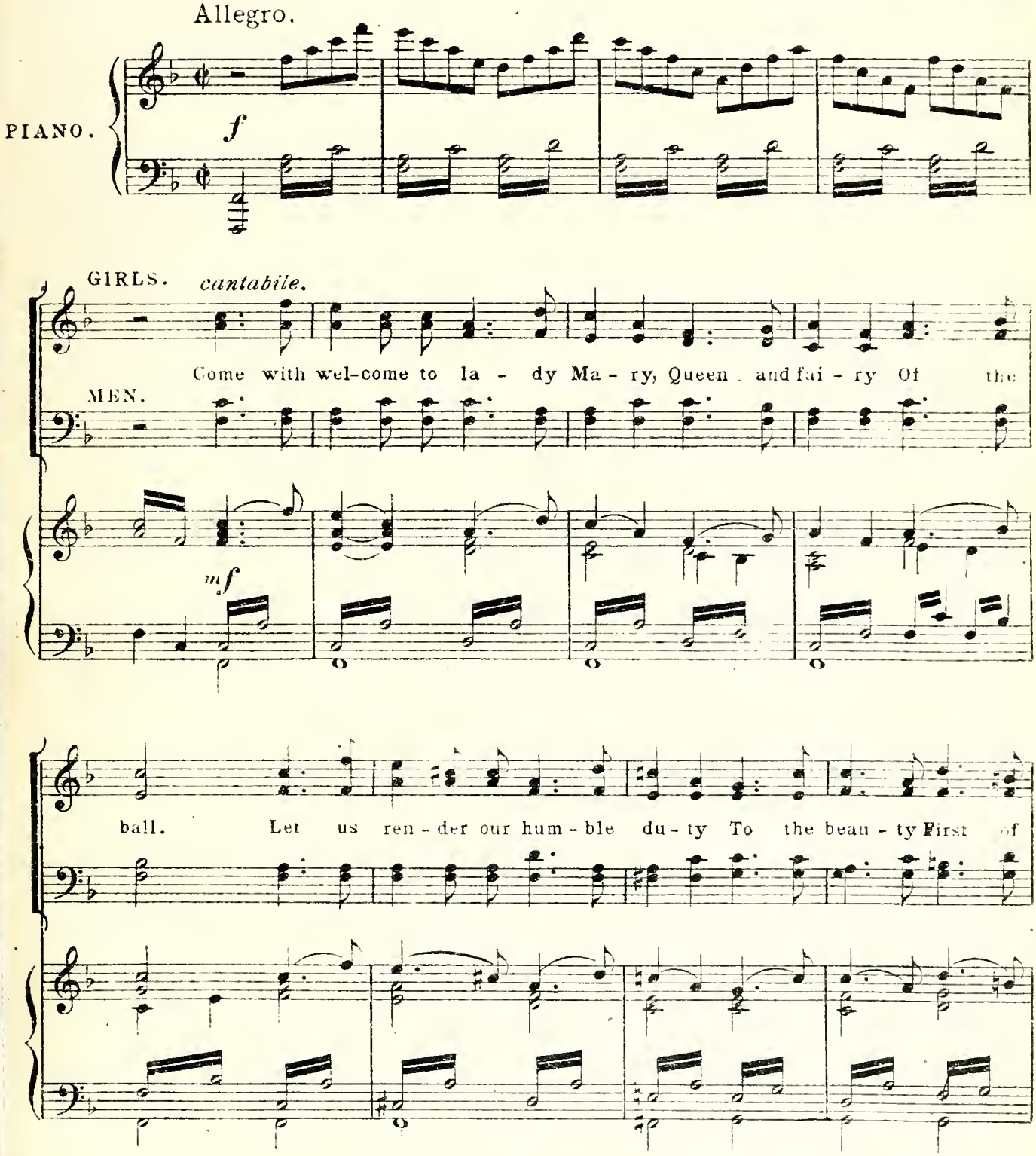

M
not a brain-less beau, Gay in ruf-fles and bro-cade; I con-
L
Say that
M
fess I do not know How to court a mo-dish maid!
L
I'm a Gre-cian god-dess With a tri-fle more of bodice; If I'm
L
not, it does-n't mat-ter Wo-men like a man to flat-ter.
M
If a

flat - ter - er you'd find, You may choose an-oth - er swain; Here are
plen - ty to your mind, Fool - ish, fri - vo-lous and vain! Take a
stacc.
p
Well, in truth, So I might, But, you
youth Pic - kle, light, Not like me!
see I like you a lit-tle Yes, a lit-tle
A lit-tle? Ah! do not
p

If your heart is not so brittle As to
break my heart, I im-plore!
f
p
break for my sake, I may like you a lit-tle more! A
lit-tle, a lit-tle, I like you a li-tle I don't know what I should like you
p
rall.
a tempo vivo.
for! But al-tho' it's but a tit-tle Your wit 'll see a lit-tle May-be some
rall.
a tempo vivo.
f

Tempo I°
L
day a lit - tle more!
f
L
But you're jeal - ous as O - thel - lo, That fe -
p
L
ro - cious Moor - ish fel - low, And I know you'd like to smo - ther Me for
L
look - ing at an - oth - er!
M
You can smile at an - y fop, An - y

M
frib-ble, an - y dunce— Will you let your fol - ly stop And be se - ri-ous for
L
You're a dear de-light-ful crea-ture, For you court me like a
M
once?
L
preacher, Firstly, se-cond-ly and last-ly— Sir, you en-ter-tain me vastly!
M
Tho' per -
M
chance a man-ly pride May-be rough and rude to you, Can you cast a love a -
stance.

L
M
side That is deep and fond and true? If you can, Say good-bye Let me
'Tis a plan I would try, But you know I
go!
love you a lit-tle— Yes a lit-tle! If your
A lit-tle? With bursting heart I love and a-dore!
p
f

heart is not so brit-tle As to burst at the first, I may love you a lit-tle more. A
p
lit - tle, a lit - tle, I love you a lit-tle; I don't know what I should like you
p
poco rall.
a tempo.
for! But al-tho' it's but a tit - tle Your wit 'll see a lit-tle May be some
poco rall.
f a tempo.
day a lit - tle more!
ff

No. 6. CHORUS and SOLO.

(CHORUS.)—"Come with welcome."

(SONG.)—"I DO NOT KNOW."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Allegro.
PIANO.
f
GIRLS.
cantabile.
Come with wel-come to la - dy Ma - ry, Queen and fai - ry Of the
MEN.
mf
ball. Let us ren - der our hum - ble du - ty To the beau - ty First of

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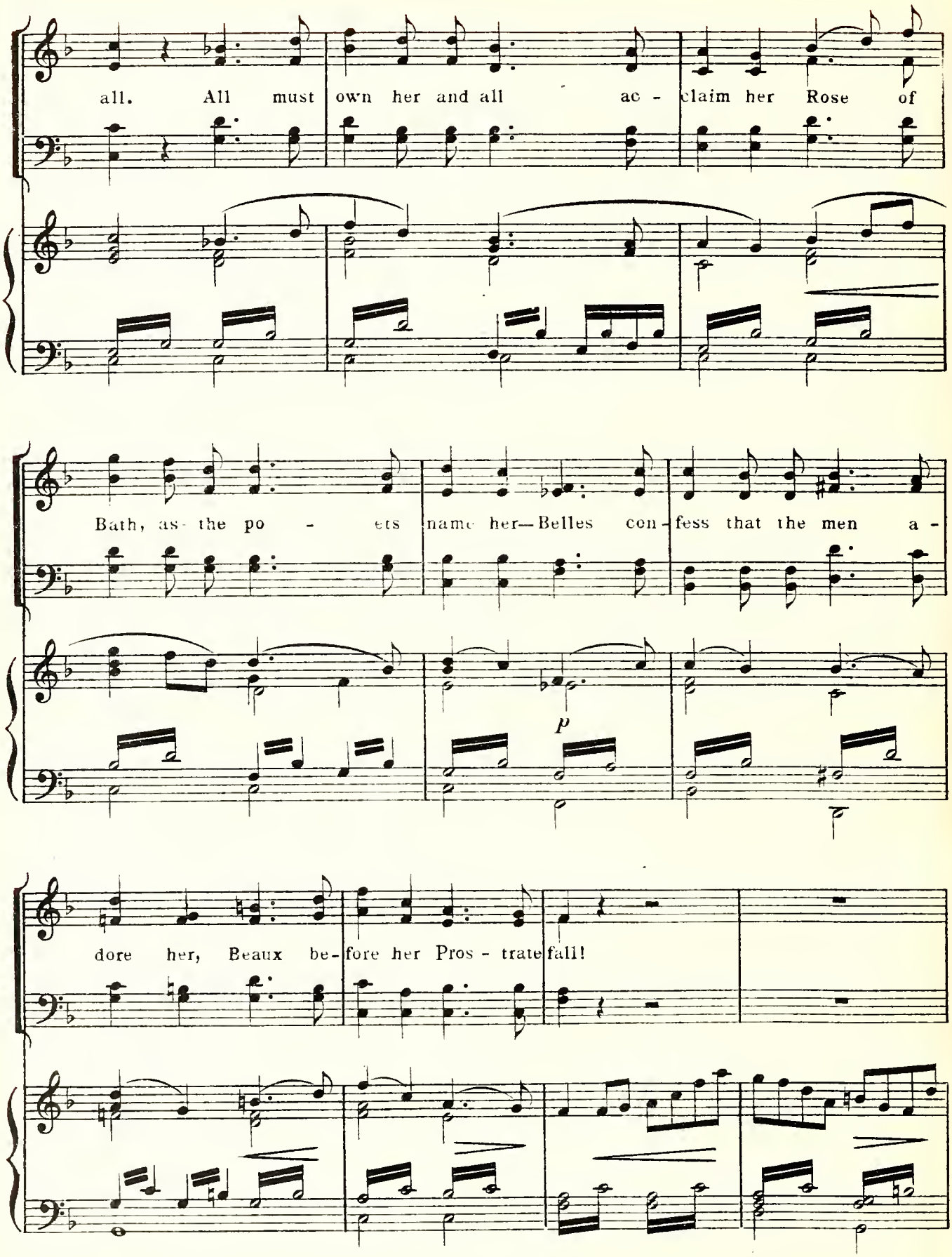
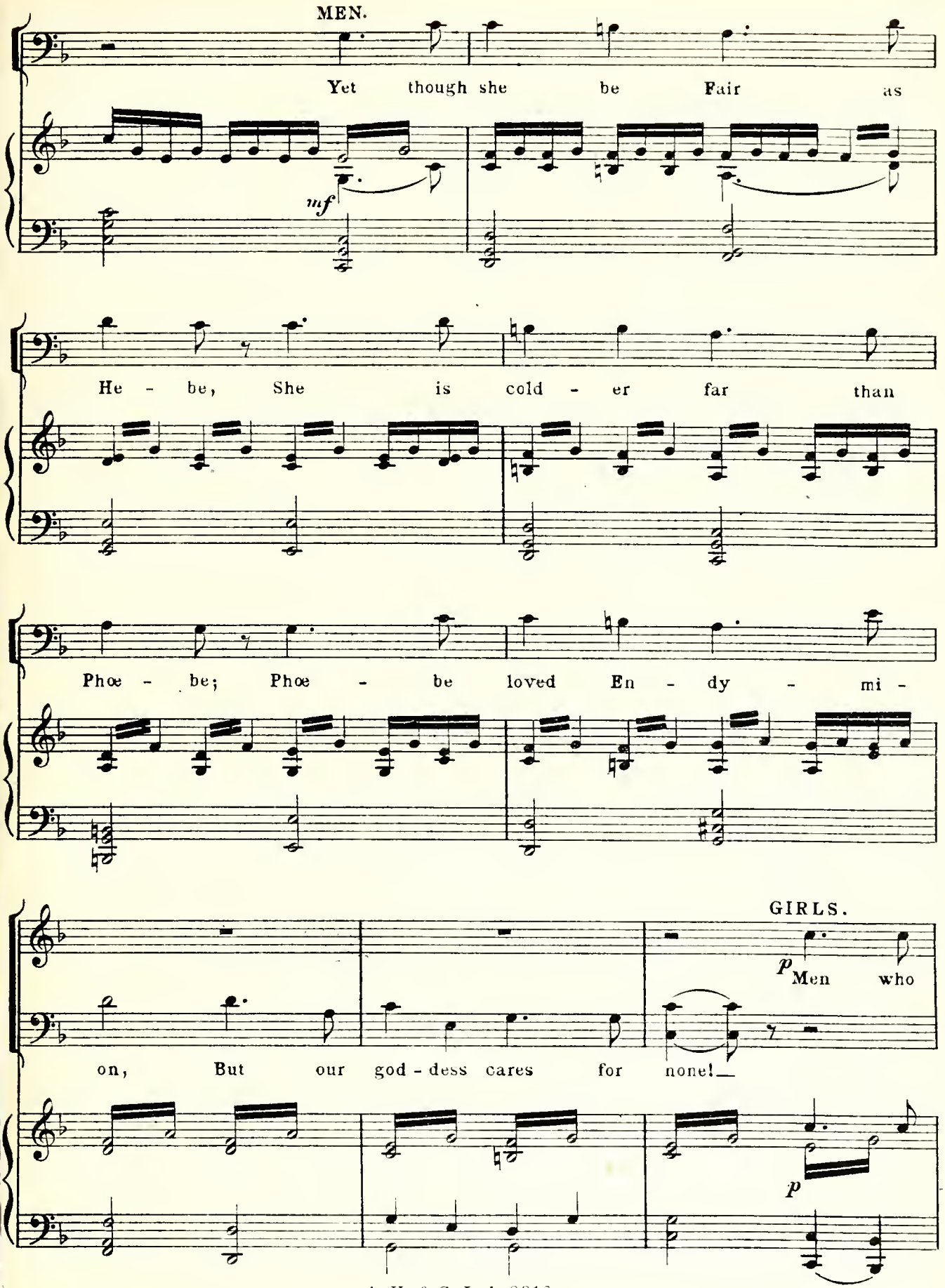
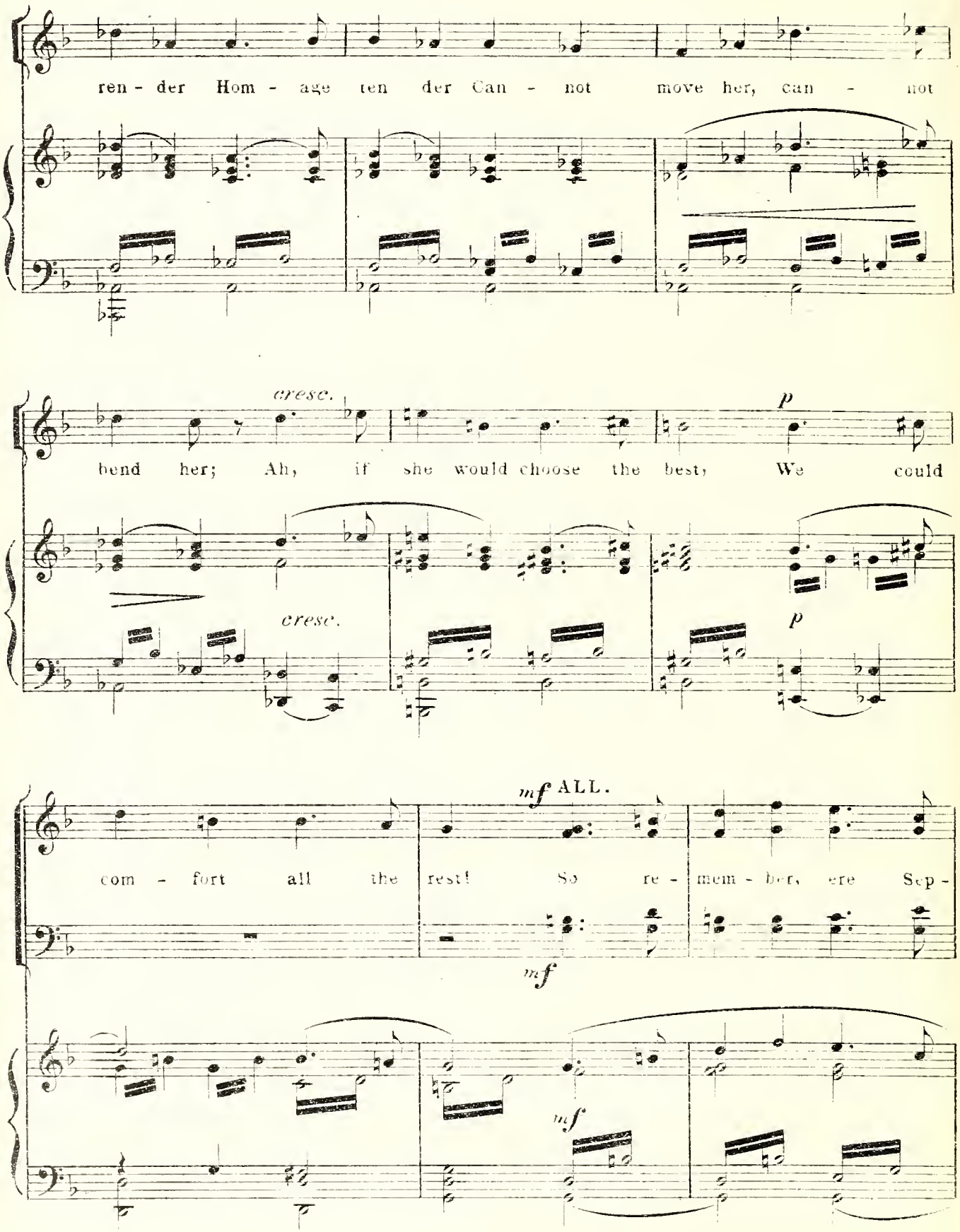
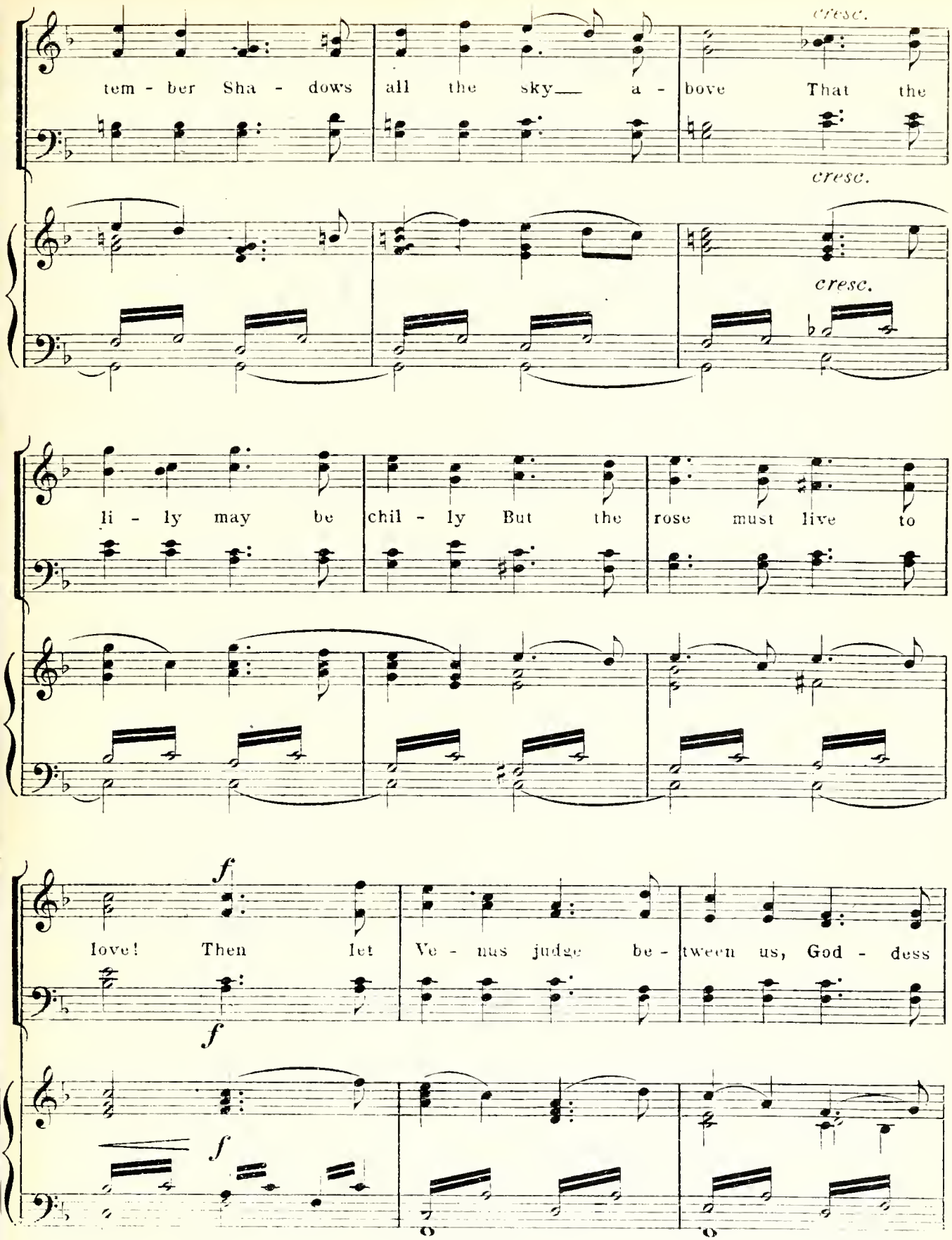
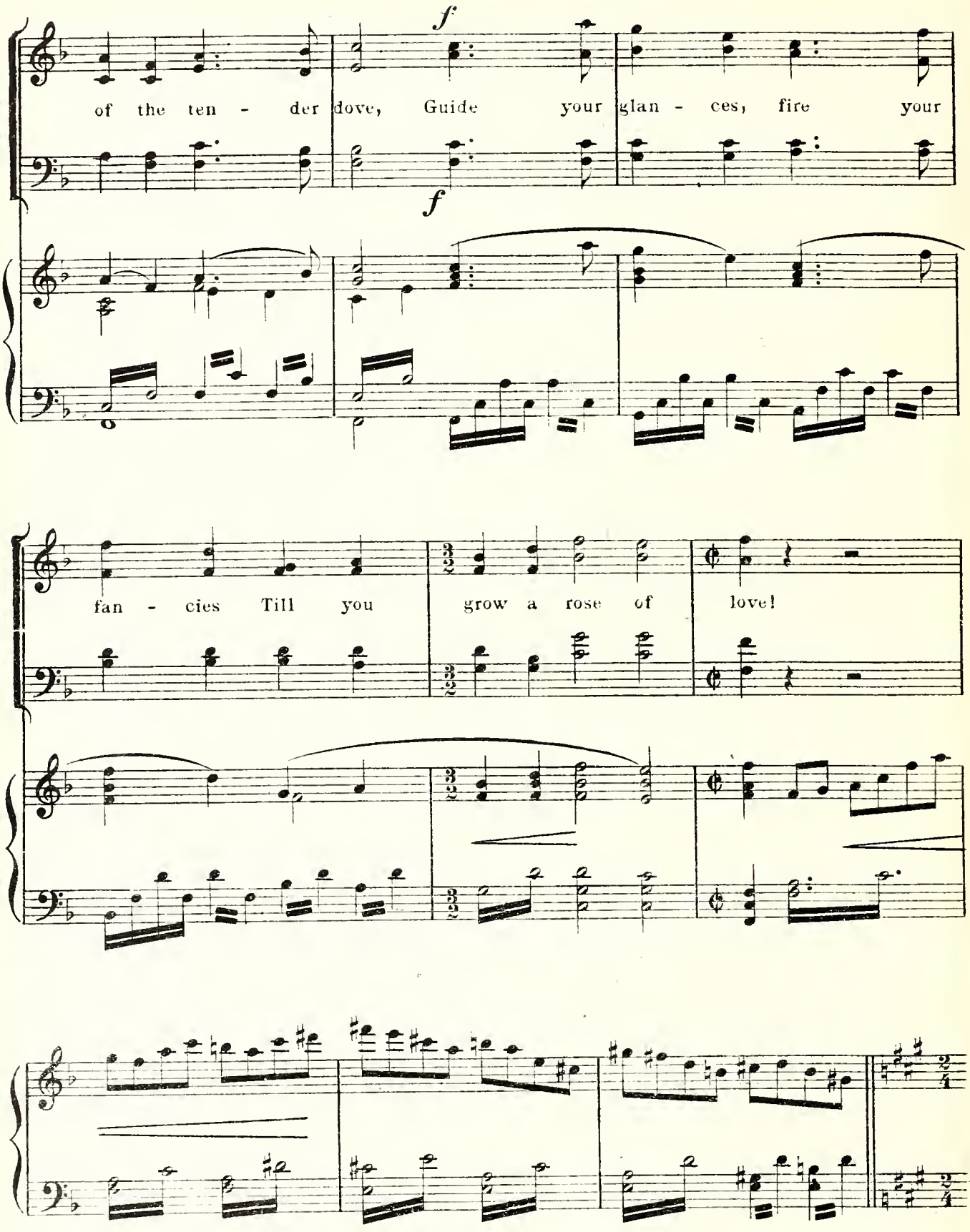
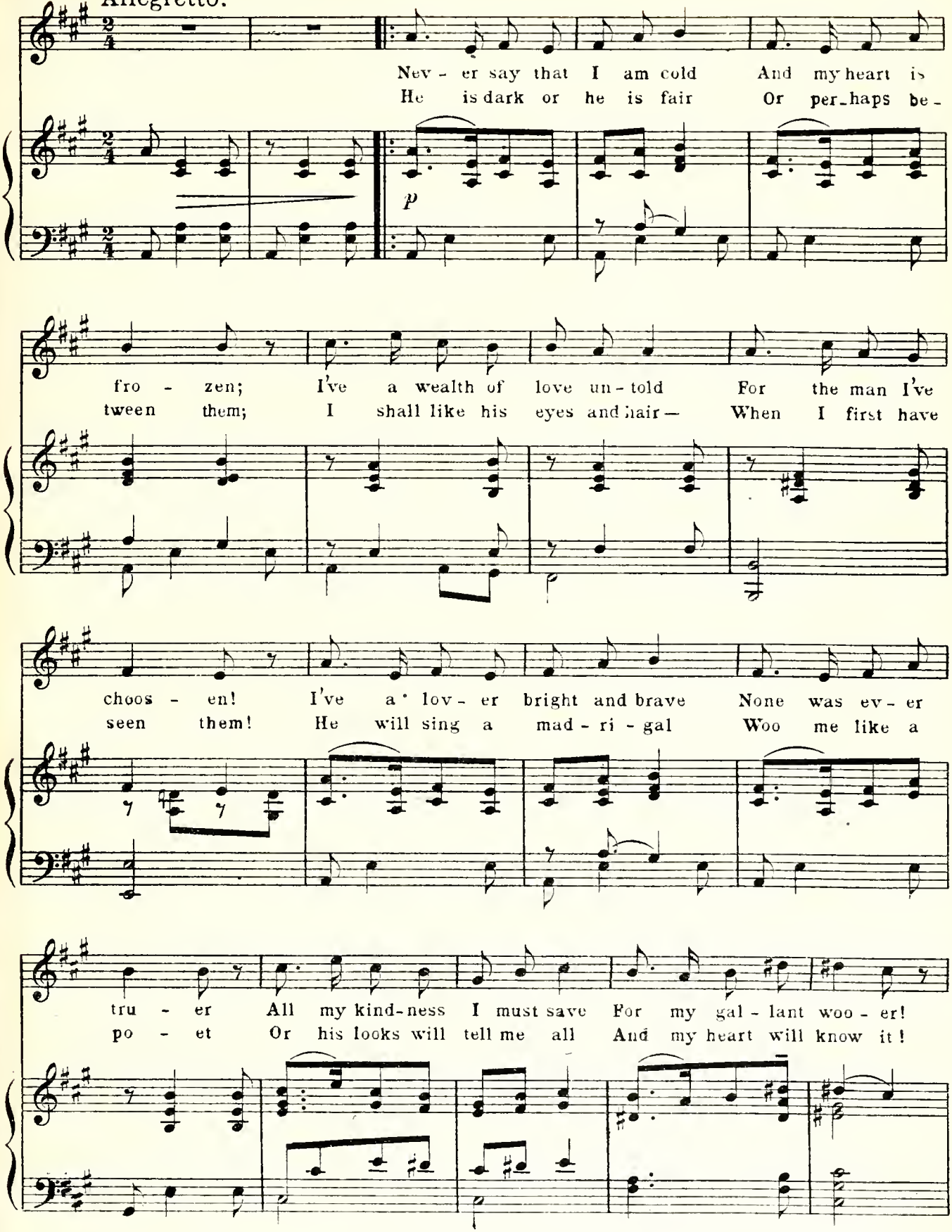
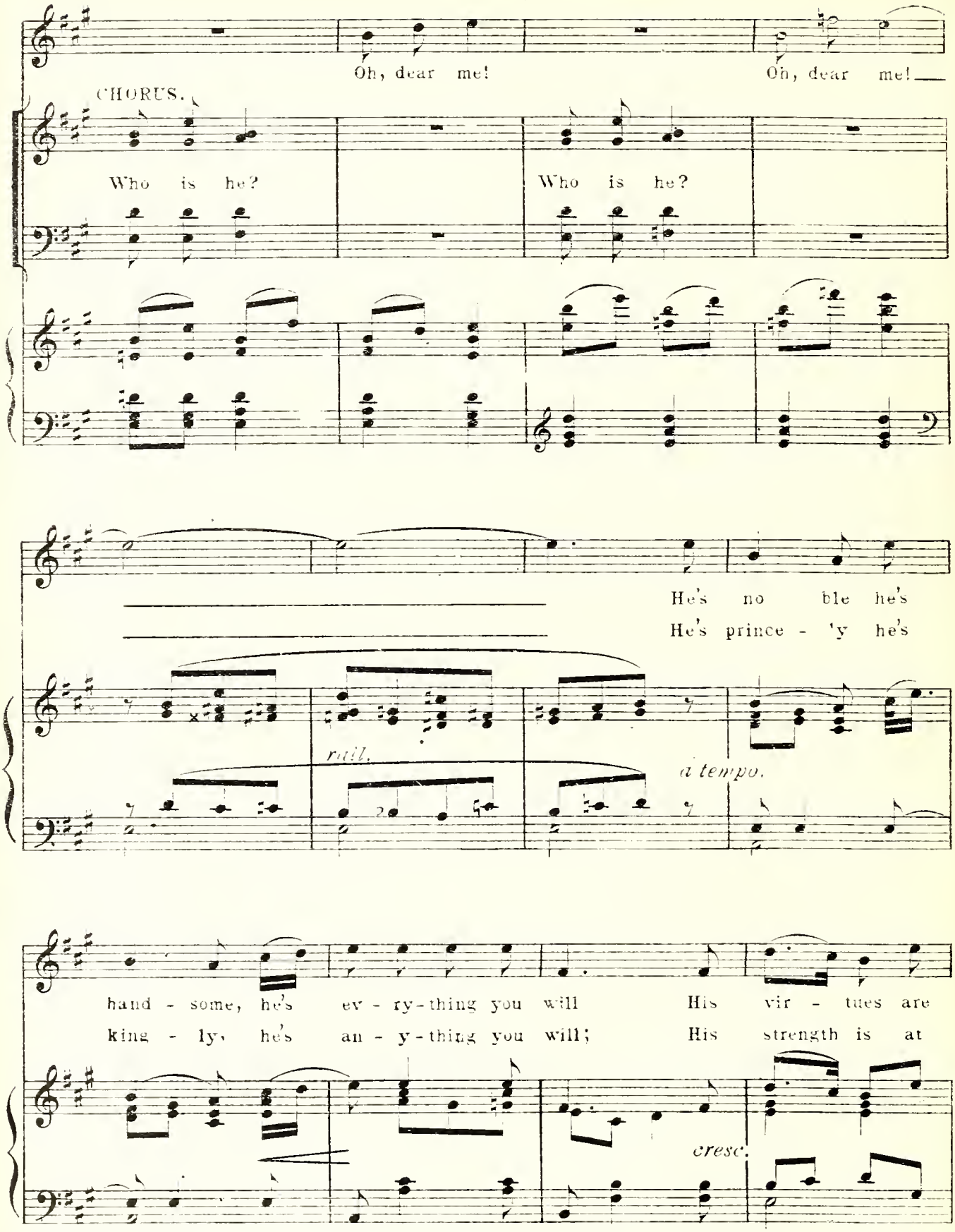
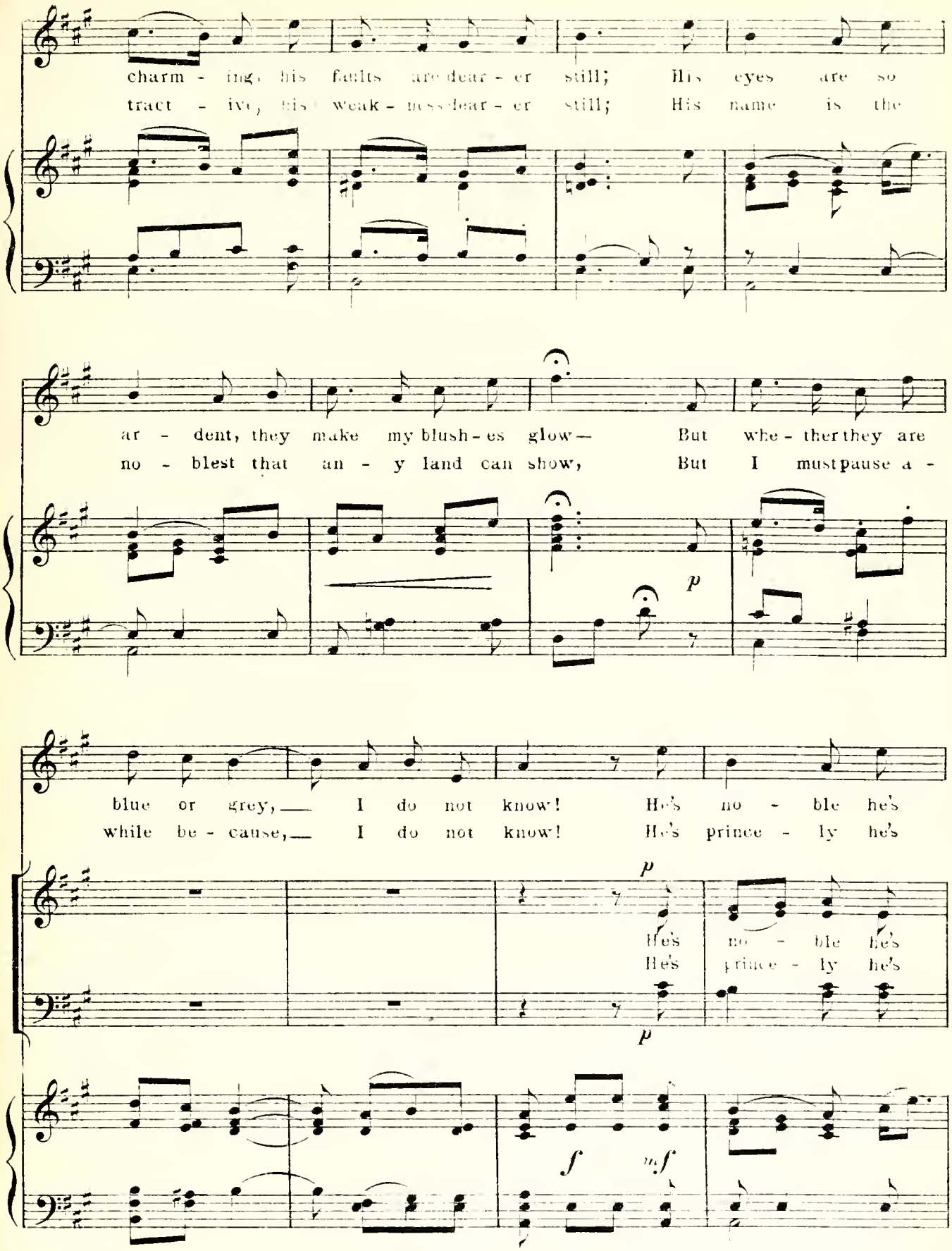
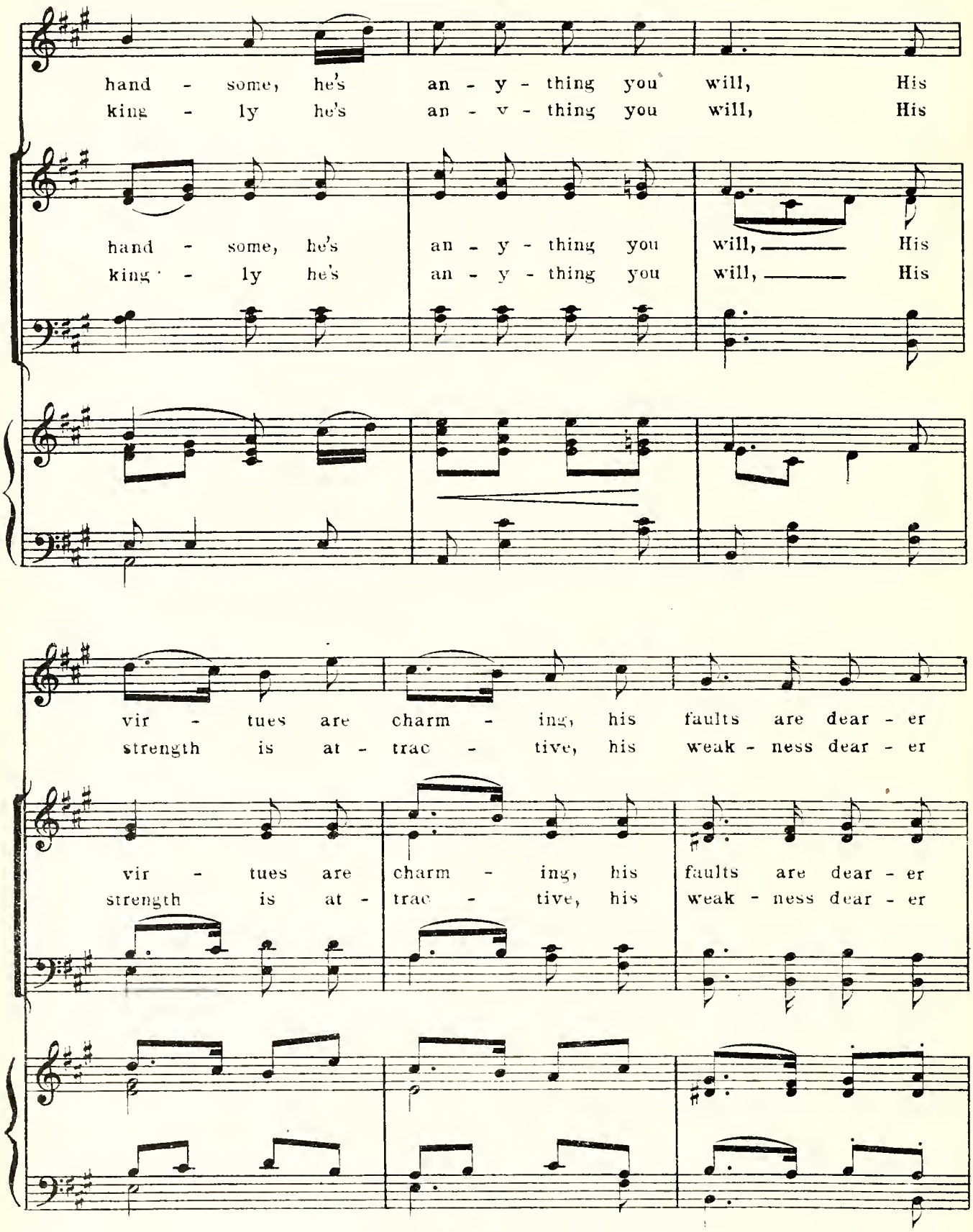
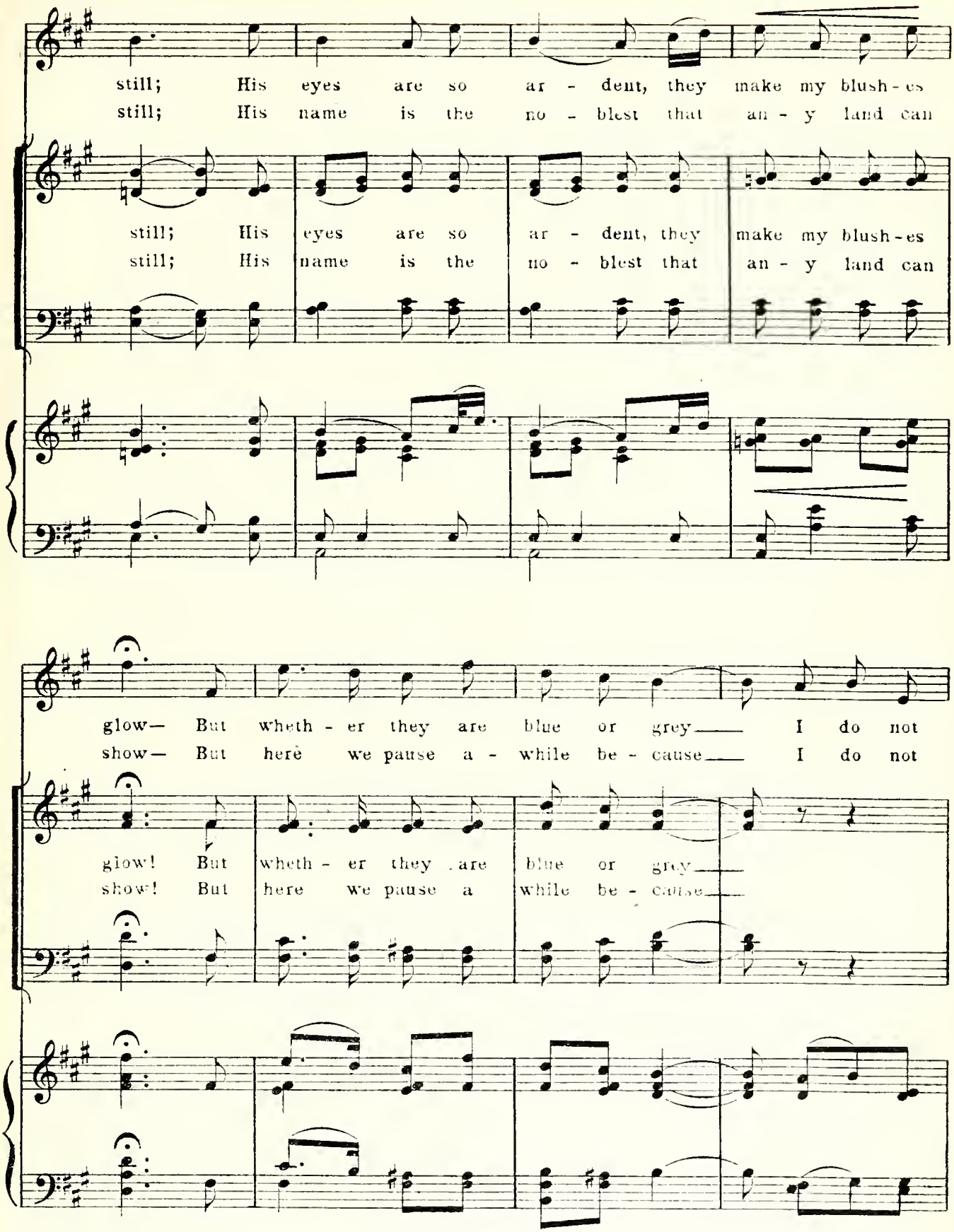
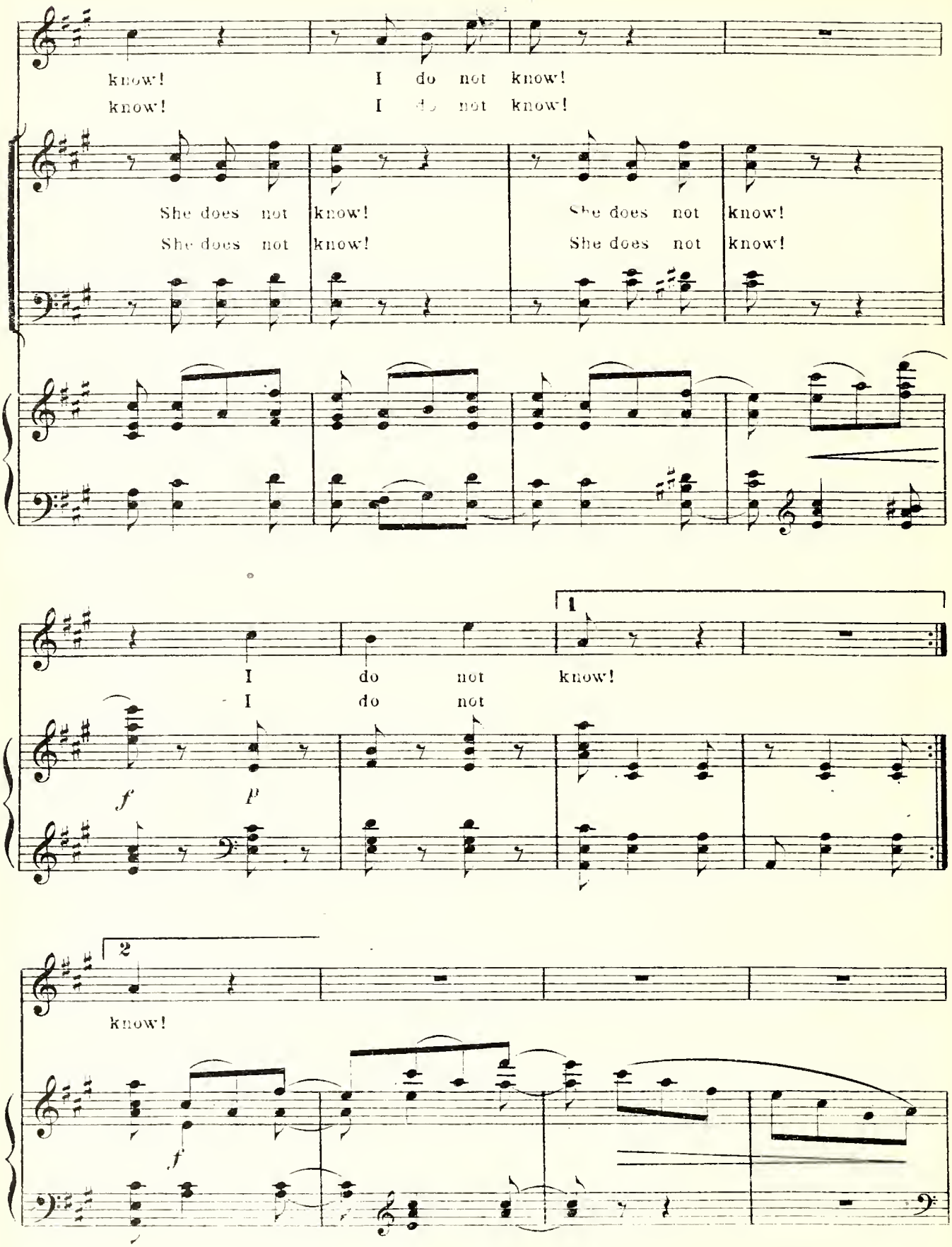
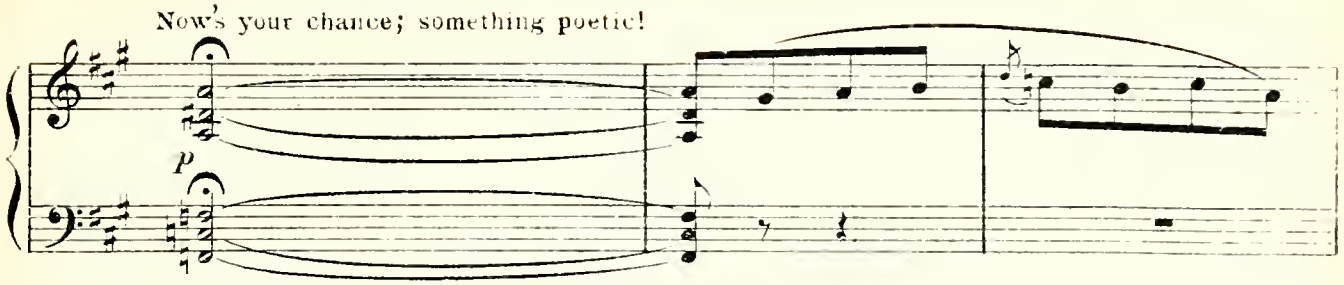

all. All must own her and all ac - claim her Rose of
Bath, as the po - ets name her—Belles con - fess that the men a -
p
dore her, Beaux be - fore her Pros - trate fall!

MEN.
Yet though she be Fair as
mf
He - be, She is cold - er far than
Phœ - be; Phœ - be loved En - dy - mi -
GIRLS.
p Men who
on, But our god - dess cares for none!
p

ren - der Hom - age ten der Can - not move her, can - not
cresc.
p
bend her; Ah, if she would choose the best, We could
cresc.
p
mf ALL.
com - fort all the rest! So re - mem - ber, ere Sep -
mf
mf

cresc.
tem - ber Sha - dows all the sky a - bove That the
cresc.
cresc.
li - ly may be chil - ly But the rose must live to
f
love! Then let Ve - nus judge be - tween us, God - dess
f
f

f
of the ten - der dove, Guide your glan - ces, fire your
f
fan - cies Till you grow a rose of love!

SONG. LADY MARY.

Allegretto.

Nev - er say that I am cold And my heart is
He is dark or he is fair Or per-haps be -
p
fro - zen; I've a wealth of love un - told For the man I've
tween them; I shall like his eyes and hair — When I first have
choos - en! I've a lov - er bright and brave None was ev - er
seen them! He will sing a mad - ri - gal Woo me like a
tru - er All my kind-ness I must save For my gal - lant woo - er!
po - et Or his looks will tell me all And my heart will know it!

Oh, dear me!
Oh, dear me!
CHORUS.
Who is he?
Who is he?
He's no ble he's
He's prince - 'y he's
rall.
a tempo.
hand - some, he's ev - ry-thing you will
His vir - tues are
king - ly, he's an - y-thing you will;
His strength is at
cresc.

charm - ing, his faults are dear - er still; His eyes are so
tract - ive, his weak - ness dear - er still; His name is the
ar - dent, they make my blush - es glow— But whe - ther they are
no - blest that an - y land can show, But I must pause a -
p
blue or grey,— I do not know! He's no - ble he's
while be - cause,— I do not know! He's prince - ly he's
p
He's no - ble he's
He's prince - ly he's
p
f
mf

hand - some, he's an - y - thing you will, His
king - ly he's an - y - thing you will, His
hand - some, he's an - y - thing you will, His
king - ly he's an - y - thing you will, His
vir - tues are charm - ing, his faults are dear - er
strength is at - trac - tive, his weak - ness dear - er
vir - tues are charm - ing, his faults are dear - er
strength is at - trac - tive, his weak - ness dear - er

still; His eyes are so ar - dent, they make my blush - es
still; His name is the no - blest that an - y land can
still; His eyes are so ar - dent, they make my blush - es
still; His name is the no - blest that an - y land can
glow— But wheth - er they are blue or grey I do not
show— But here we pause a - while be - cause I do not
glow! But wheth - er they are blue or grey
show! But here we pause a while be - cause

know! I do not know!
know! I do not know!
She does not know! She does not know!
She does not know! She does not know!
1
I do not know!
I do not
f p
2
know!
f

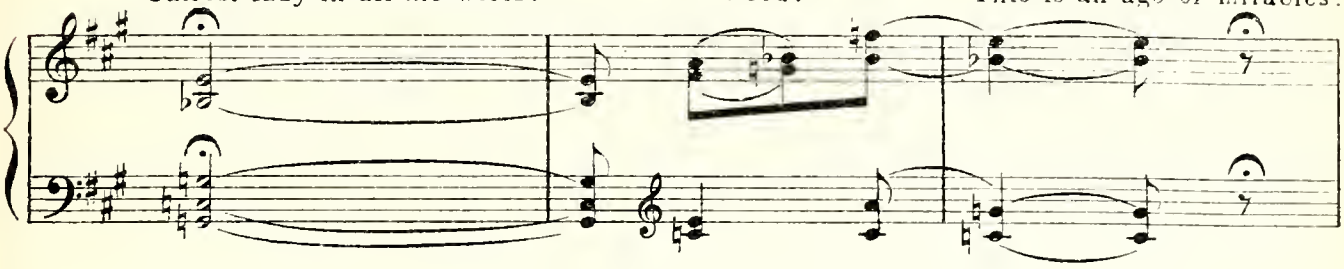
(*Rukell to Bantison.*)
Now's your chance; something poetic!



(*Bantison bowing to Lady Mary.*)
Fairest lady in all the world!

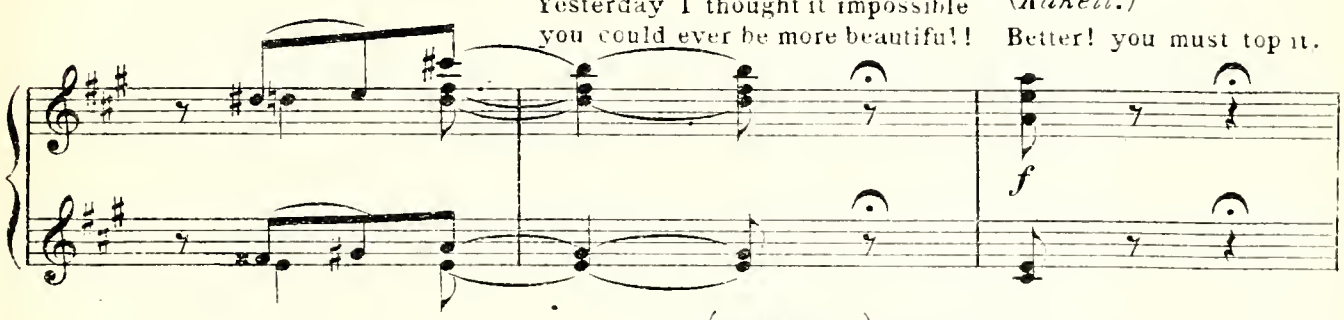
(*Rukell.*)
Good!

(*Nash takes her hand.*)
This is an age of miracles!



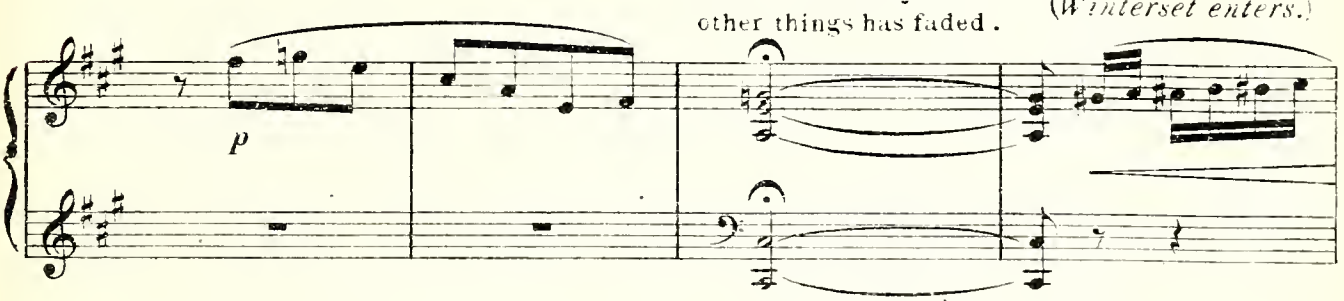
Yesterday I thought it impossible you could ever be more beautiful!

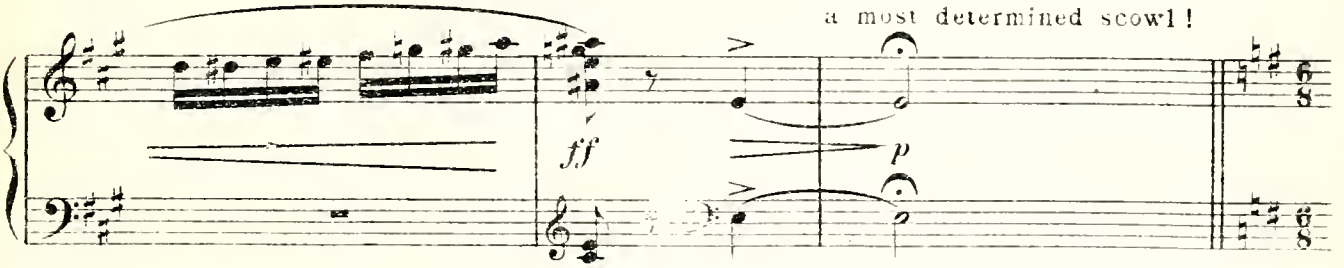
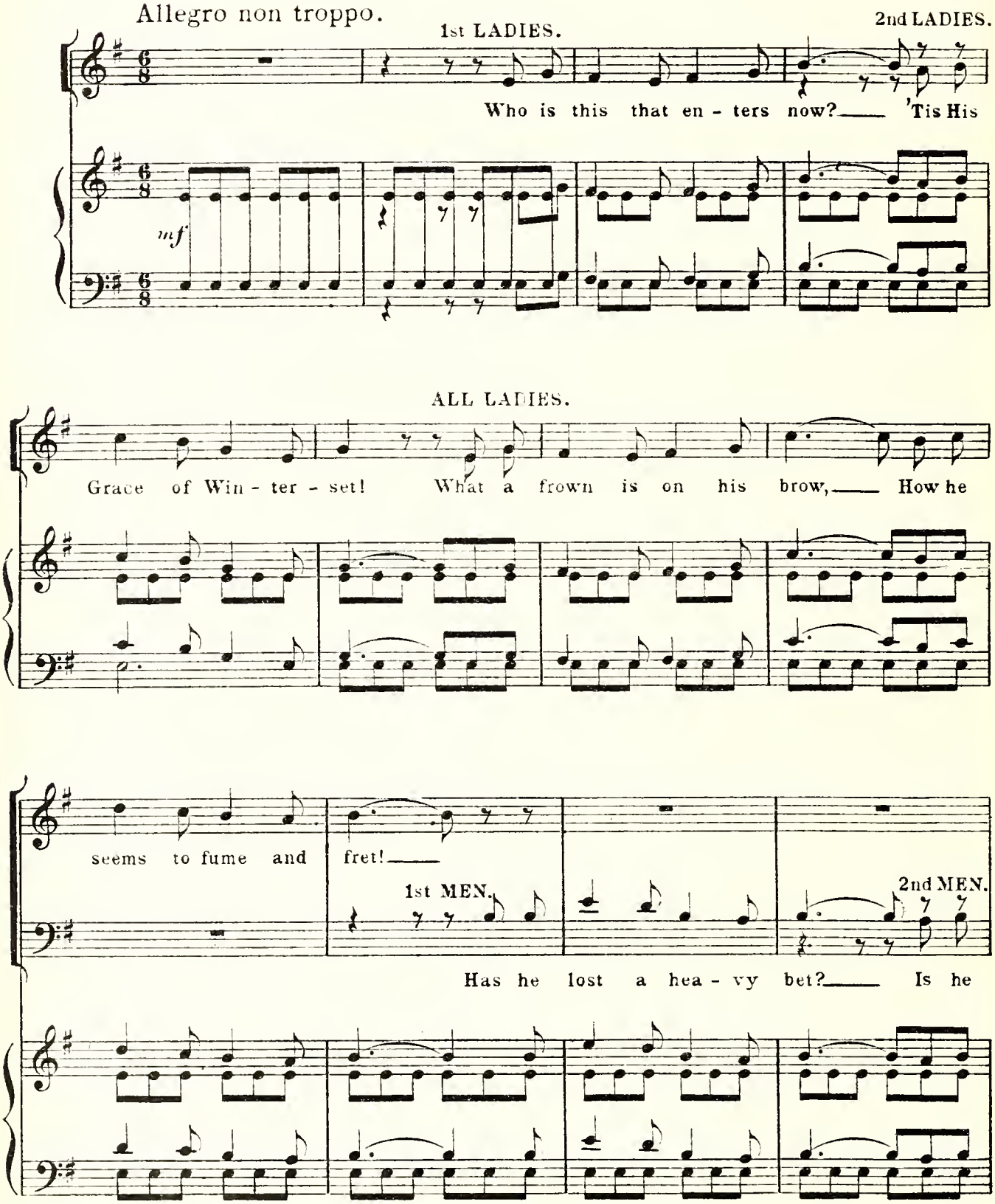
(*Rukell.*)
Better! you must top it.

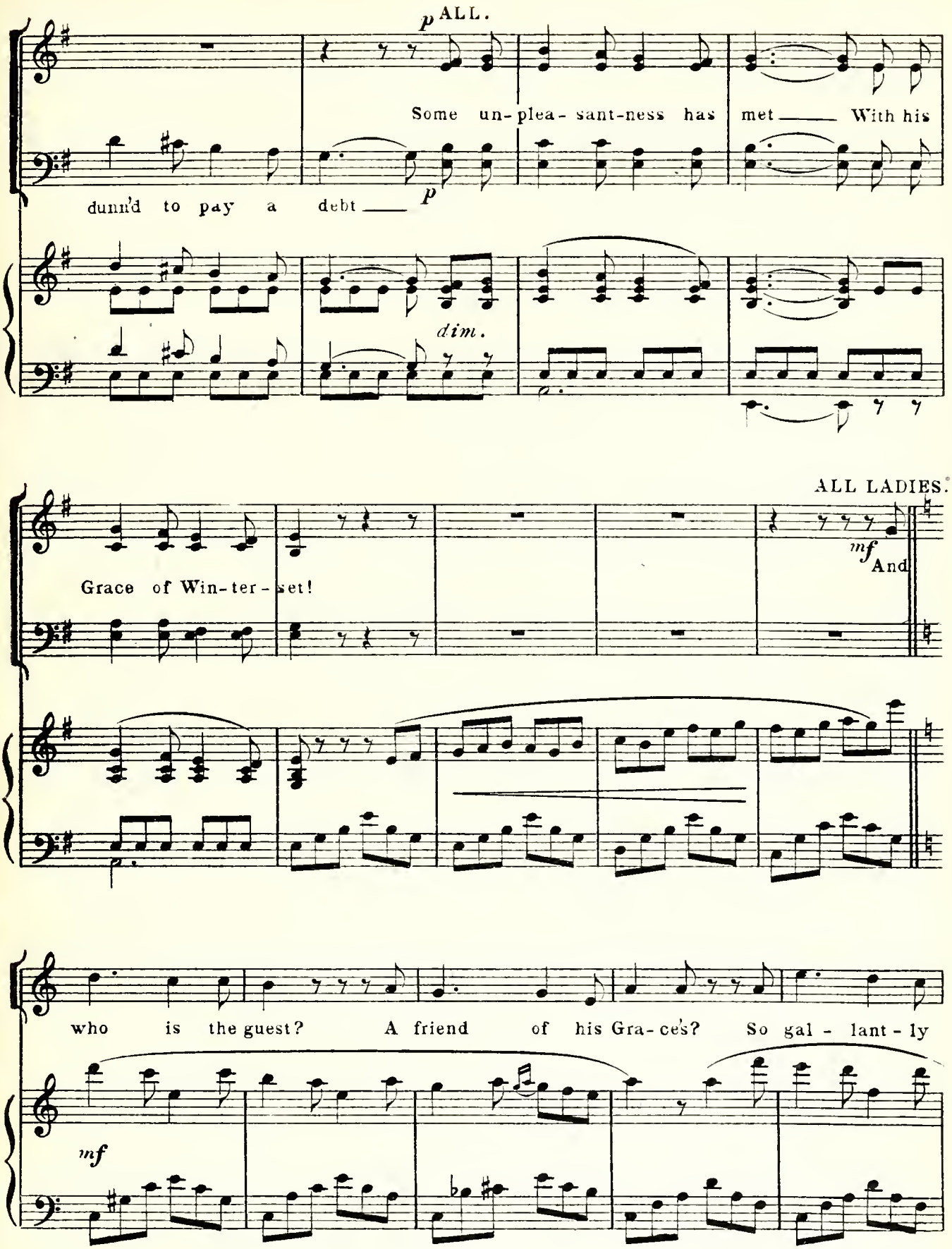
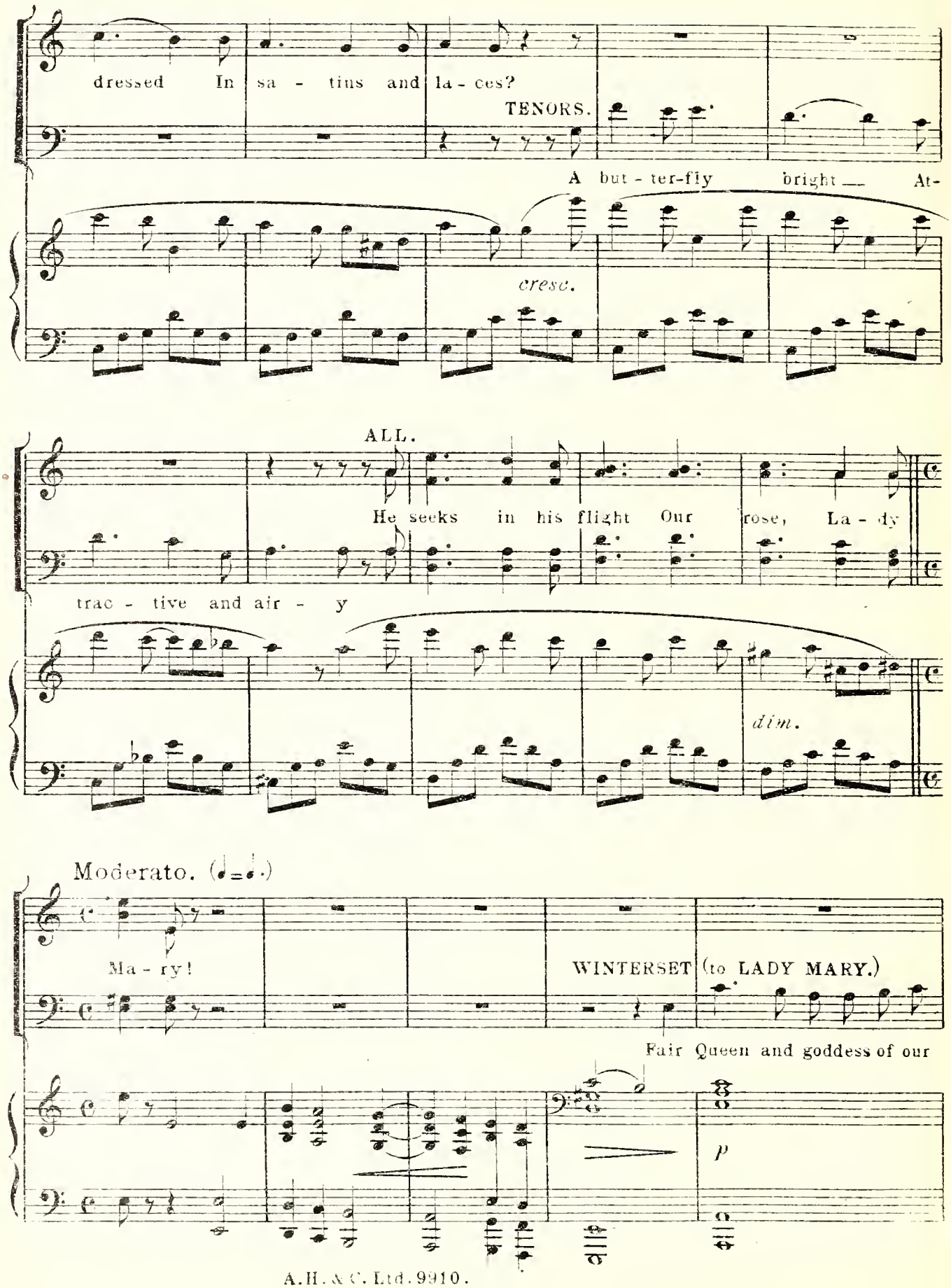
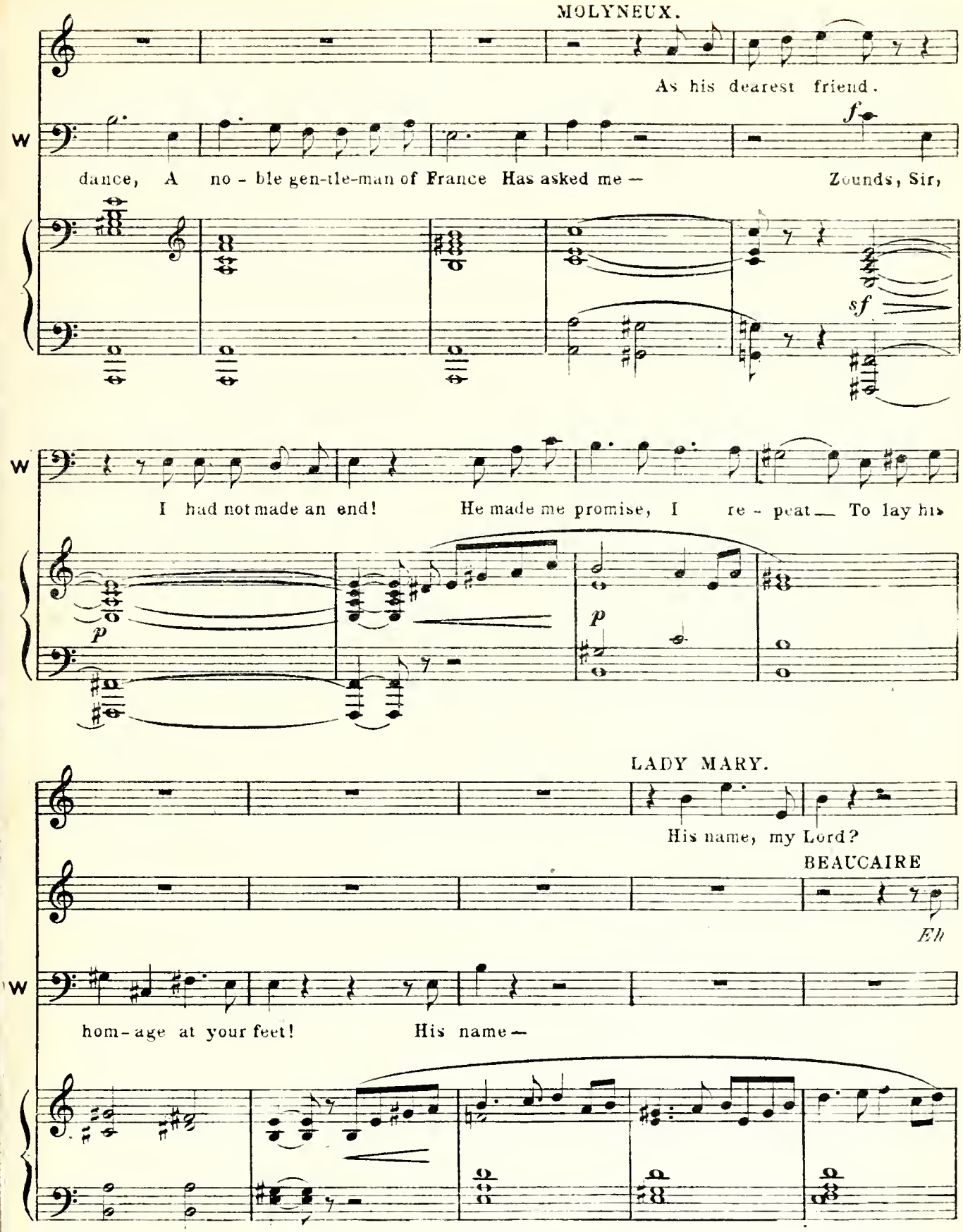
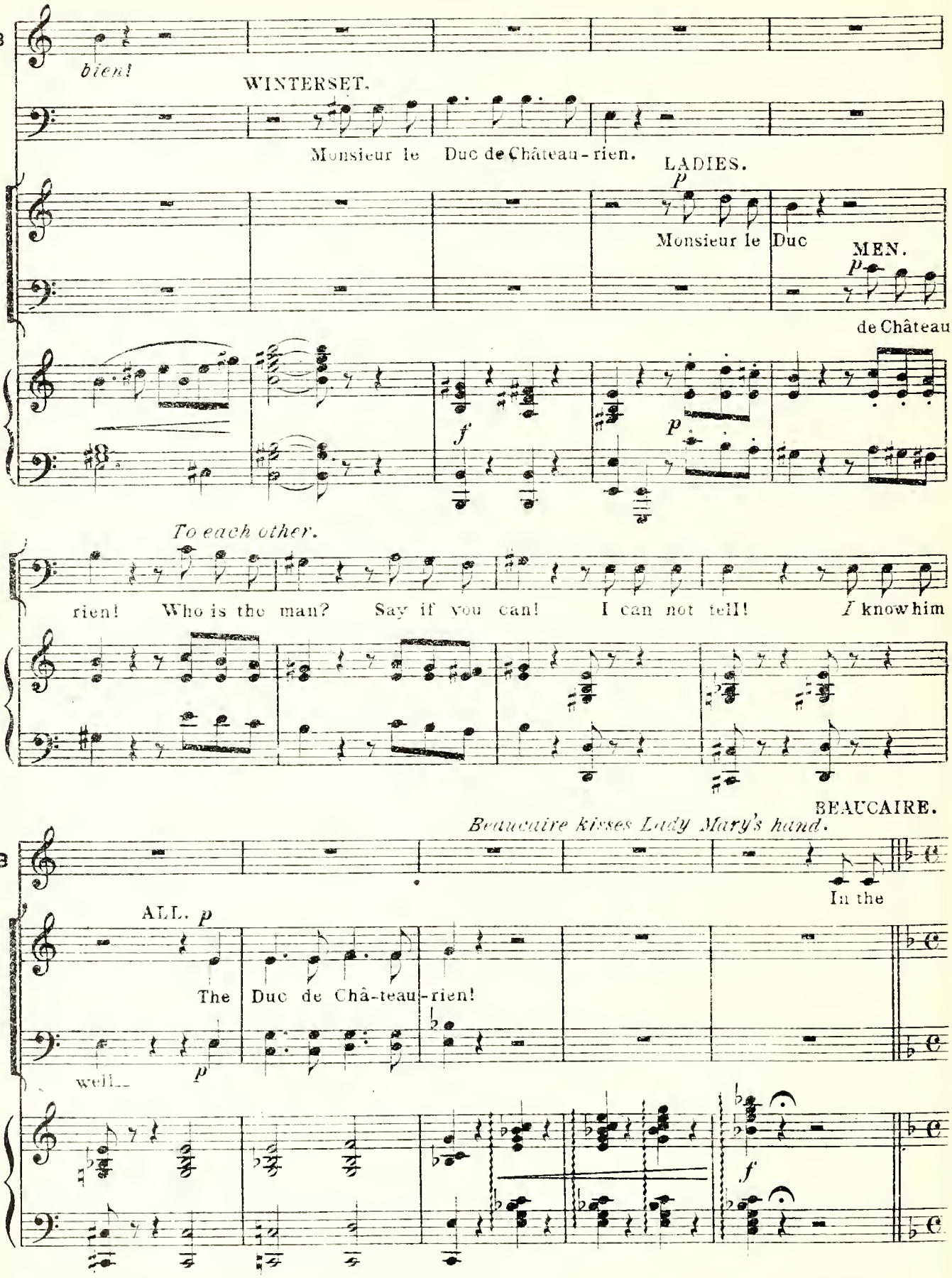
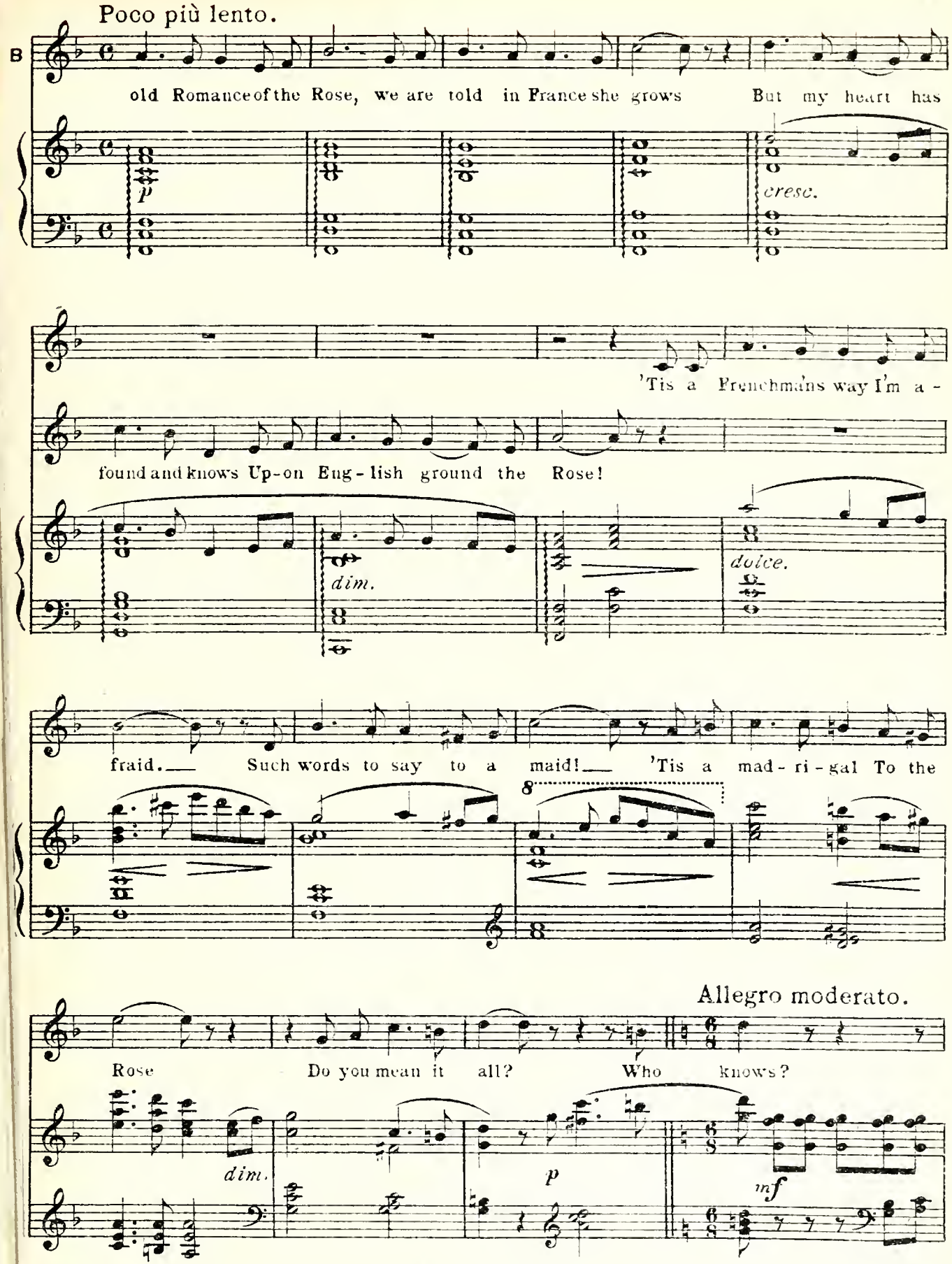


(*Bantison.*)
When the beauty of all other things has faded.

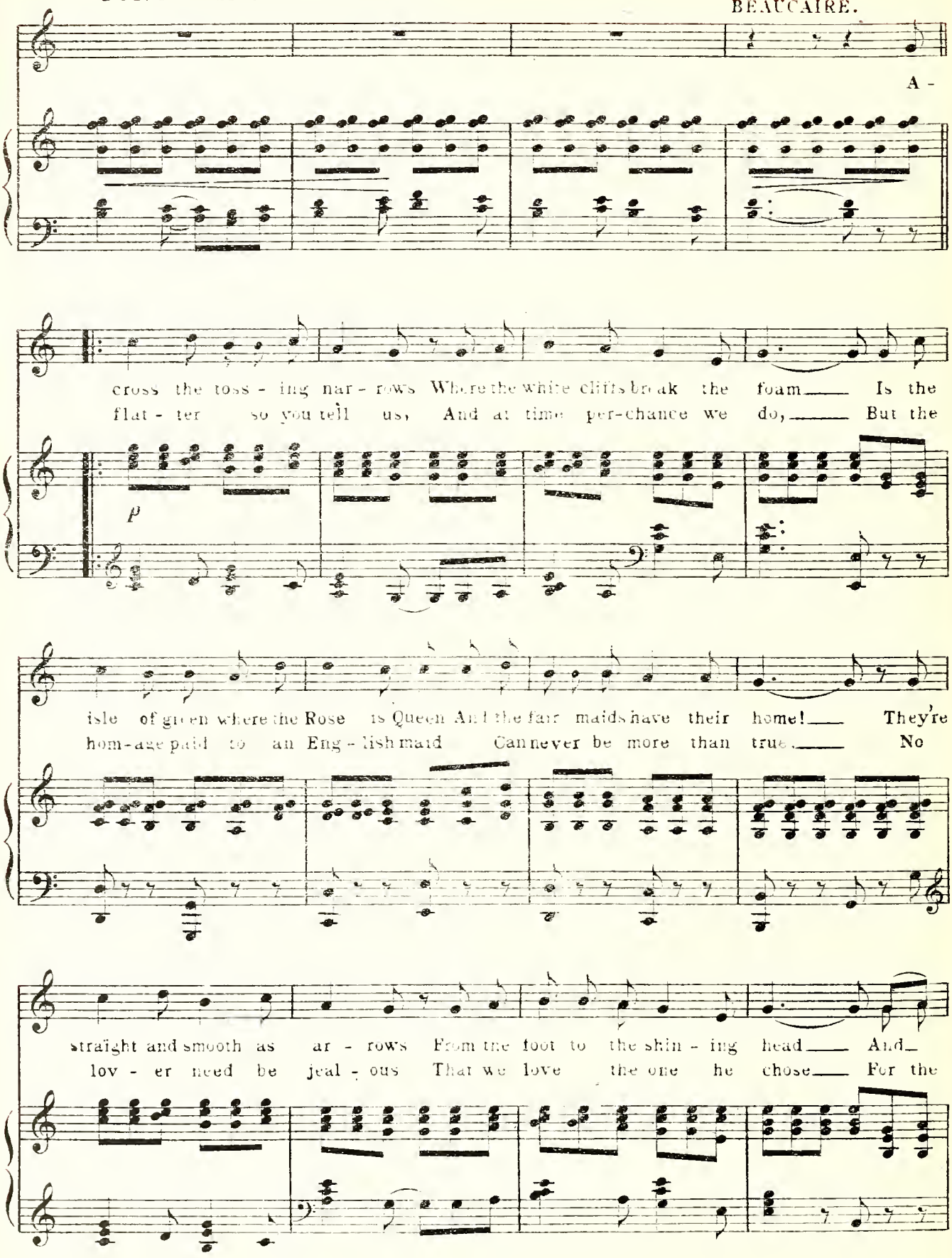
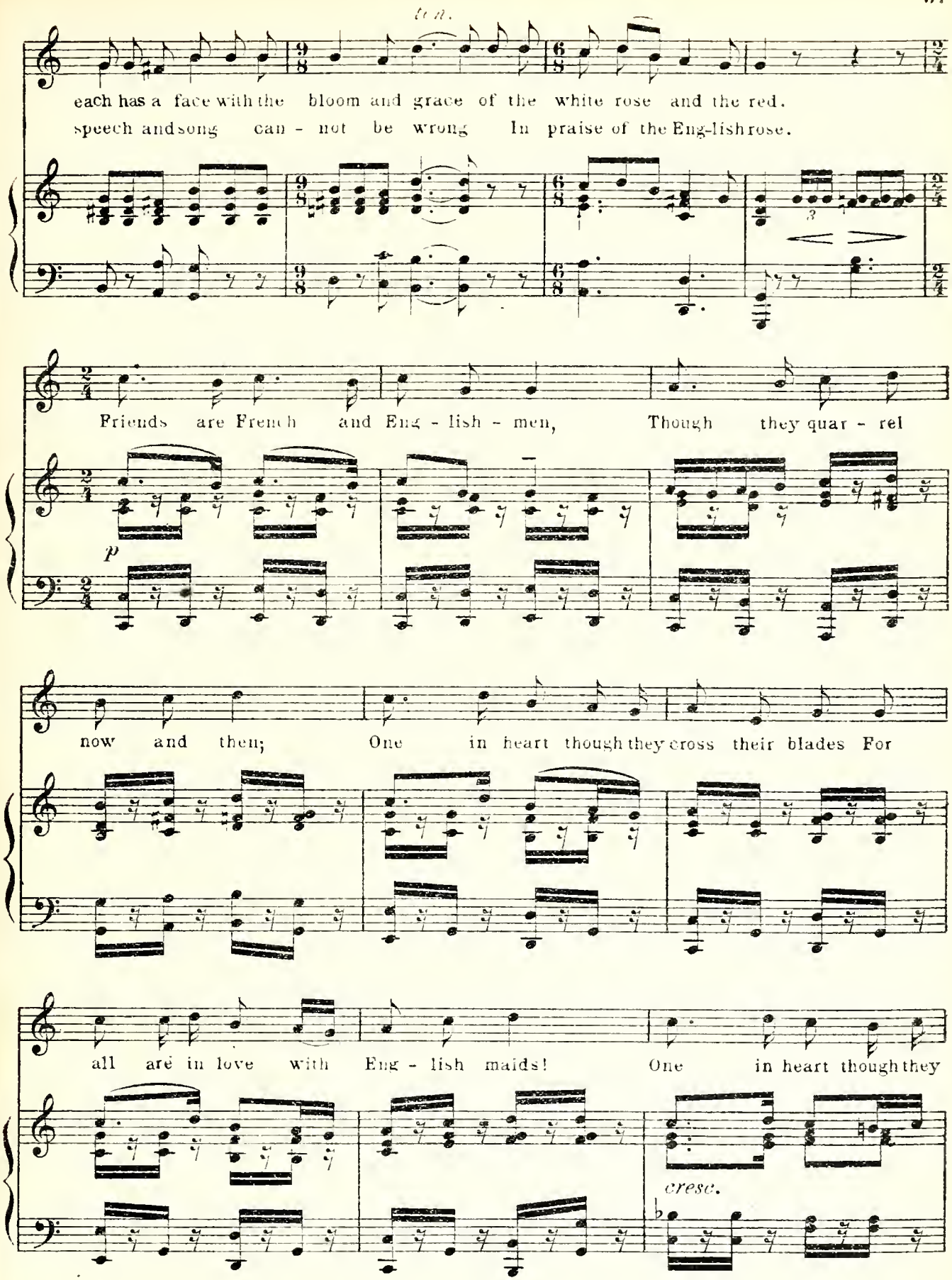
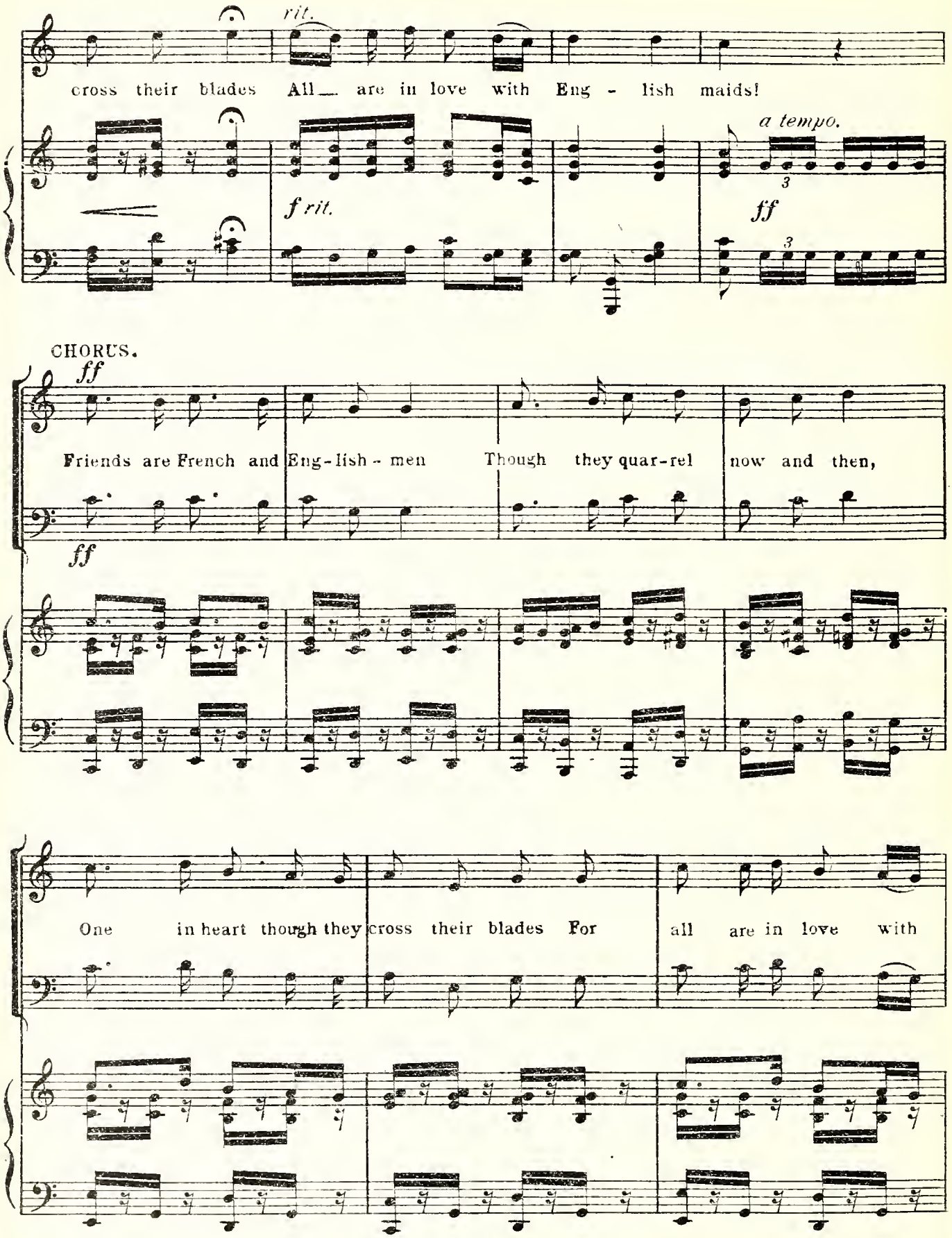
(*Winterset enters.*)

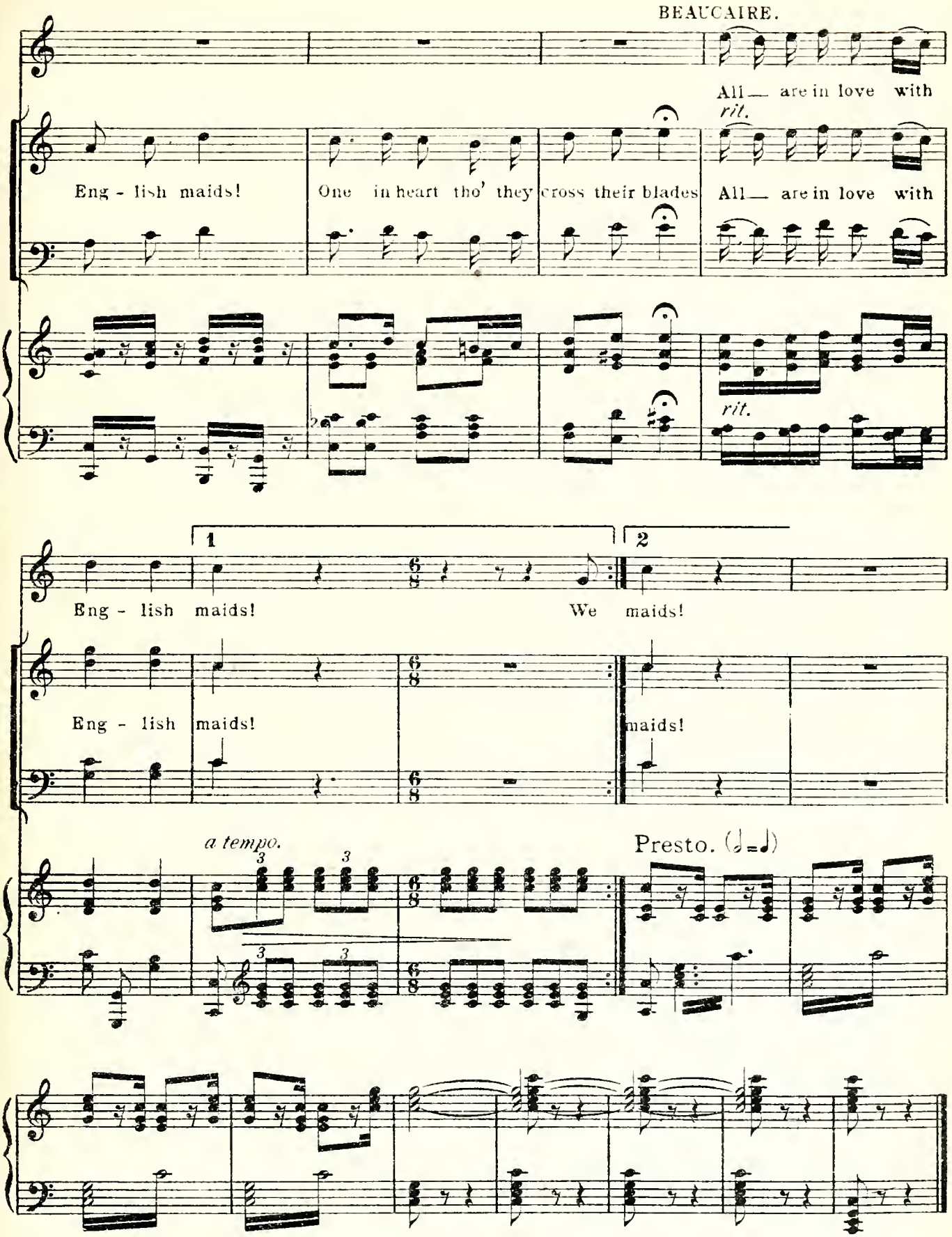


(*Rukell.*)
Bad luck! Here's Winterset, with a most determined scowl!

CHORUS—"WHO IS THIS?"

Allegro non troppo.
1st LADIES.
2nd LADIES.
Who is this that en - ters now?— 'Tis His
mf
ALL LADIES.
Grace of Win - ter - set! What a frown is on his brow,— How he
seems to fume and fret!—
1st MEN.
2nd MEN.
Has he lost a hea - vy bet?— Is he


p ALL.
Some un- plea- sant-ness has met With his
dunn'd to pay a debt
p
dim.
ALL LADIES.
Grace of Win-ter- set!
mf And
who is the guest? A friend of his Gra- ce's? So gal - lant - ly
mf

dressed In sa - tins and la - ces?
TENORS.
A but - ter-fly bright — At-
cresc.
ALL.
He seeks in his flight Our rose, La - dy
trac - tive and air - y
dim.
Moderato. (♩=♩.)
Ma - ry!
WINTERSET (to LADY MARY.)
Fair Queen and goddess of our
p

MOLYNEUX.
As his dearest friend.
W
dance, A no - ble gen-tle-man of France Has asked me —
Zounds, Sir,
f
sf
W
I had not made an end! He made me promise, I re - peat — To lay his
p
p
LADY MARY.
His name, my Lord?
BEAUCAIRE
Eh
W
hom-age at your feet! His name —

B
bien!
WINTERSET.
Monsieur le Duc de Château-rien.
LADIES.
p
Monsieur le Duc
MEN.
p
de Château-
f
p
To each other.
rien! Who is the man? Say if you can! I can not tell! I know him
BEAUCAIRE.
Beaucaire kisses Lady Mary's hand.
B
In the
ALL. p
The Duc de Châ-teau-rien!
well
p
f

Poco più lento.
B
old Romance of the Rose, we are told in France she grows But my heart has
p
cresc.
'Tis a Frenchman's way I'm a -
found and knows Up-on Eng-lish ground the Rose!
dim.
dolce.
fraid. Such words to say to a maid! 'Tis a mad-ri-gal To the
8
Allegro moderato.
Rose Do you mean it all? Who knows?
dim.
p
mf

SONG—"ENGLISH MAIDS."

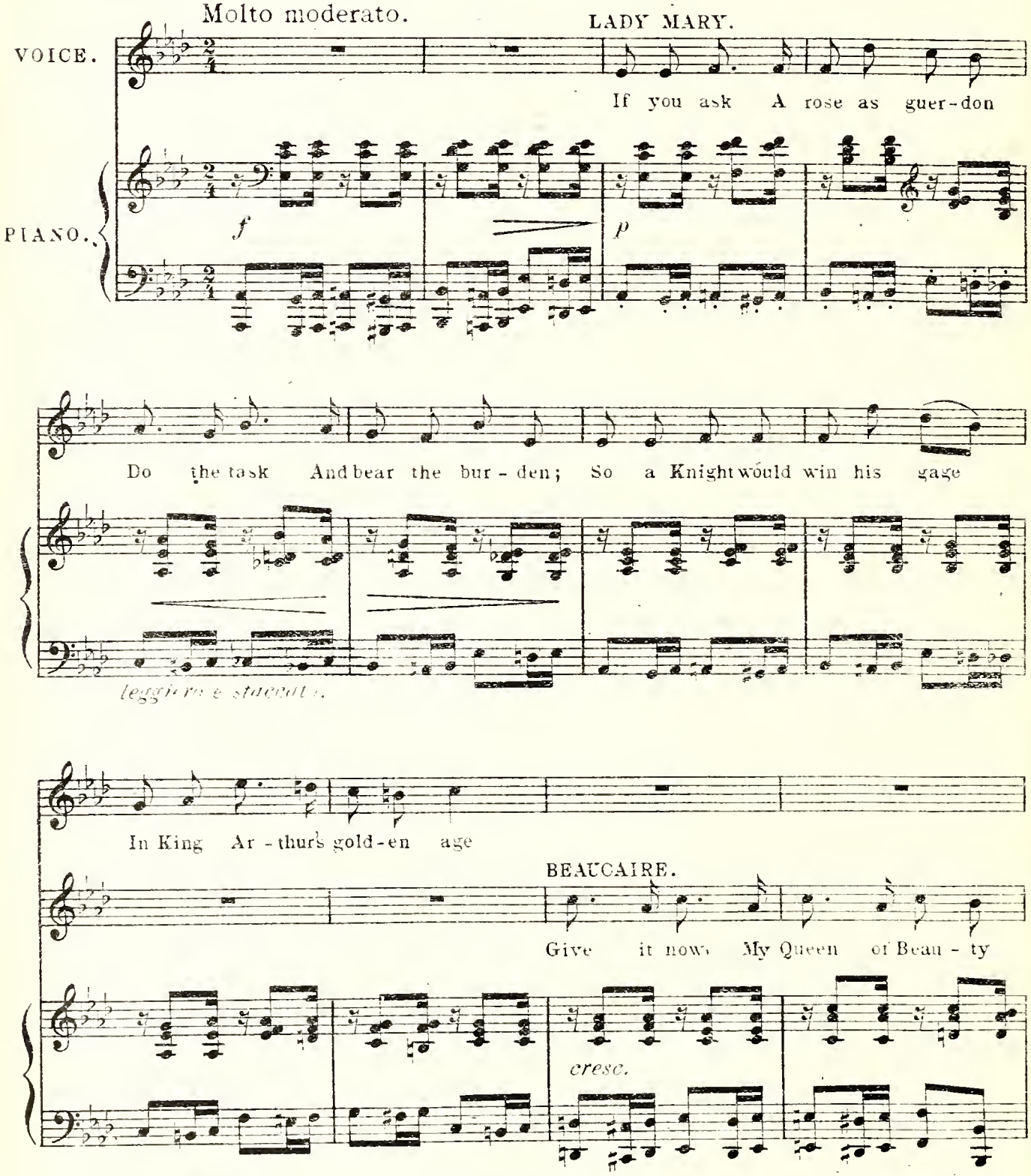
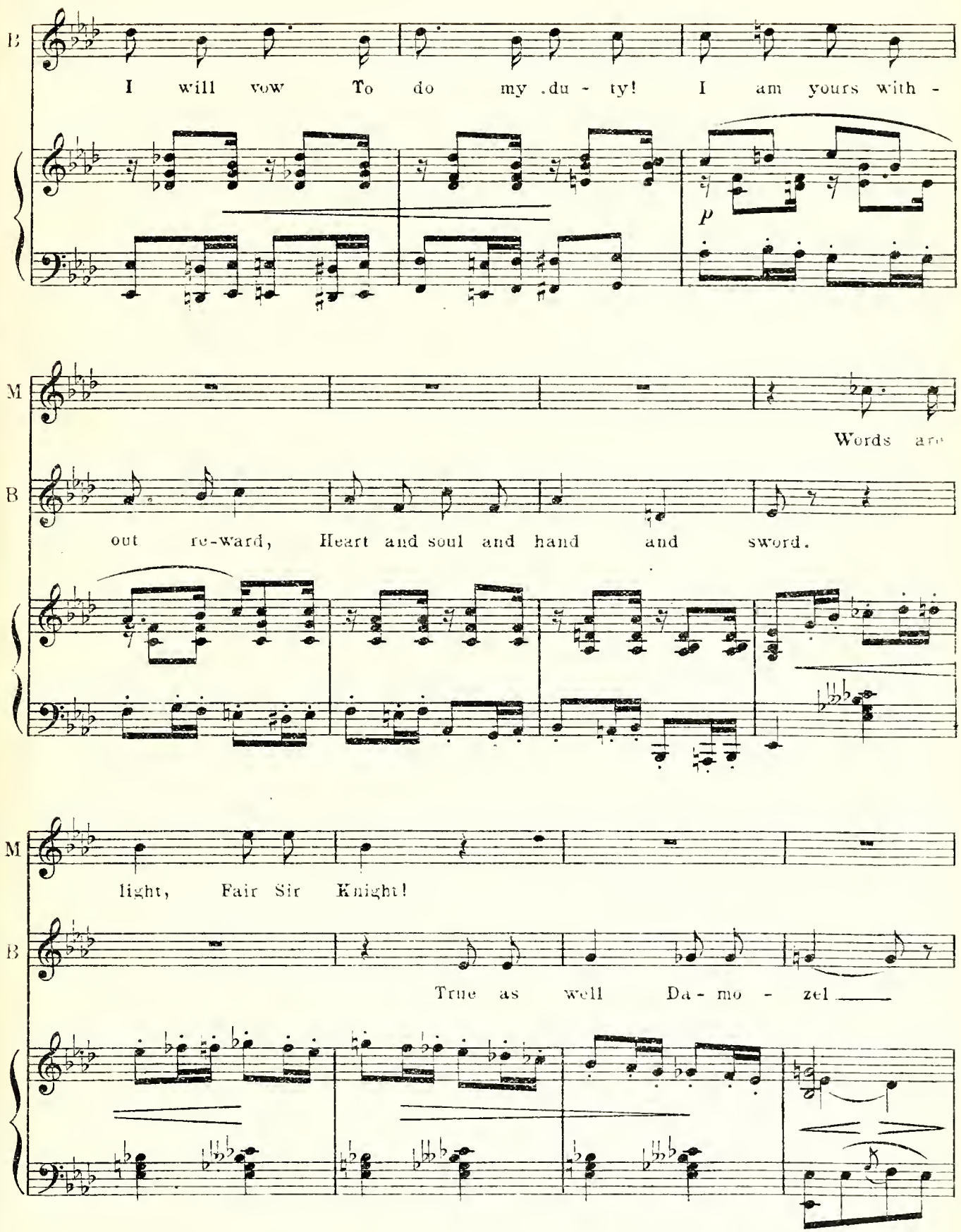
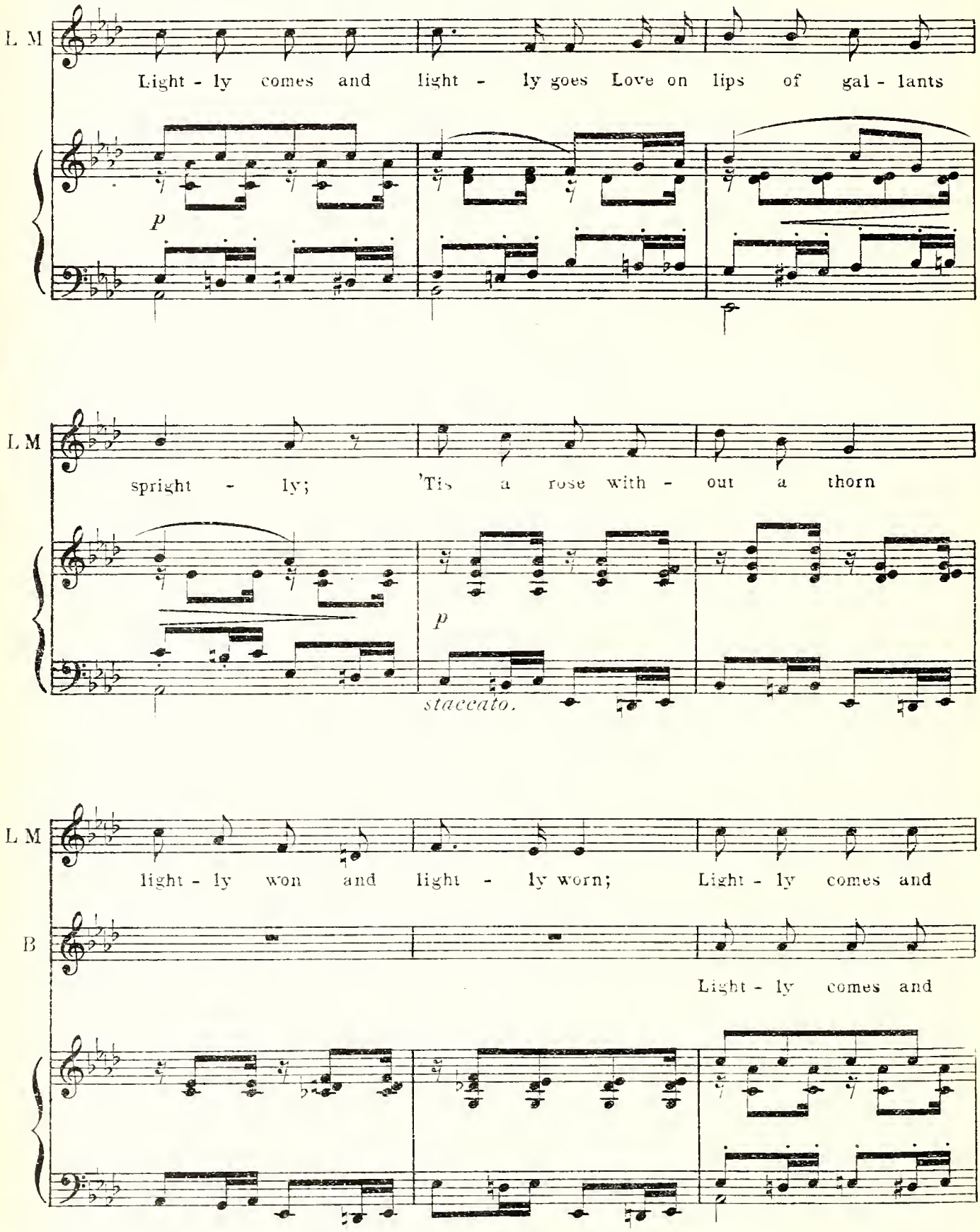
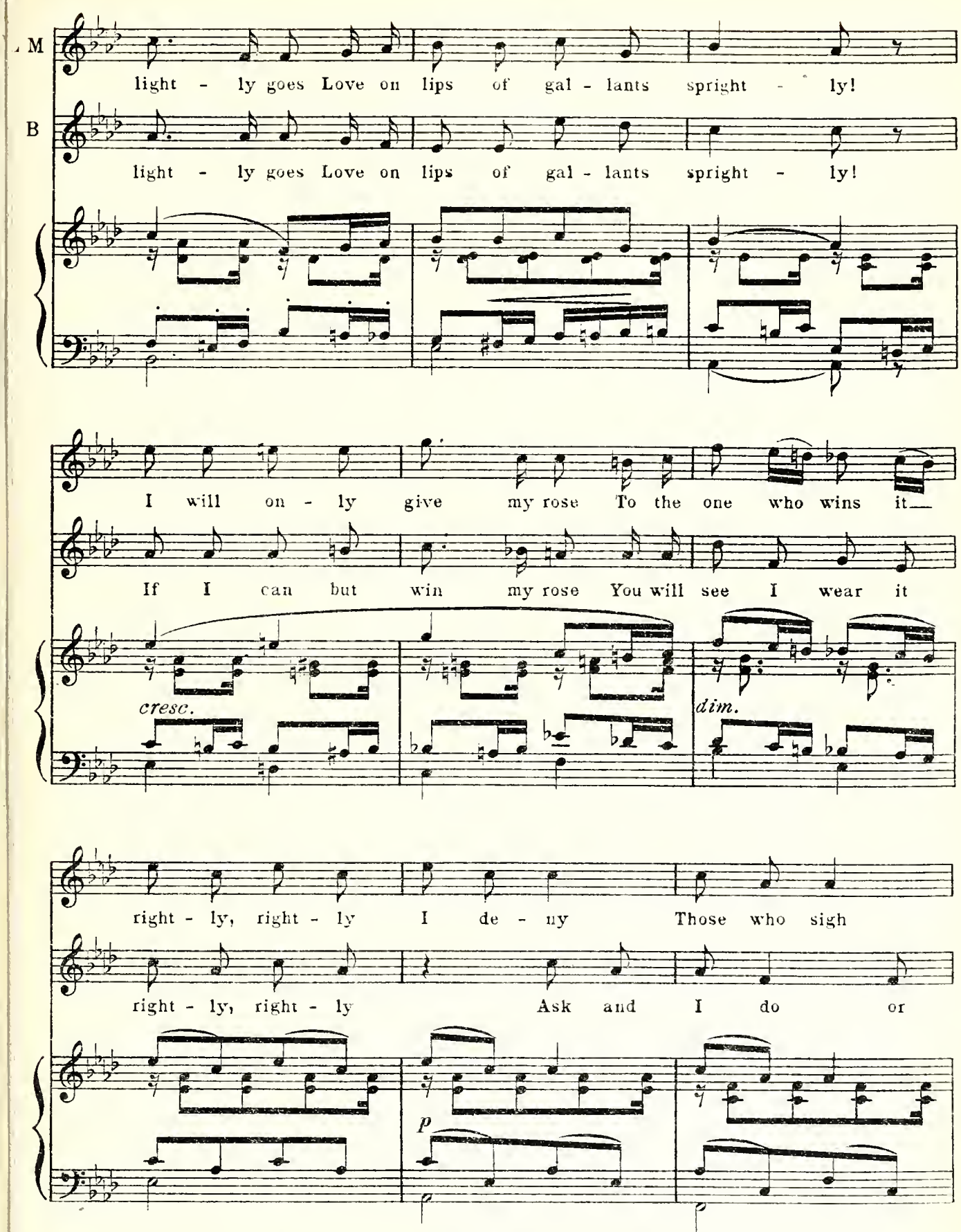
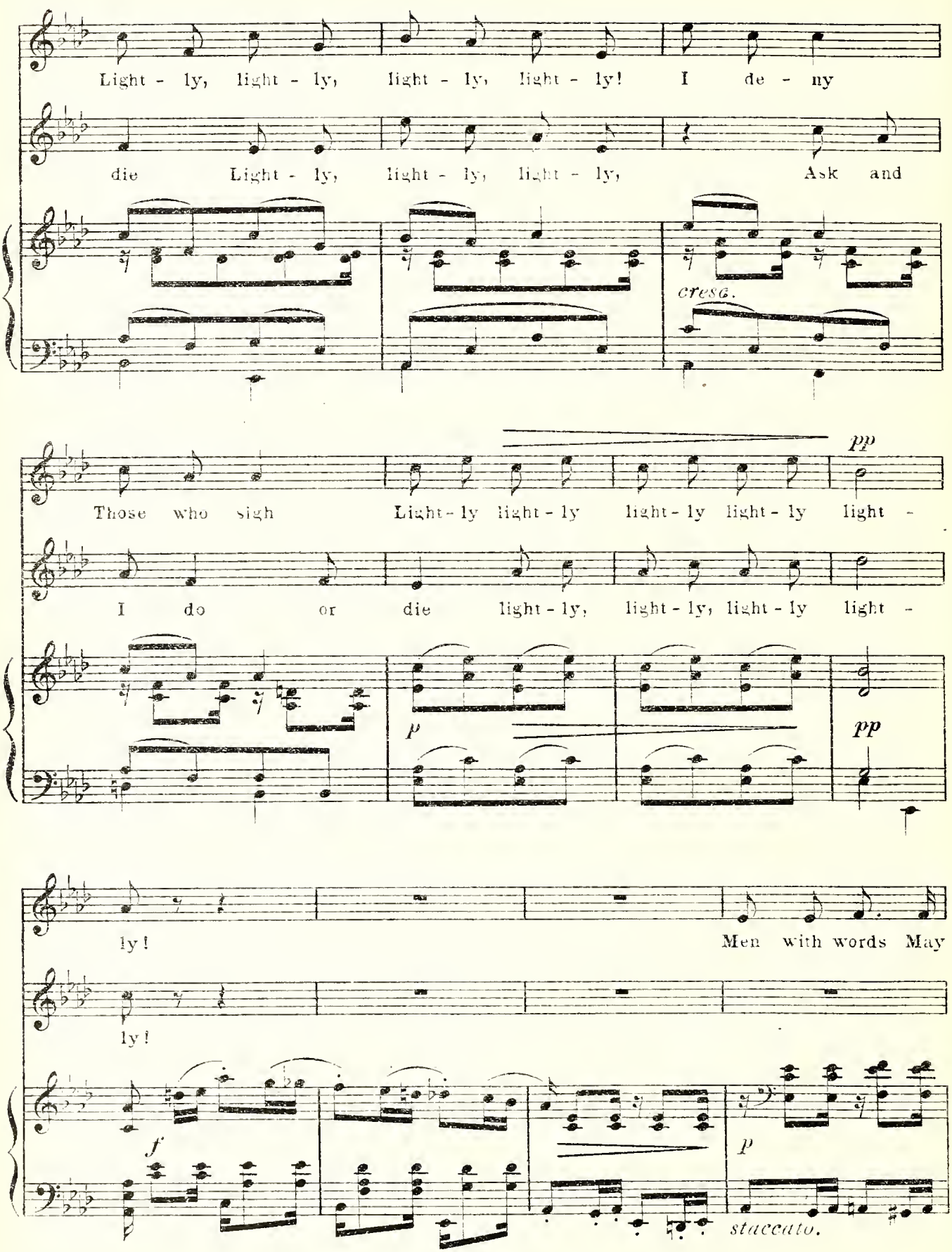
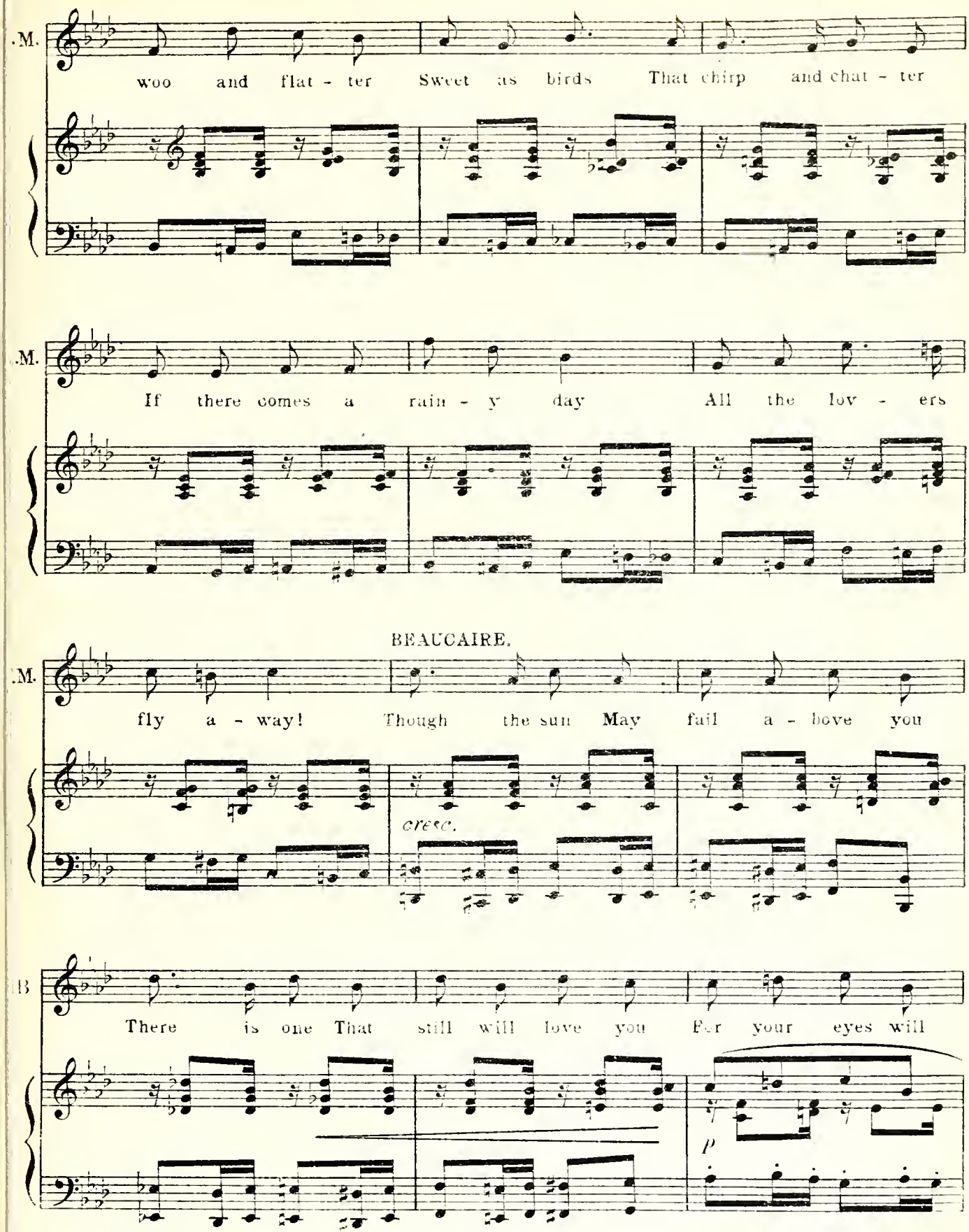
BEAUCAIRE.

A -
cross the toss - ing nar - rows Where the white cliffs break the foam Is the
flat - ter so you tell us, And at time per-chance we do, But the
p
isle of green where the Rose is Queen And the fair maids have their home! They're
hom-age paid to an Eng - lish maid Can never be more than true. No
straight and smooth as ar - rows From the foot to the shin - ing head And
lov - er need be jeal - ous That we love the one he chose For the

each has a face with the bloom and grace of the white rose and the red.
speech and song can - not be wrong In praise of the Eng-lish rose.
Friends are French and Eng - lish - men, Though they quar - rel
p
now and then; One in heart though they cross their blades For
all are in love with Eng - lish maids! One in heart though they
cresc.

rit.
cross their blades All_ are in love with Eng - lish maids!
a tempo.
f rit.
ff
CHORUS.
ff
Friends are French and Eng-lish - men Though they quar-rel now and then,
ff
One in heart though they cross their blades For all are in love with

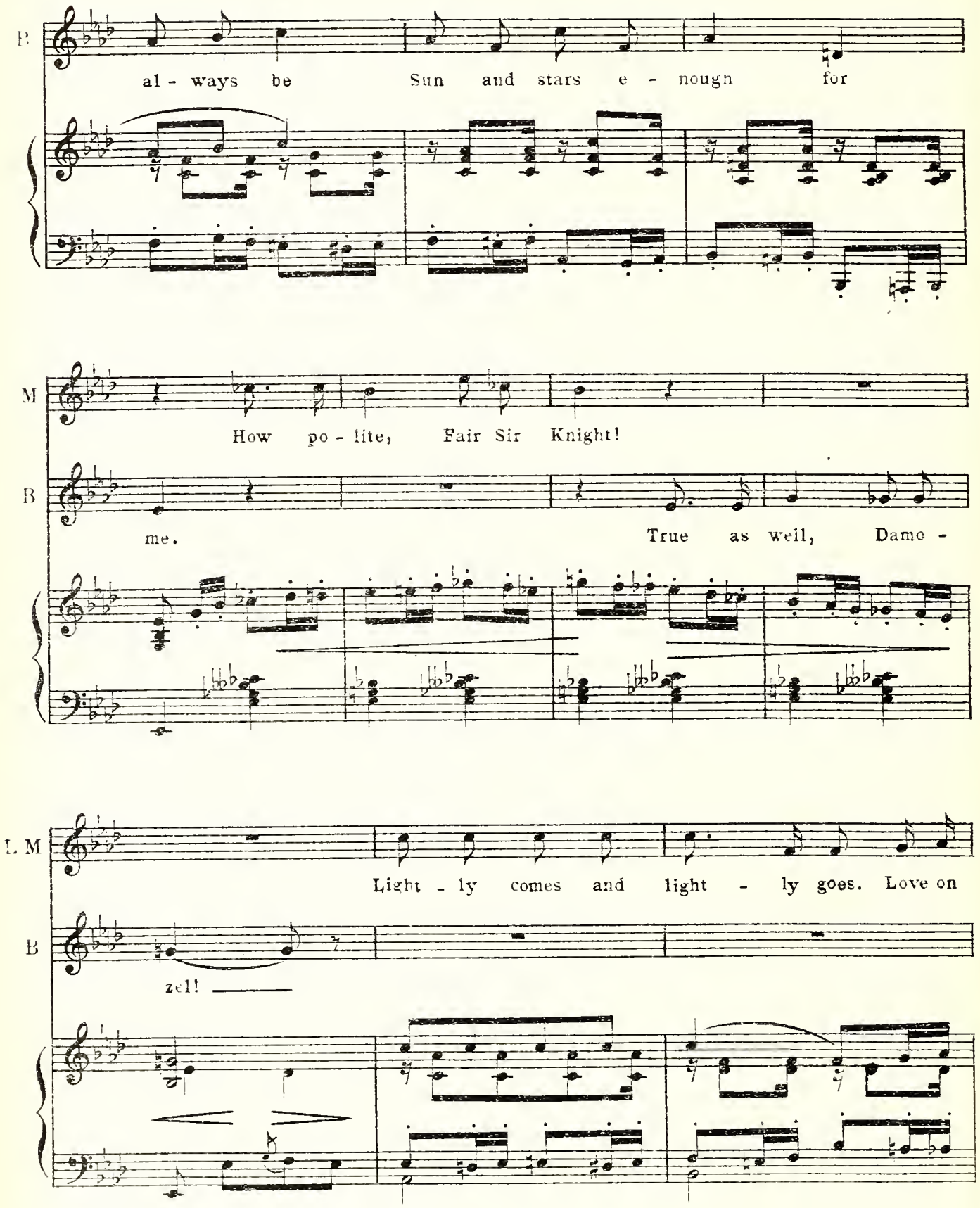
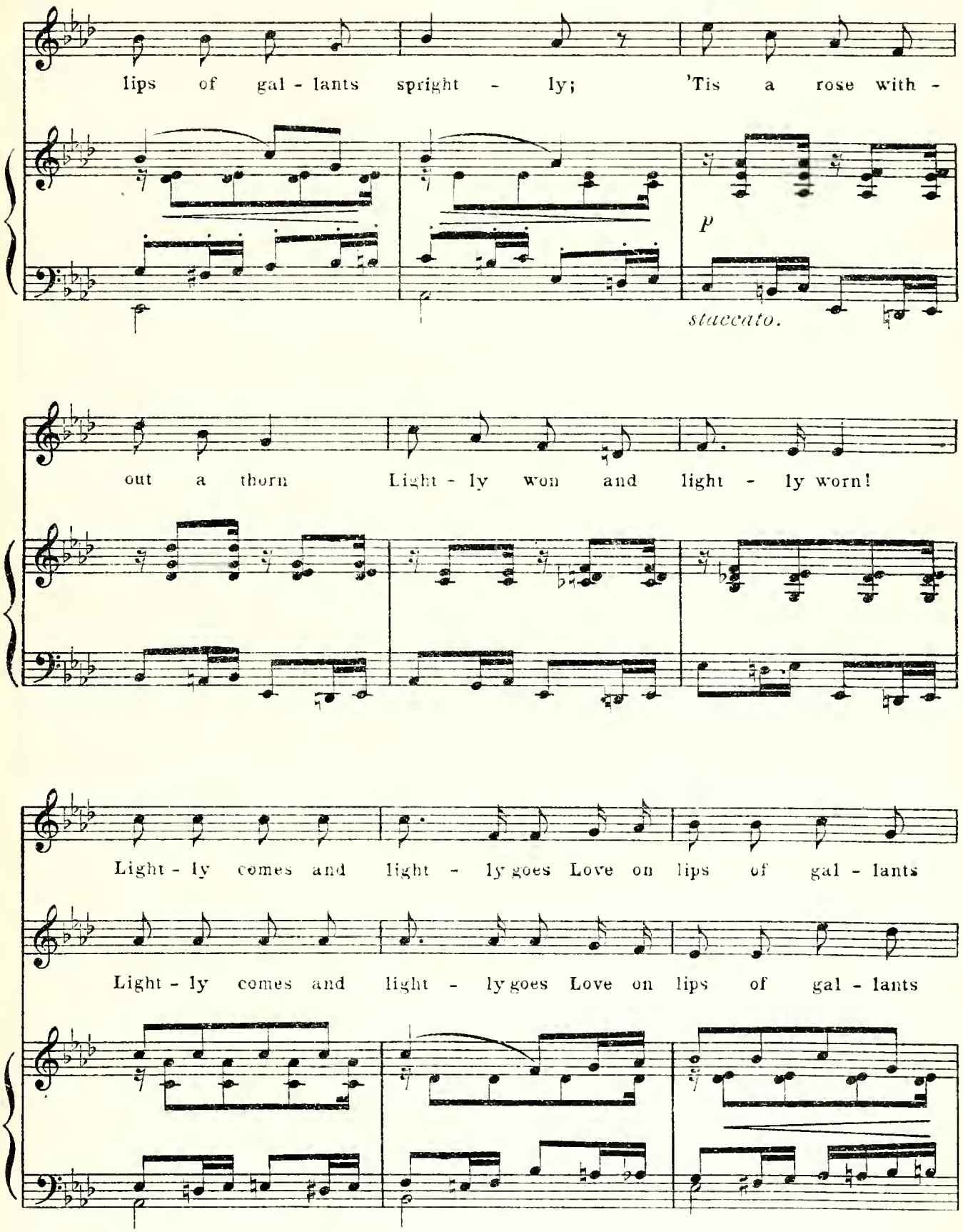
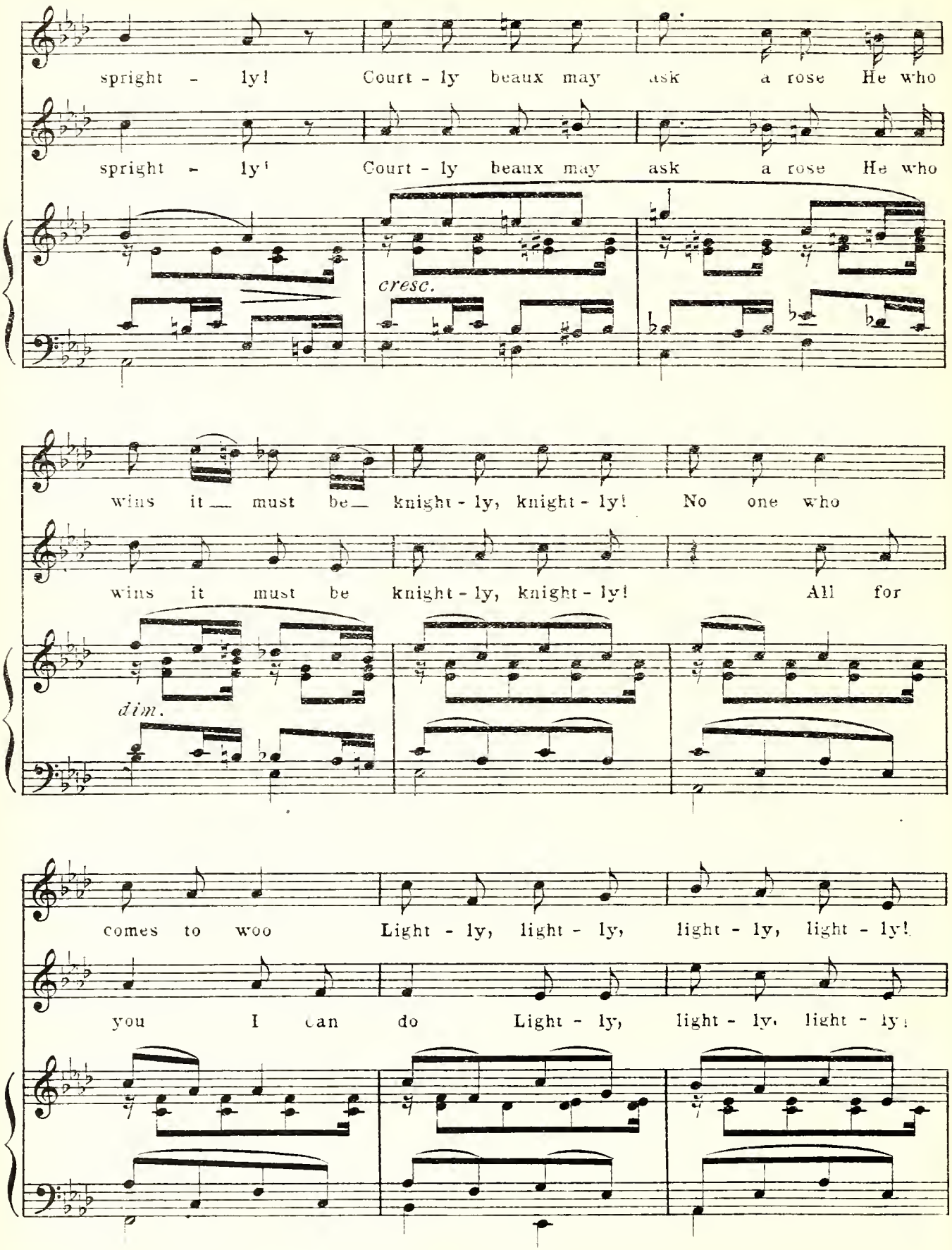
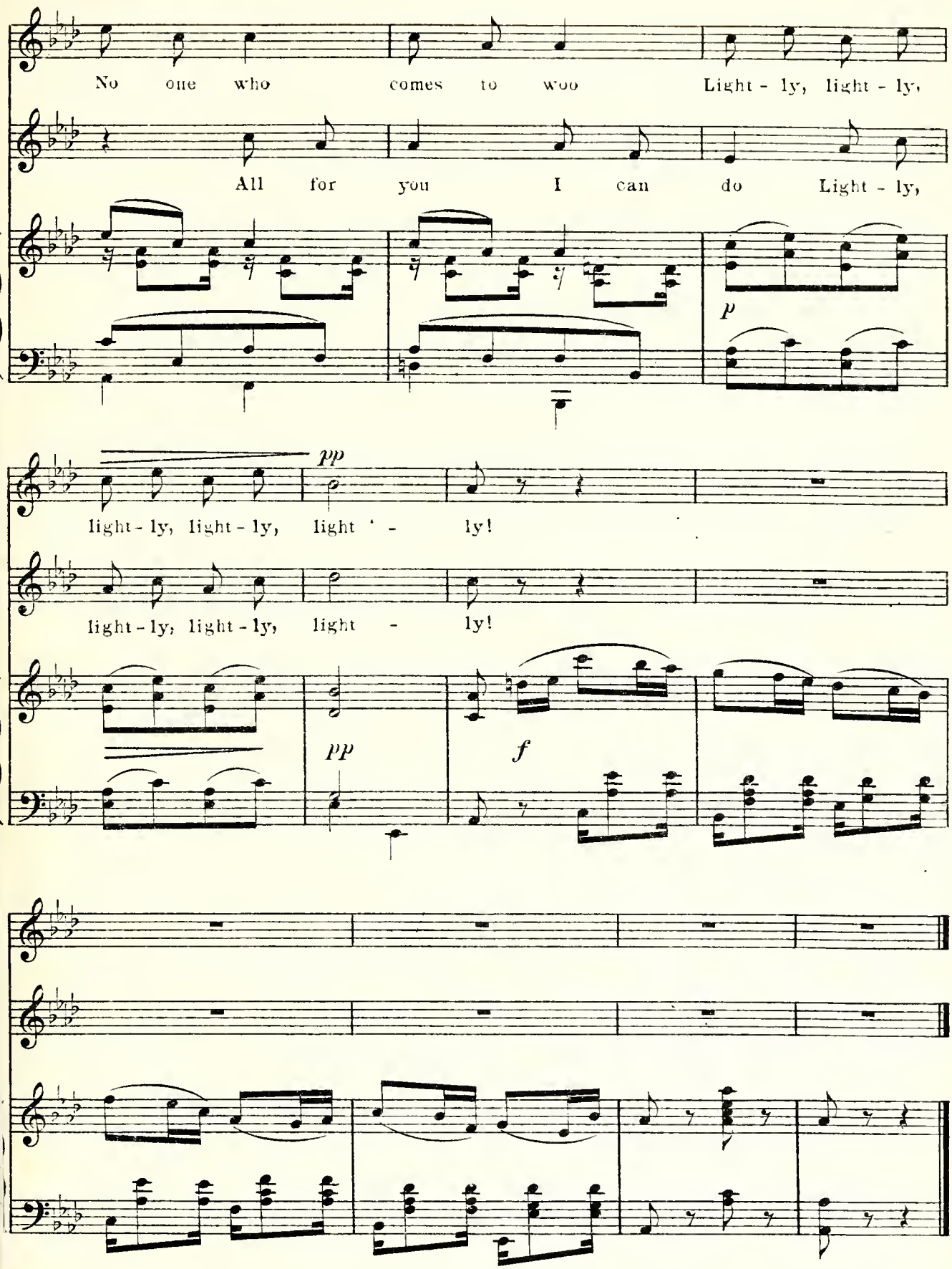

BEAUCAIRE.
All — are in love with
rit.
Eng - lish maids!
One in heart tho' they cross their blades
All — are in love with
rit.
1
2
Eng - lish maids!
We maids!
Eng - lish maids!
maids!
a tempo.
Presto. (♩=♩)

No. 7. DUET— "Lightly, lightly."

(LADY MARY & BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

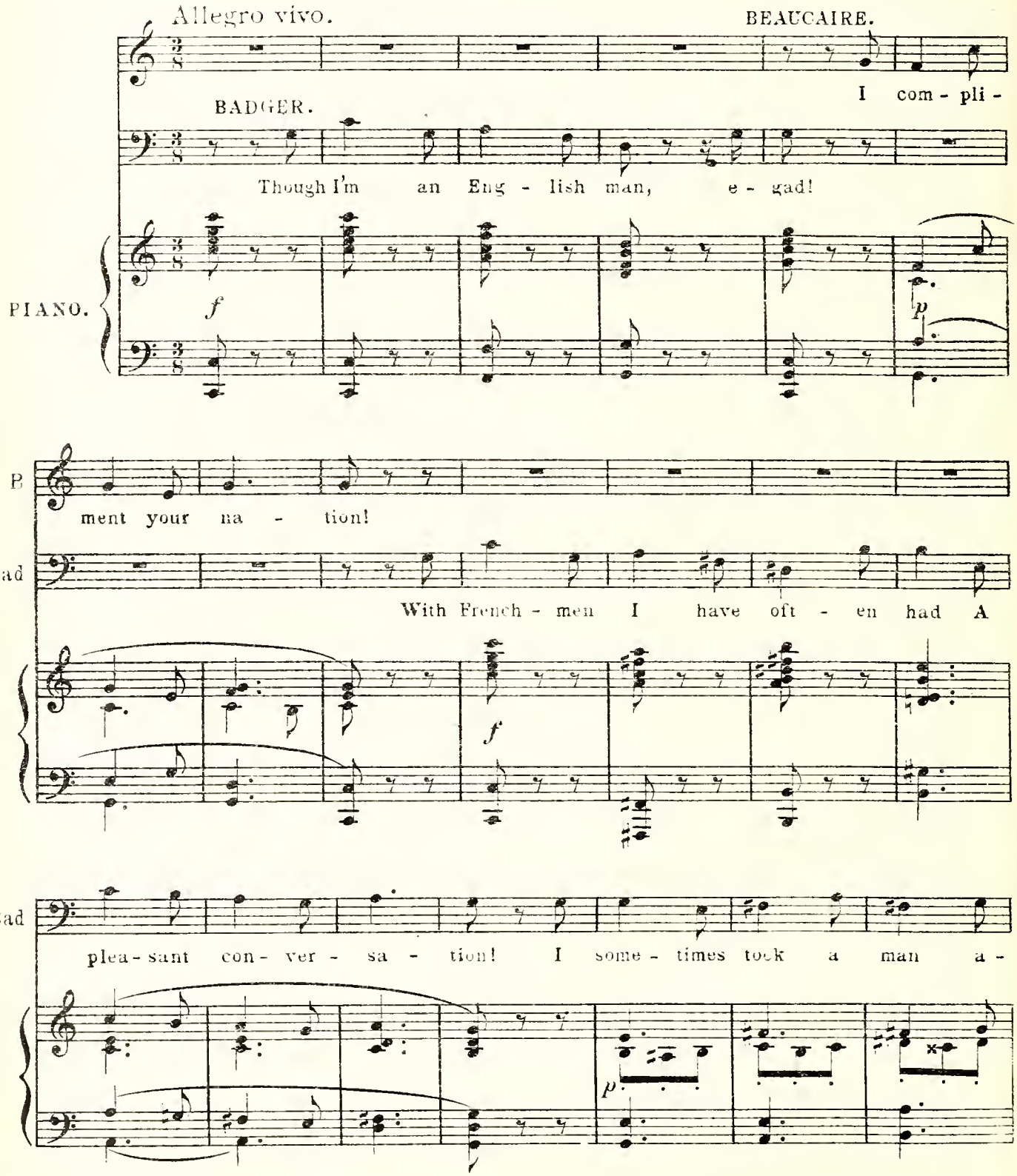
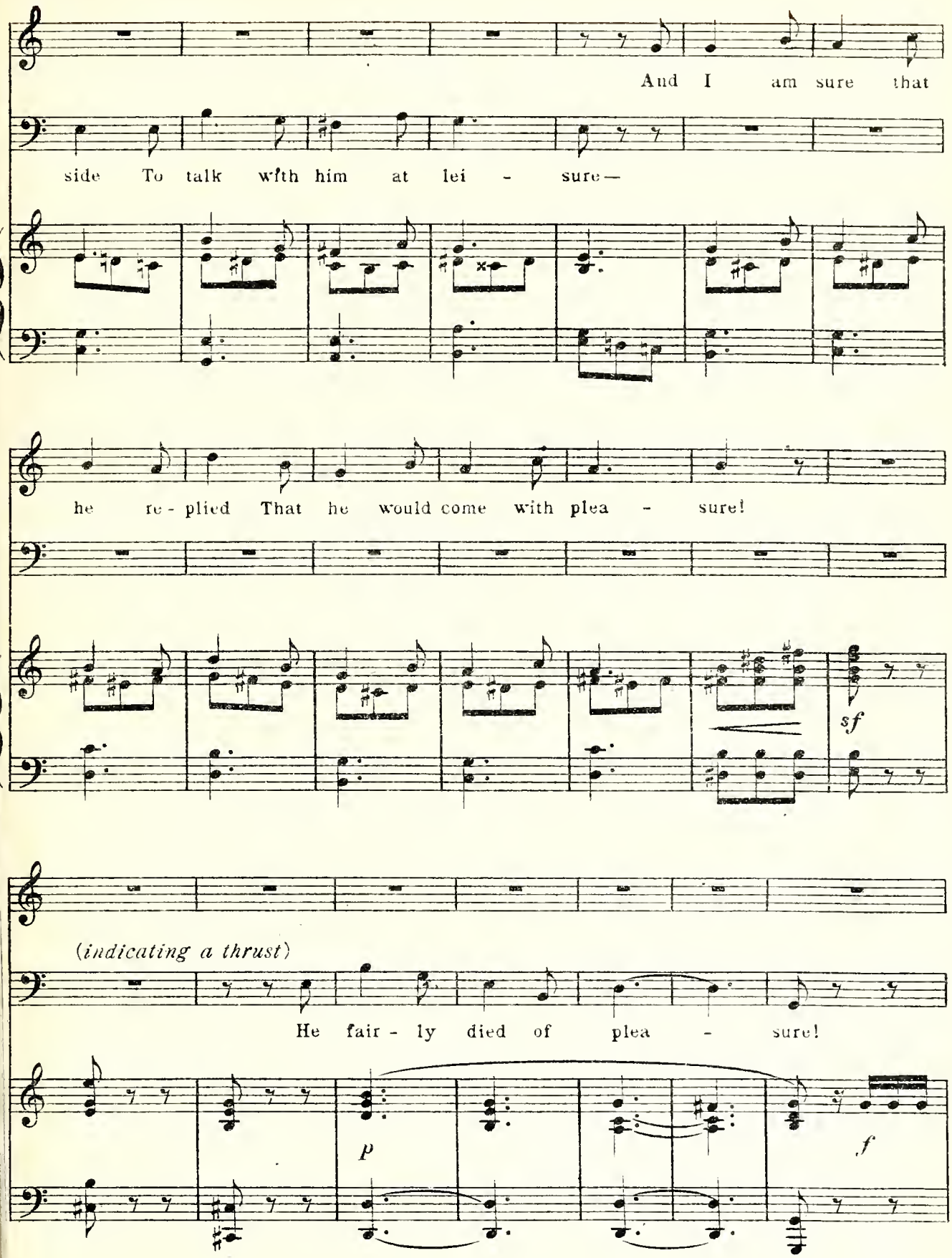
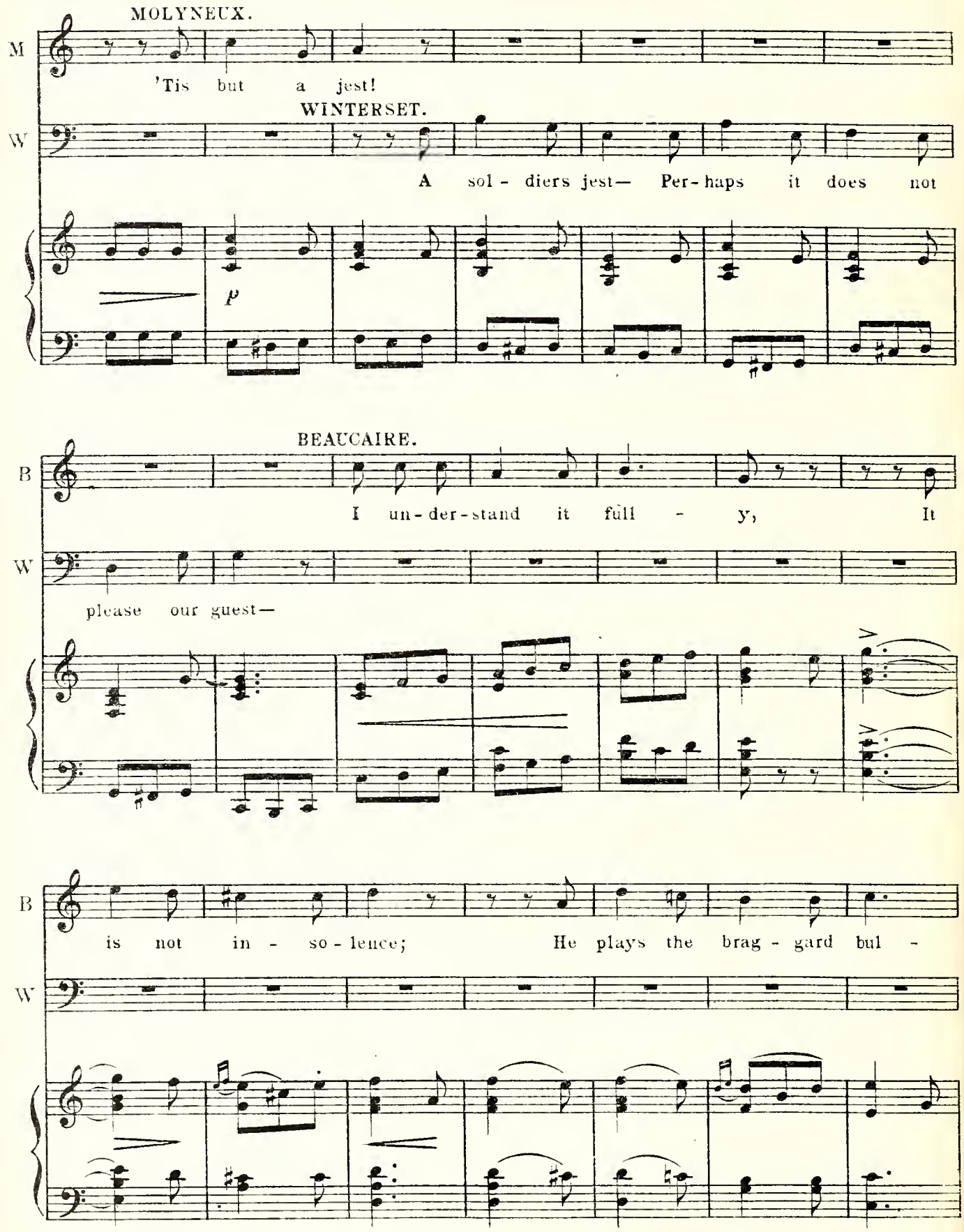
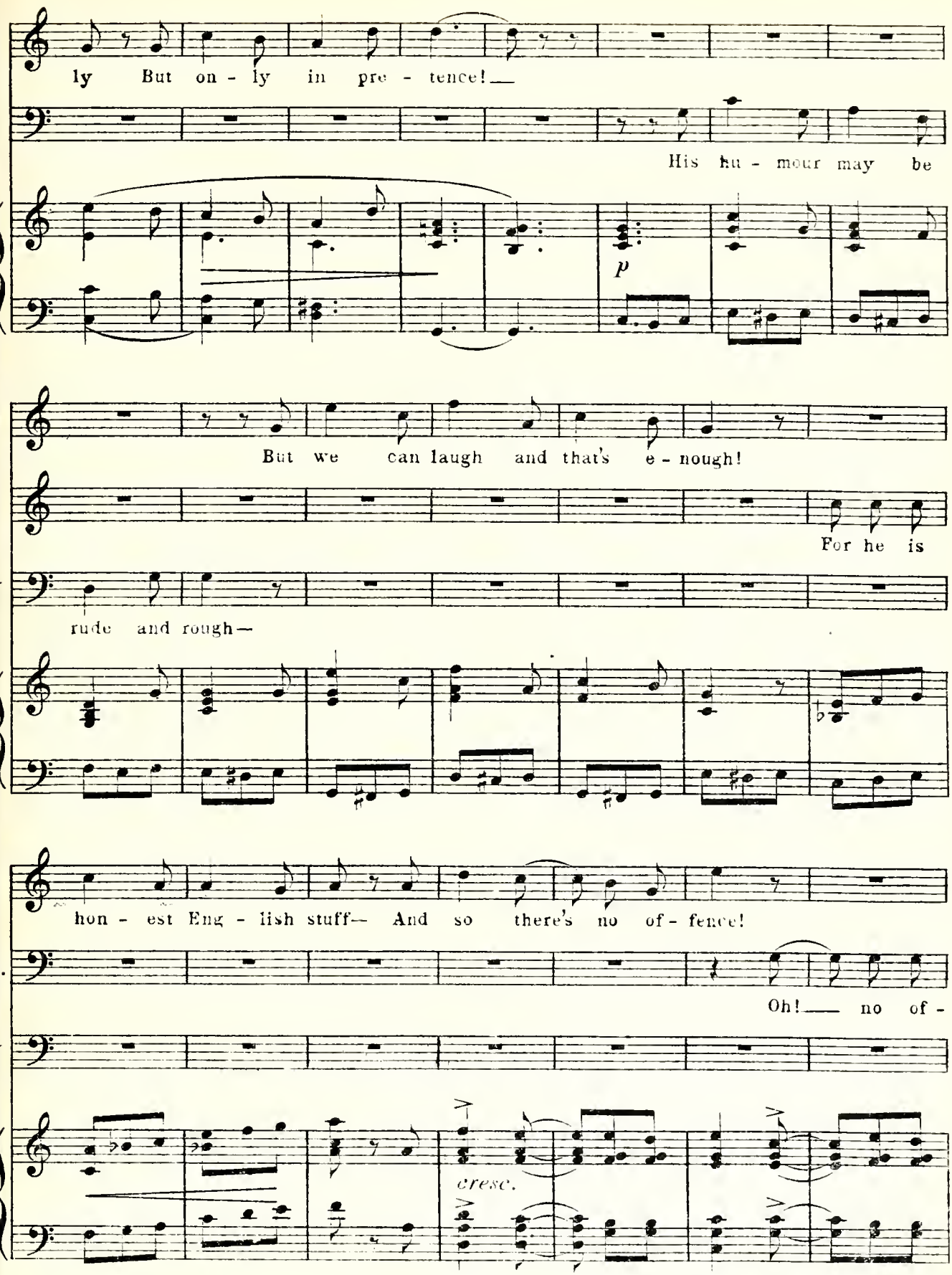
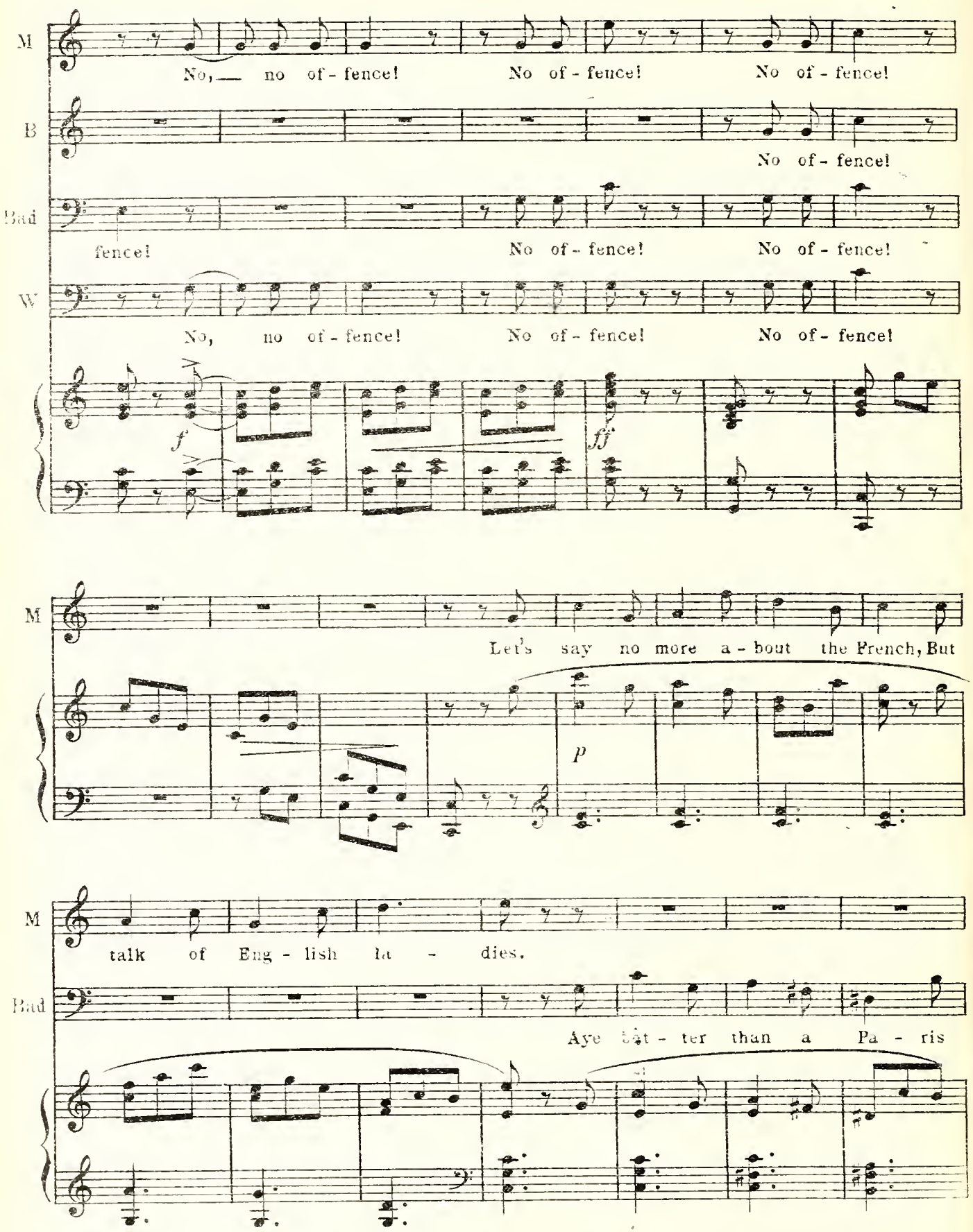
Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Copyright MCMXVIII, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd.

B
I will vow To do my .du - ty! I am yours with -
p
M
Words are
B
out re-ward, Heart and soul and hand and sword.
M
light, Fair Sir Knight!
B
True as well Da - mo - zel

L M
Light - ly comes and light - ly goes Love on lips of gal - lants
p
L M
spright - ly; 'Tis a rose with - out a thorn
p
staccato.
L M
light - ly won and light - ly worn; Light - ly comes and
B
Light - ly comes and

M
light - ly goes Love on lips of gal - lants spright - ly!
B
light - ly goes Love on lips of gal - lants spright - ly!
I will on - ly give my rose To the one who wins it—
If I can but win my rose You will see I wear it
cresc.
dim.
right - ly, right - ly I de - ny Those who sigh
right - ly, right - ly Ask and I do or
p

Light - ly, light - ly, light - ly, light - ly! I de - ny
die Light - ly, light - ly, light - ly, Ask and
cresc.
pp
Those who sigh Light - ly light - ly light - ly light - ly light -
I do or die light - ly, light - ly, light - ly light -
p
pp
ly!
Men with words May
ly!
f
p
staccato.

.M.
woo and flat - ter Sweet as birds That chirp and chat - ter
.M.
If there comes a rain - y day All the lov - ers
BEAUCAIRE.
.M.
fly a - way! Though the sun May fail a - bove you
cresc.
B
There is one That still will love you For your eyes will
p

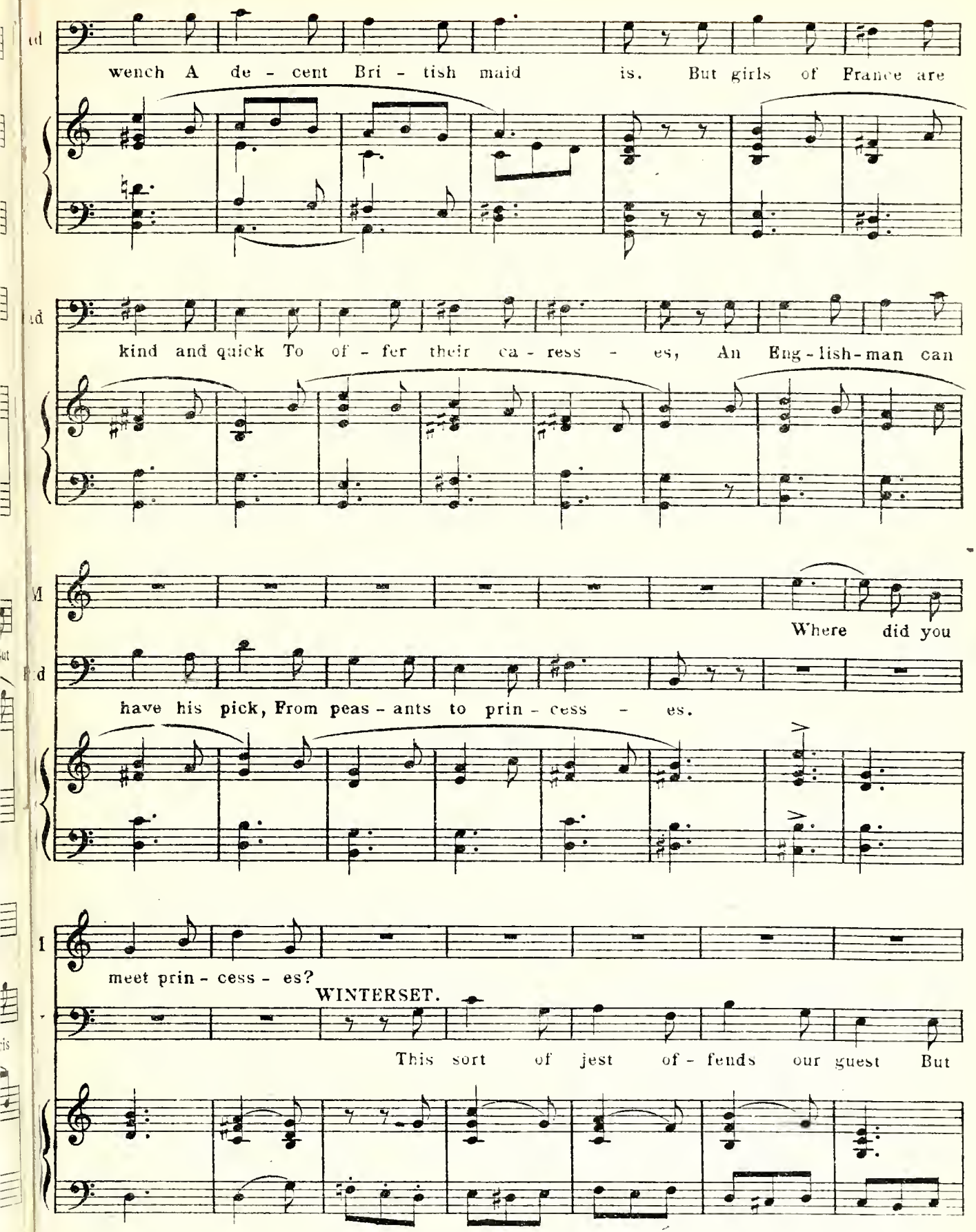
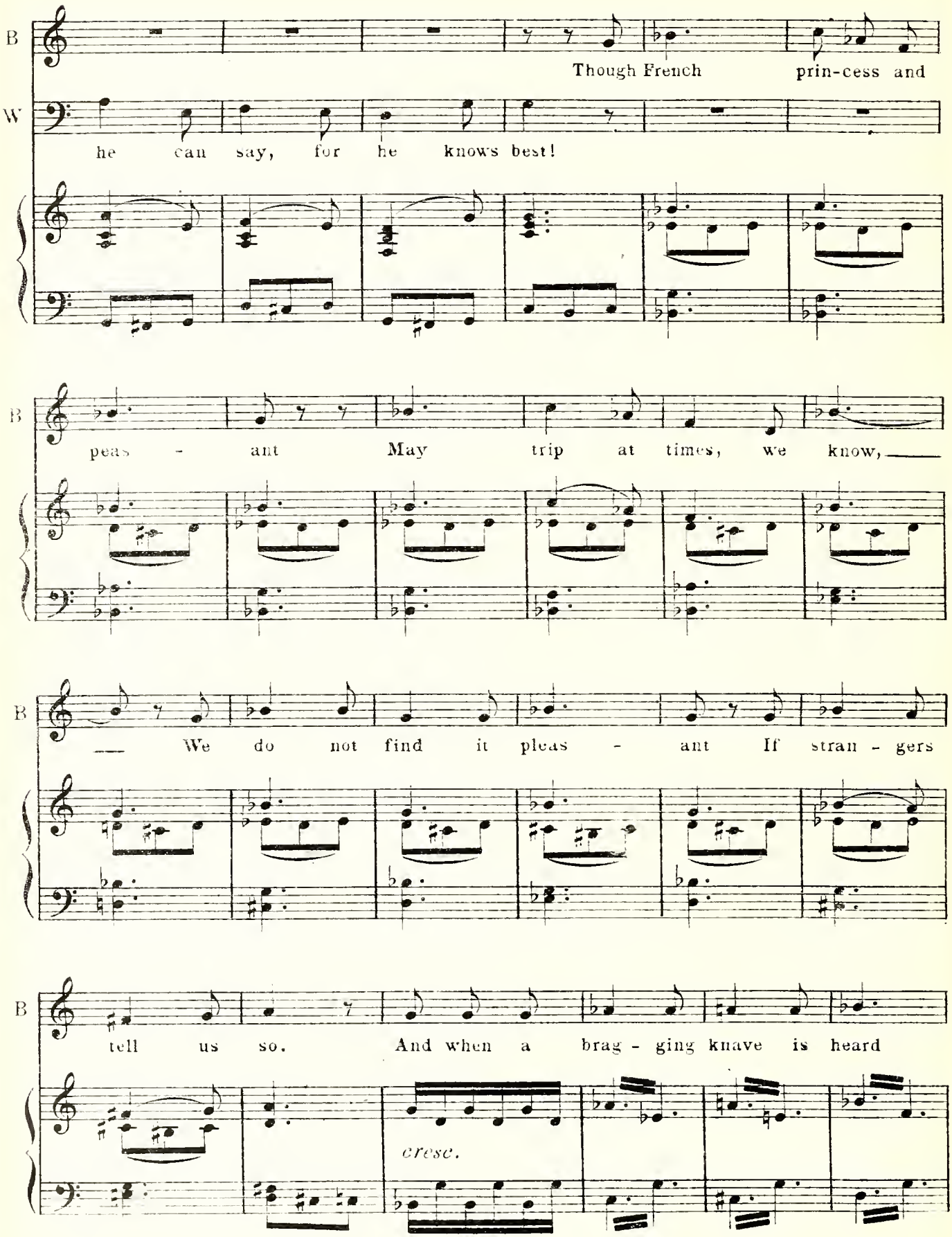
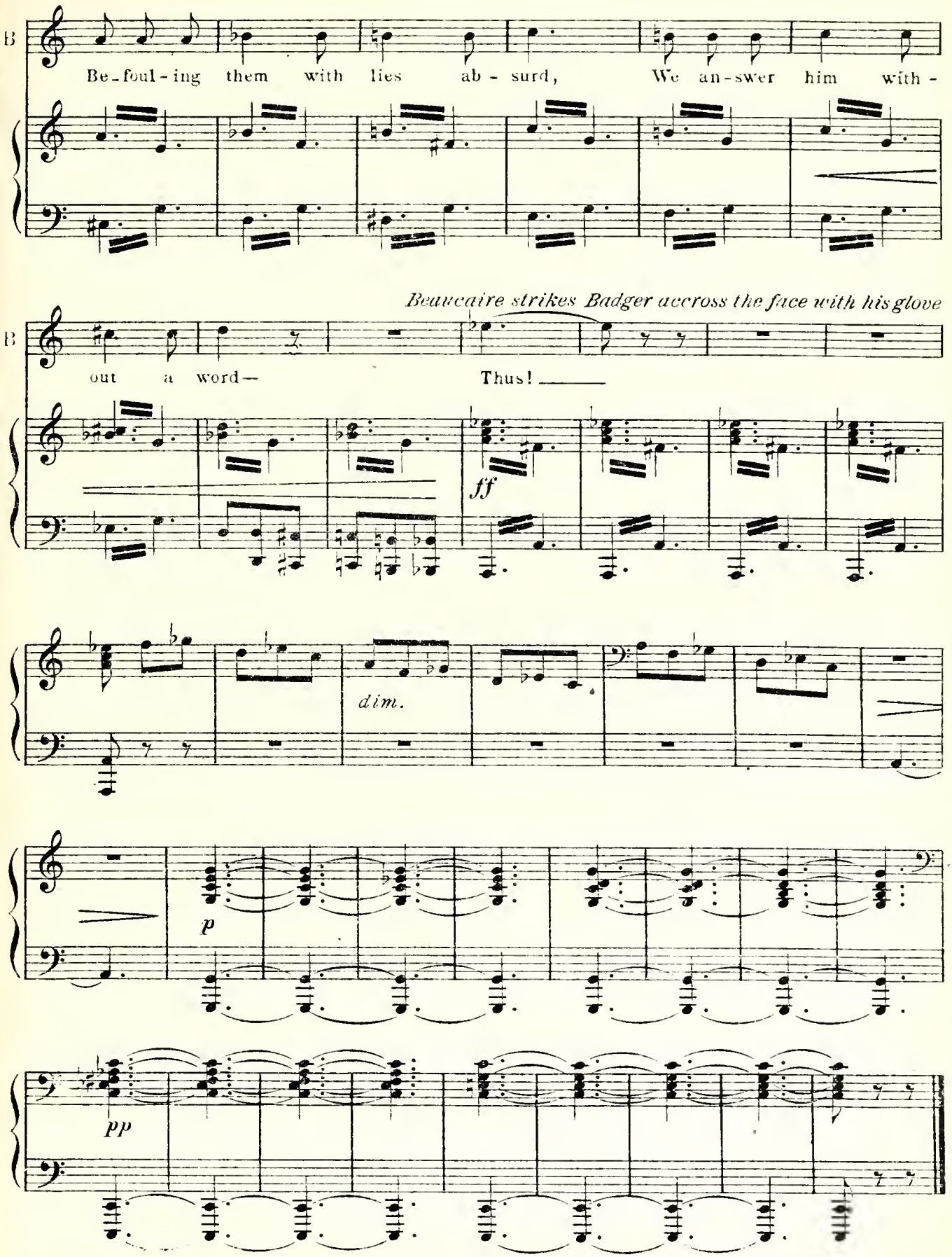

B
al - ways be Sun and stars e - nough for
M
How po - lite, Fair Sir Knight!
B
me. True as well, Dame -
L M
Light - ly comes and light - ly goes. Love on
B
zel!

lips of gal - lants spright - ly; 'Tis a rose with -
P
staccato.
out a thorn Light - ly won and light - ly worn!
Light - ly comes and light - ly goes Love on lips of gal - lants
Light - ly comes and light - ly goes Love on lips of gal - lants

spright - ly! Court - ly beaux may ask a rose He who
spright - ly! Court - ly beaux may ask a rose He who
cresc.
wins it must be knight - ly, knight - ly! No one who
wins it must be knight - ly, knight - ly! All for
dim.
comes to woo Light - ly, light - ly, light - ly, light - ly!
you I can do Light - ly, light - ly, light - ly!

No one who comes to woo Light - ly, light - ly,
All for you I can do Light - ly,
p
pp
light - ly, light - ly, light ' - ly!
light - ly, light - ly, light - ly!
pp
f

No. 8. QUARTETTE— "No offence."

(MOLYNEUX, BEAUCAIRE, BADGER & WINTERSET.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

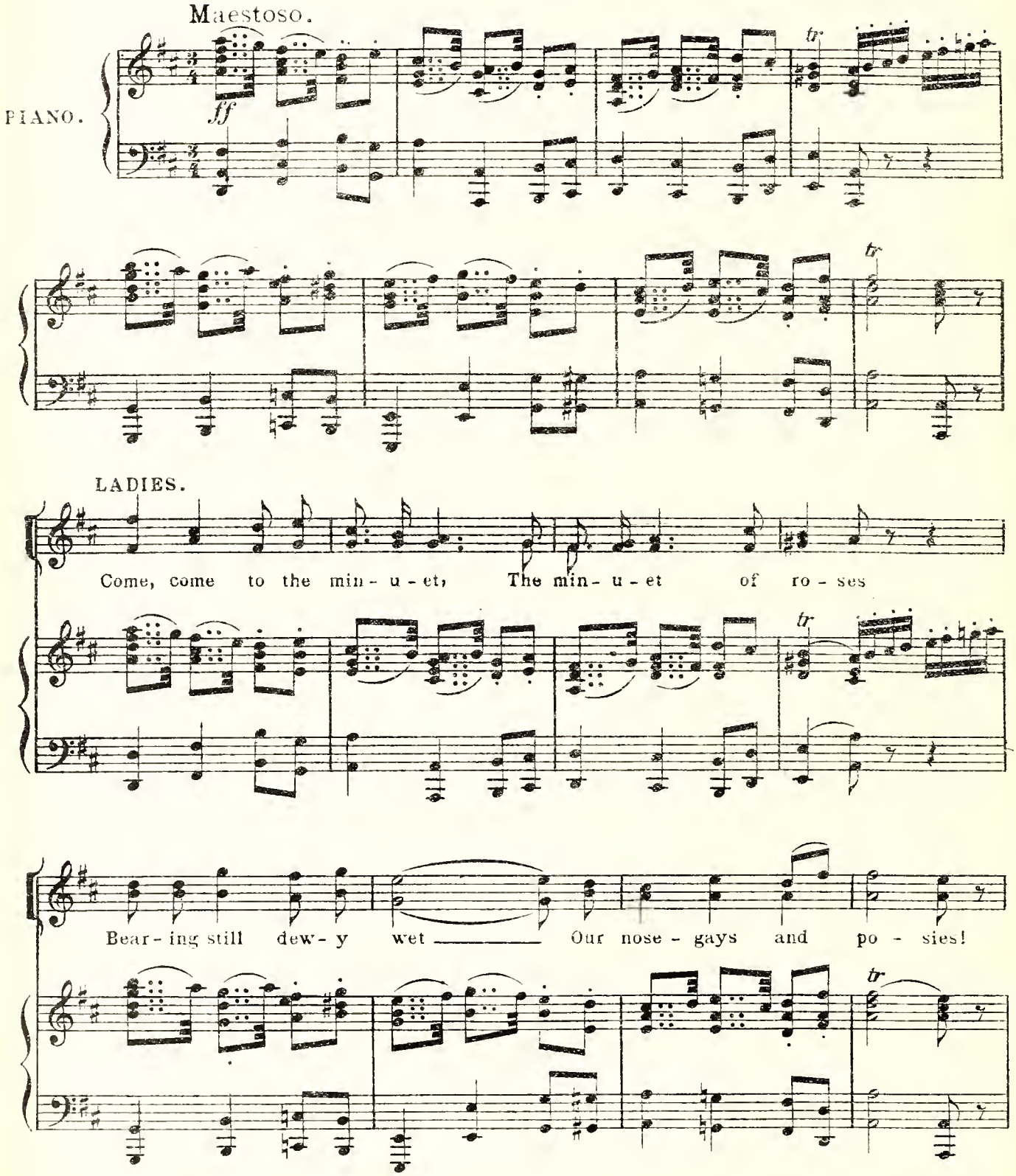
Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Copyright MCMXVIII, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd.

And I am sure that
side To talk with him at lei - sure—
he re - plied That he would come with plea - sure!
sf
(indicating a thrust)
He fair - ly died of plea - sure!
p
f

MOLYNEUX.
M
'Tis but a jest!
WINTERSET.
W
A sol - diers jest— Per - haps it does not
p
BEAUCAIRE.
B
I un - der - stand it full - y, It
W
please our guest—
B
is not in - so - lence; He plays the brag - gard bul -
W

ly But on - ly in pre - tence!
His hu - mour may be
p
But we can laugh and that's e - nough!
For he is
rude and rough—
hon - est Eng - lish stuff— And so there's no of - fence!
Oh! no of -
cresc.

M
No, no of - fence! No of - fence! No of - fence!
B
No of - fence!
Bad
fence! No of - fence! No of - fence!
W
No, no of - fence! No of - fence! No of - fence!
f
ff
M
Let's say no more a - bout the French, But
p
M
talk of Eng - lish la - dies.
Bad
Aye bet - ter than a Pa - ris


wench A de - cent Bri - tish maid is. But girls of France are
kind and quick To of - fer their ca - ress - es, An Eng - lish - man can
Where did you
have his pick, From peas - ants to prin - cess - es.
meet prin - cess - es?
WINTERSET.
This sort of jest of - fends our guest But

B
Though French prin-cess and
W
he can say, for he knows best!
B
peas - ant May trip at times, we know,
B
We do not find it pleas - ant If stran - gers
B
tell us so. And when a brag - ging knave is heard
cresc.

B
Be-foul-ing them with lies ab-surd, We an-swer him with-
Beaucaire strikes Badger accross the face with his glove
B
out a word— Thus!
ff
dim.
p
pp

A. H. A. C. E. D. 2010.

No 9. Finale. Act 1.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

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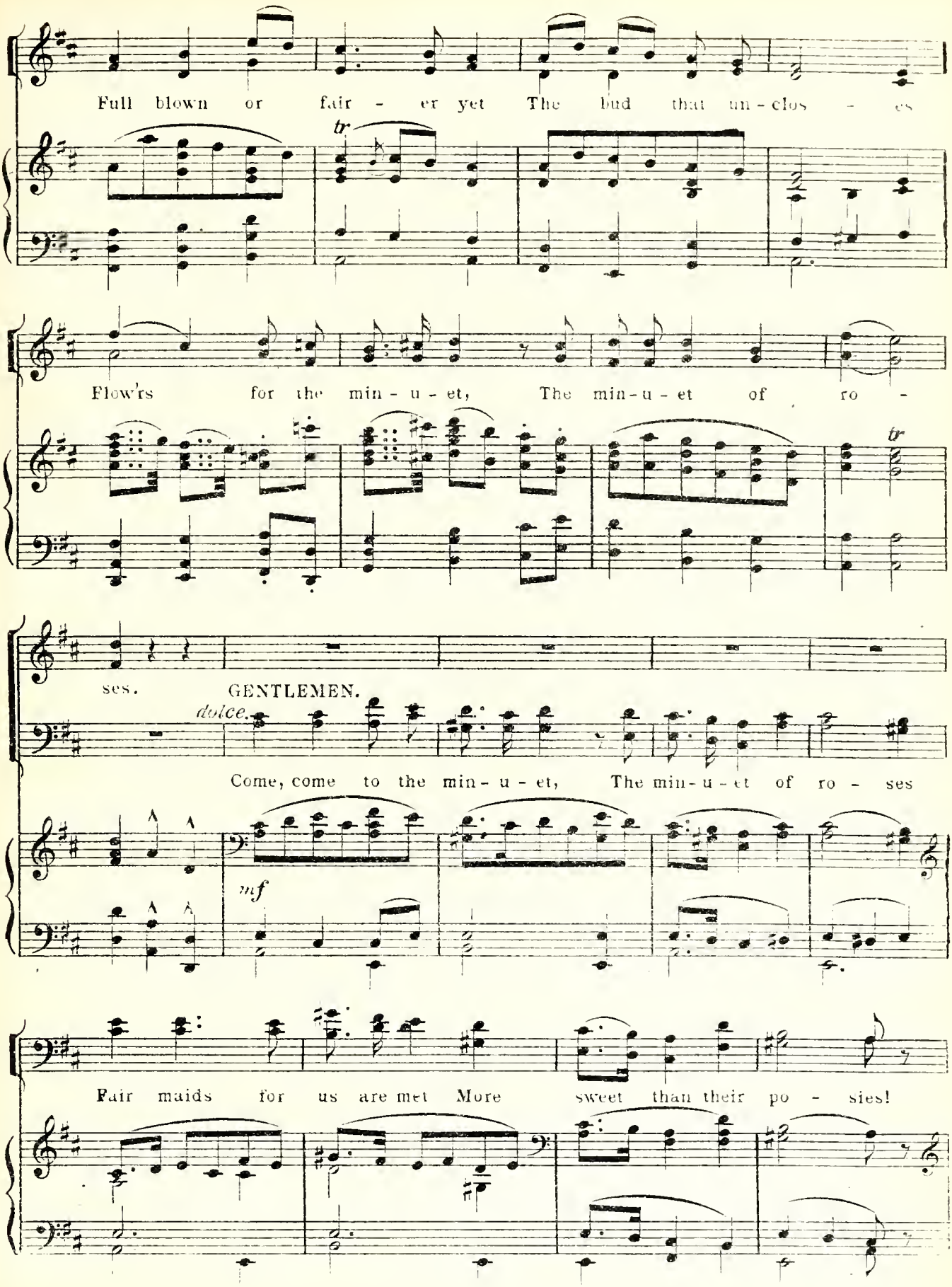
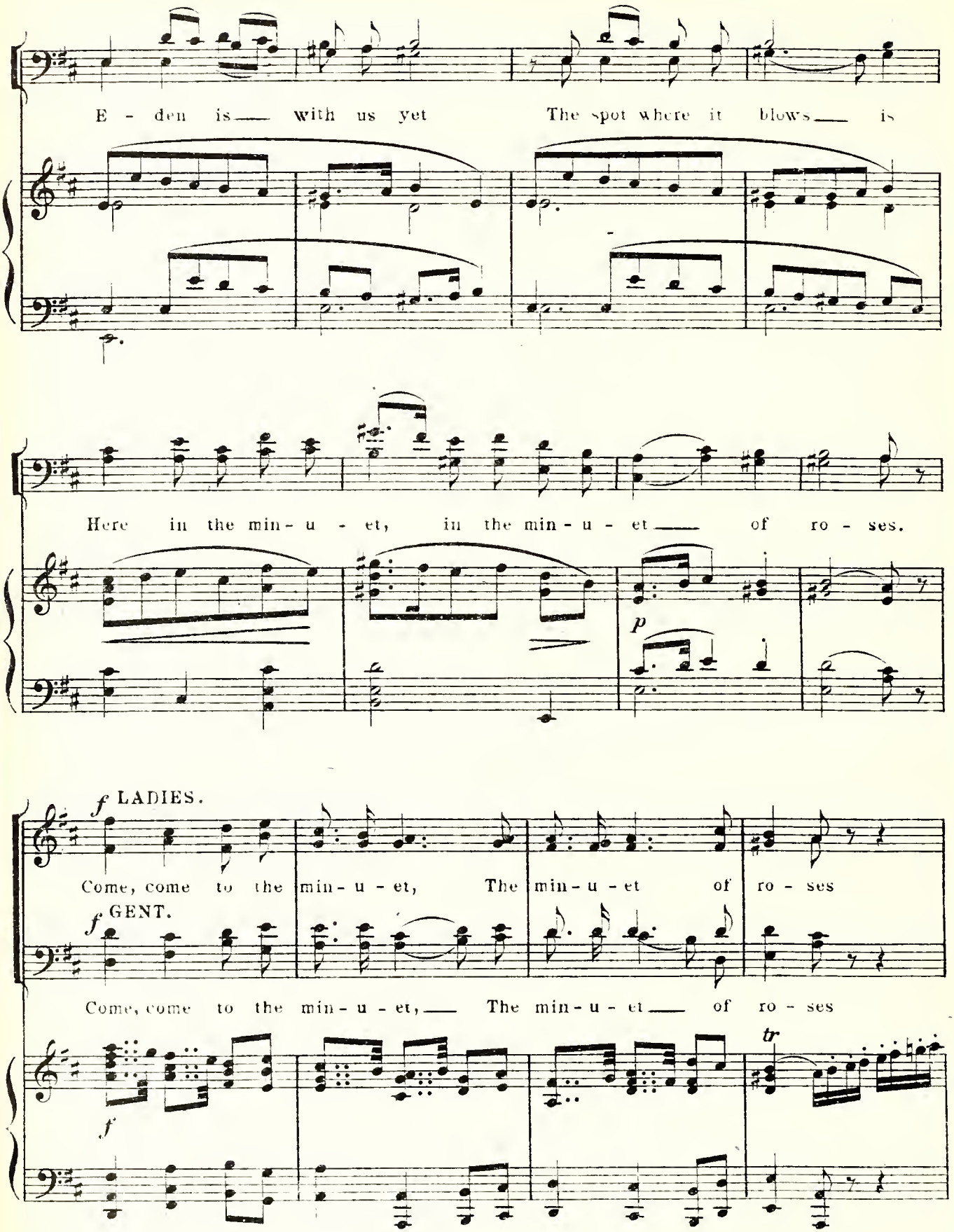
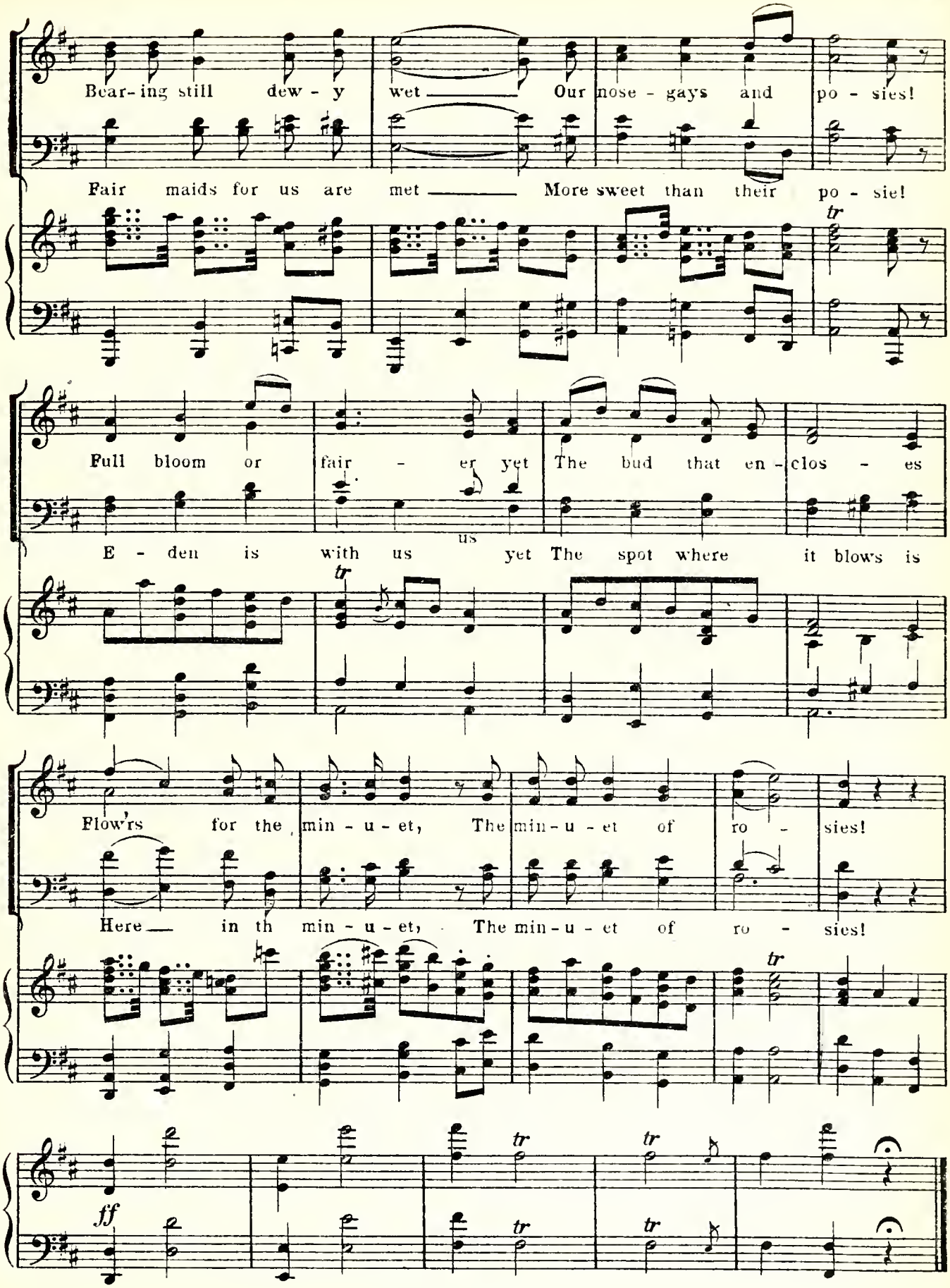
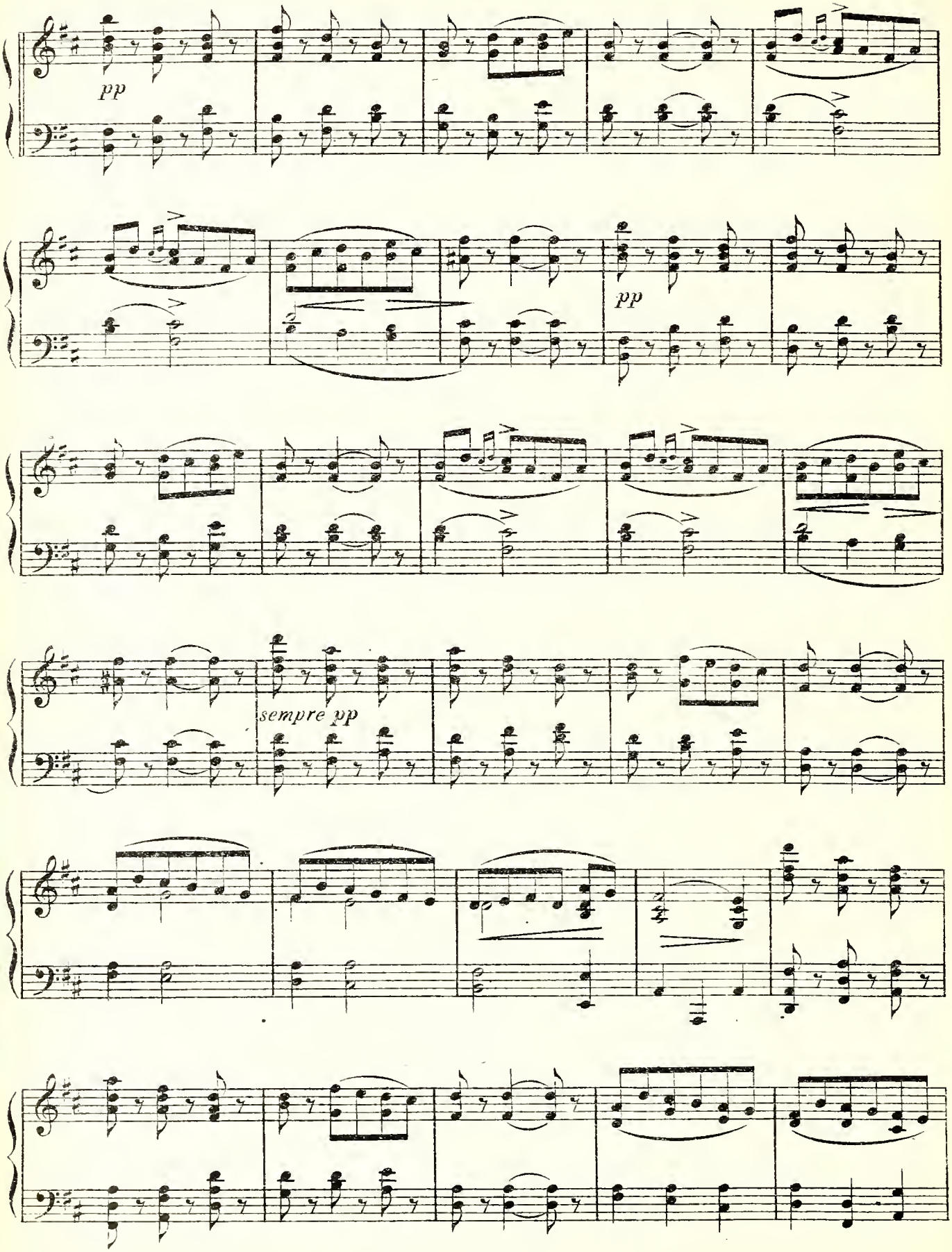
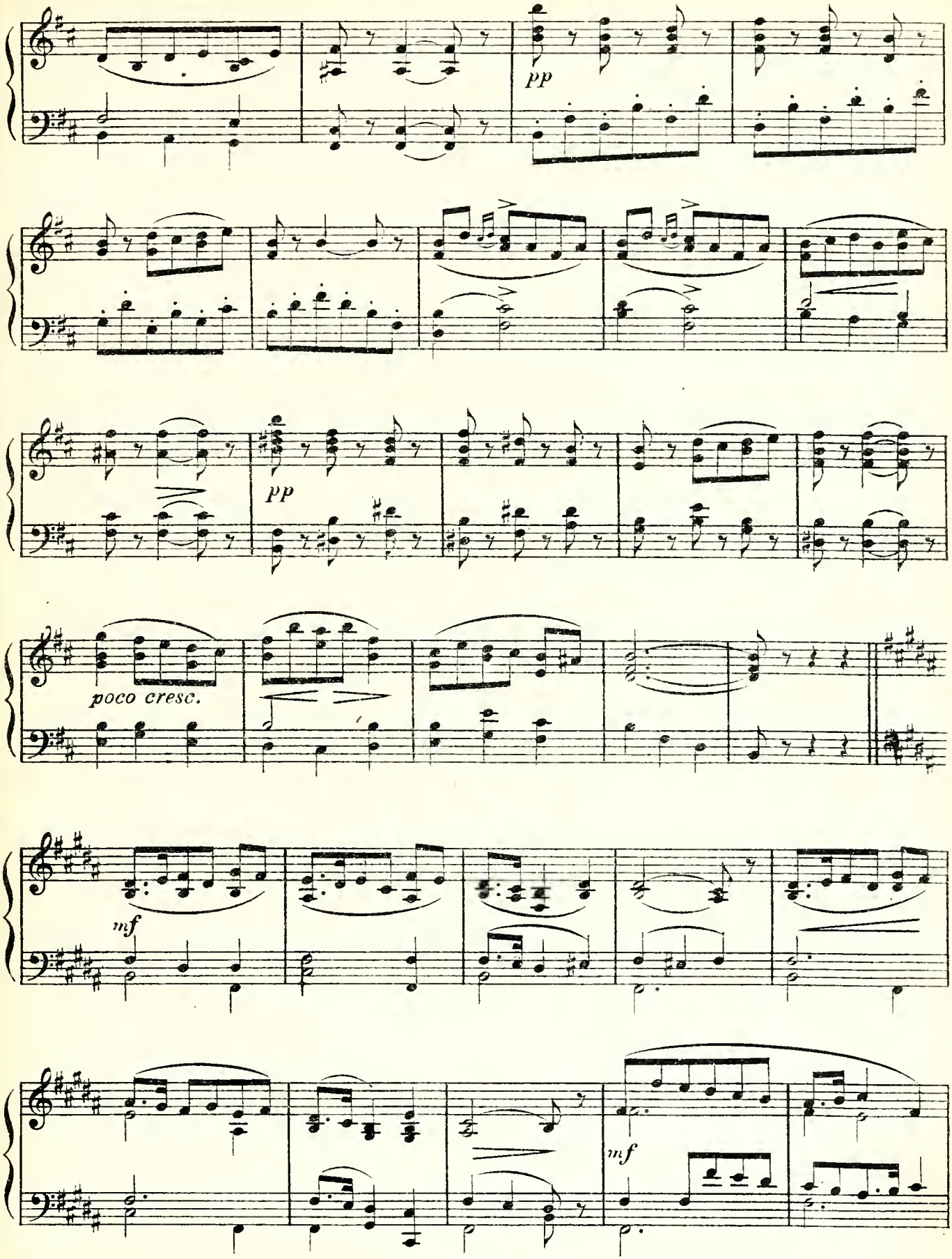
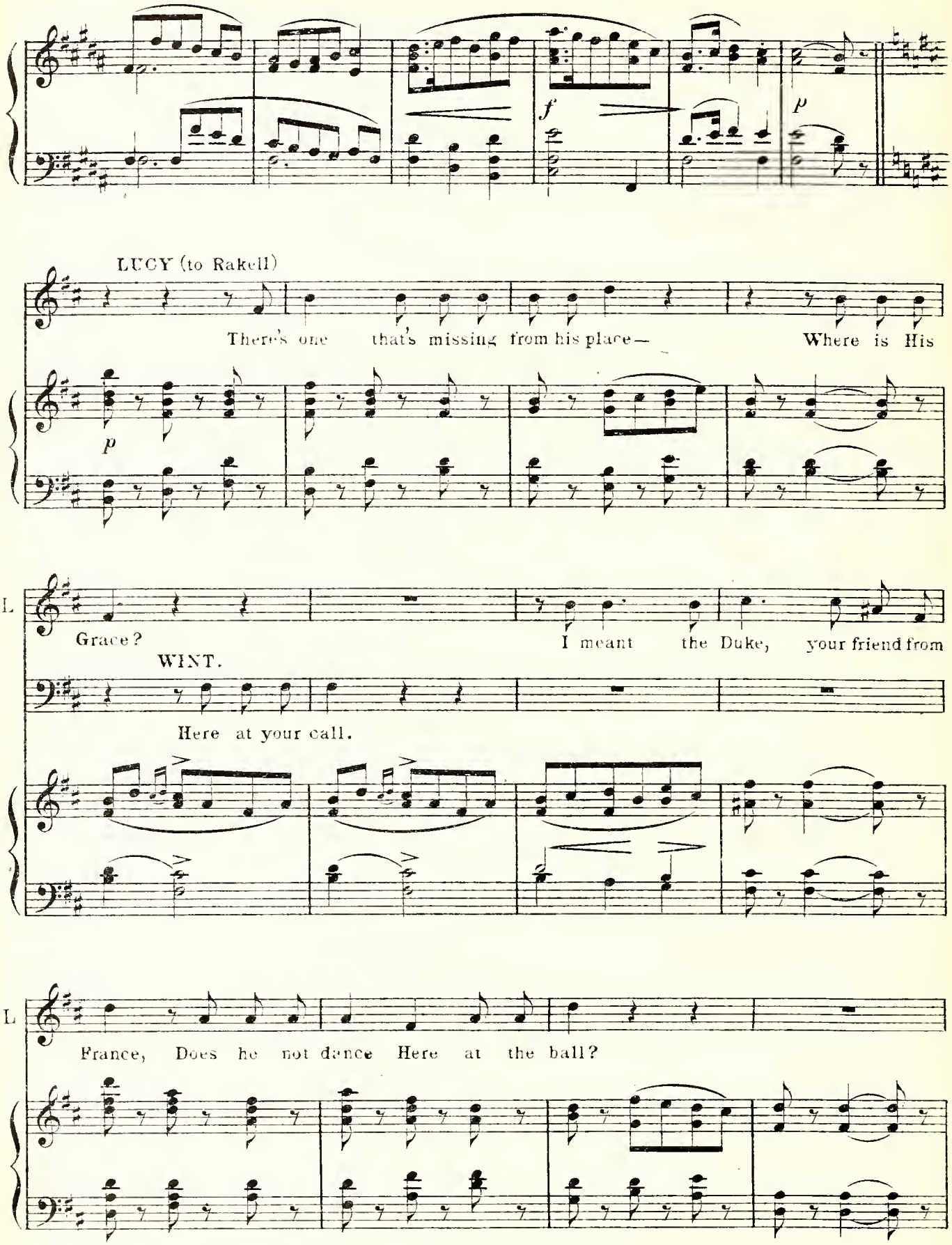
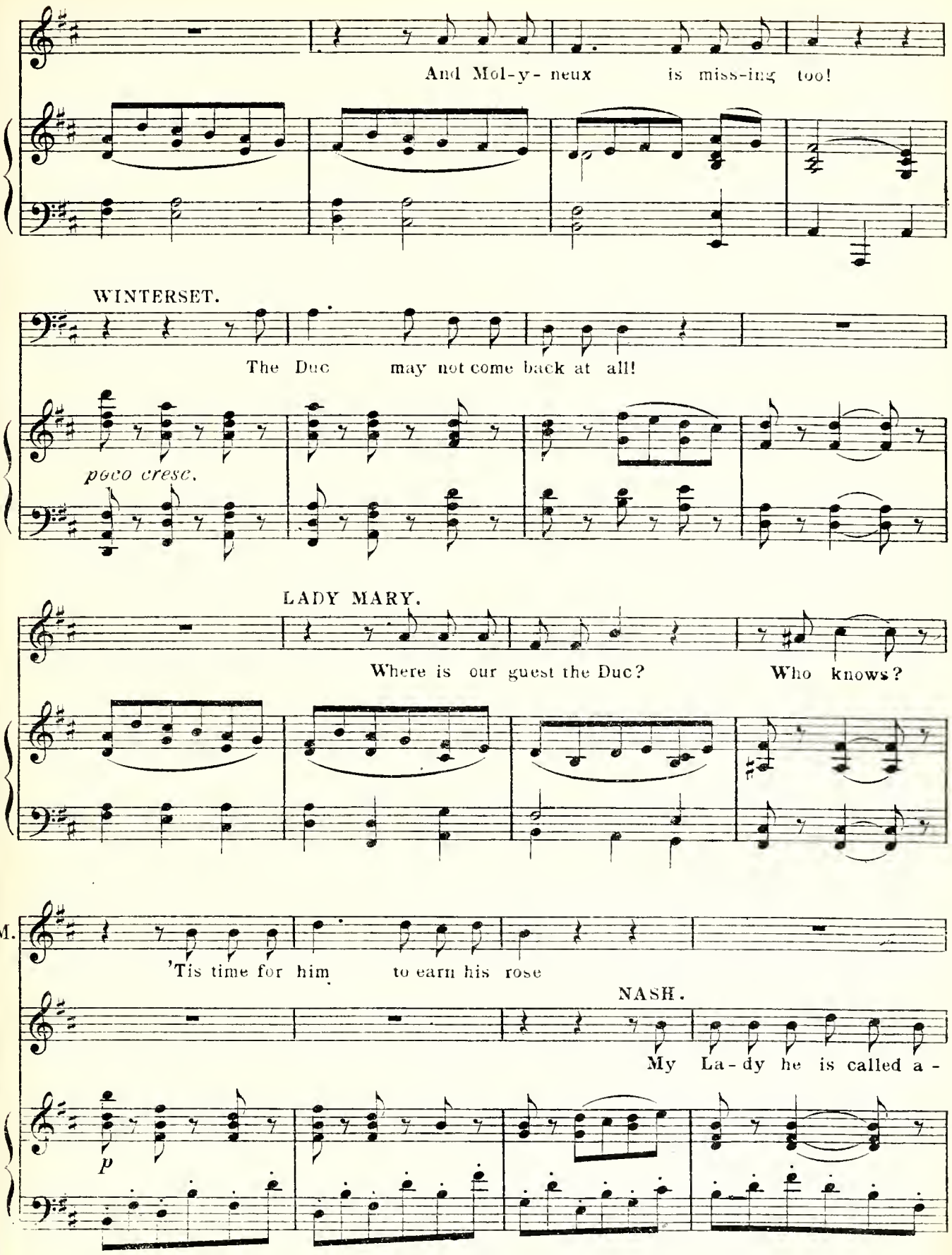
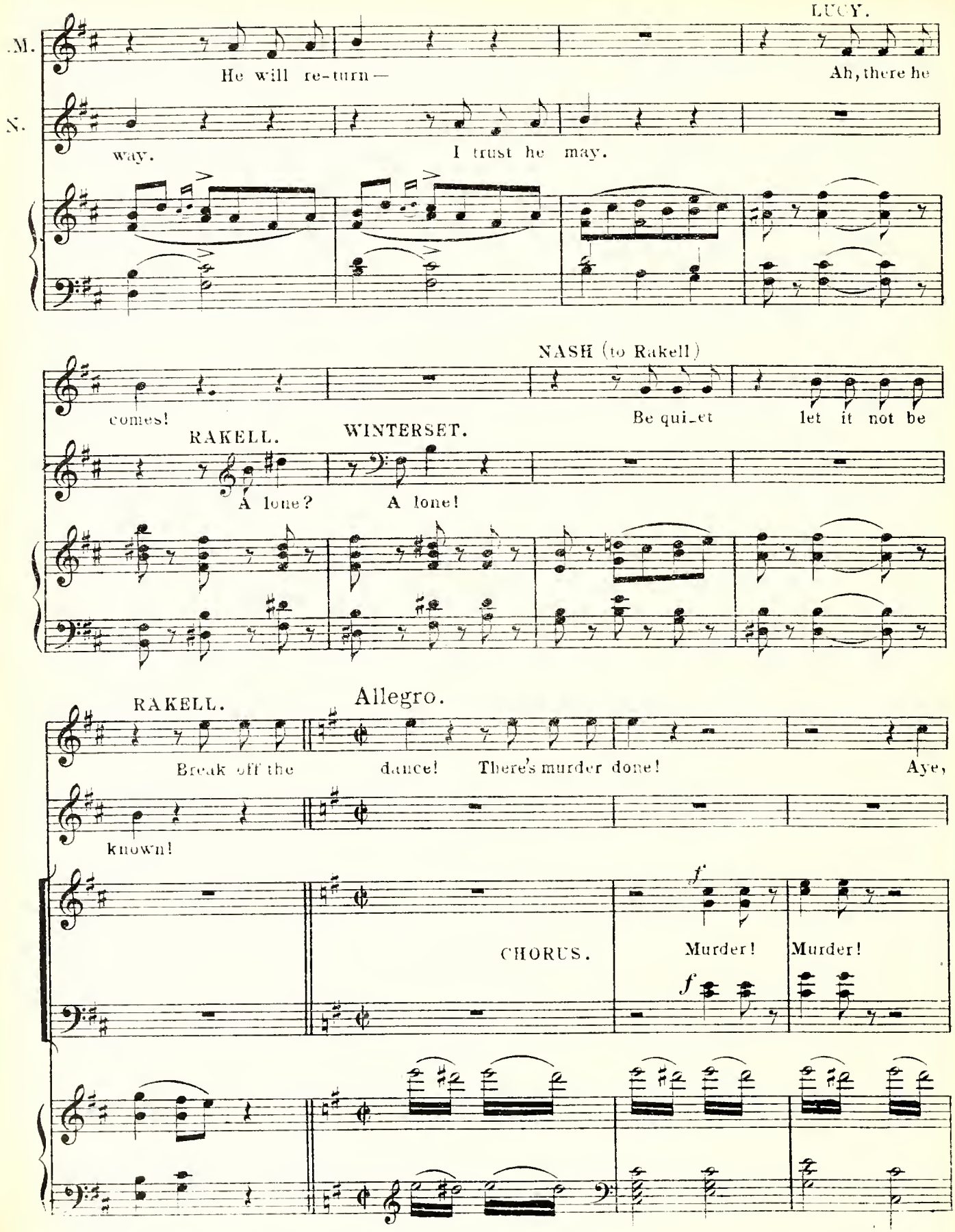
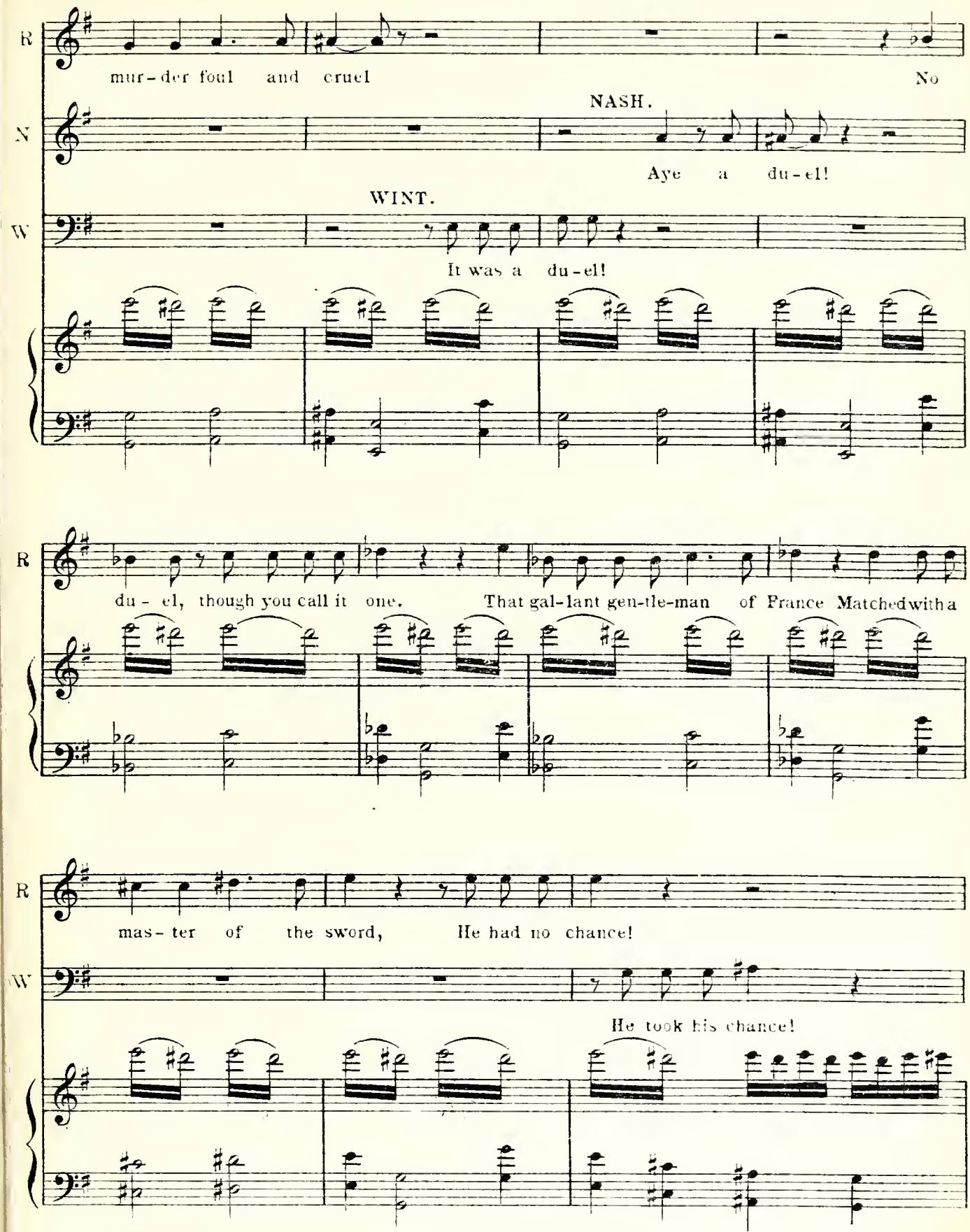
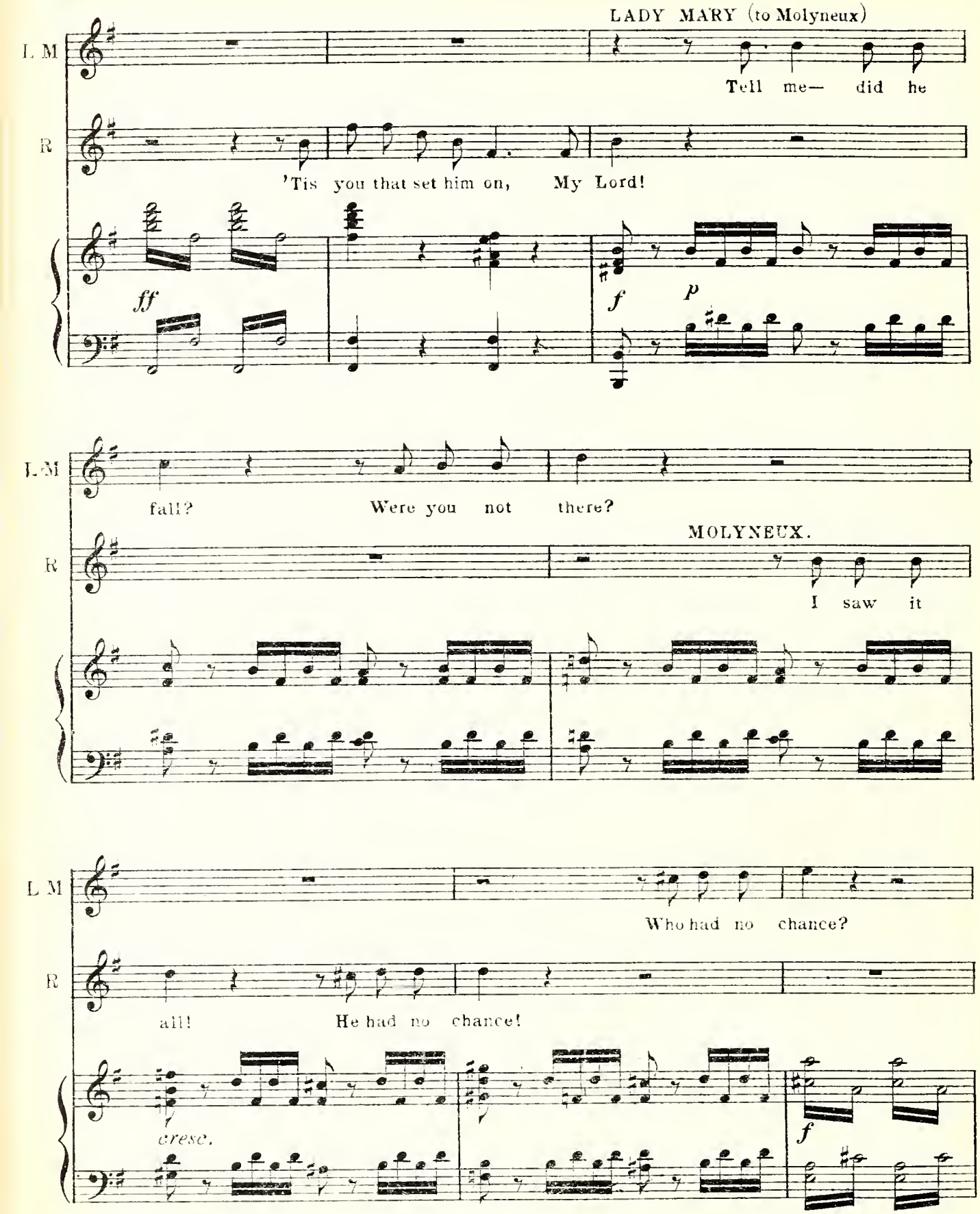
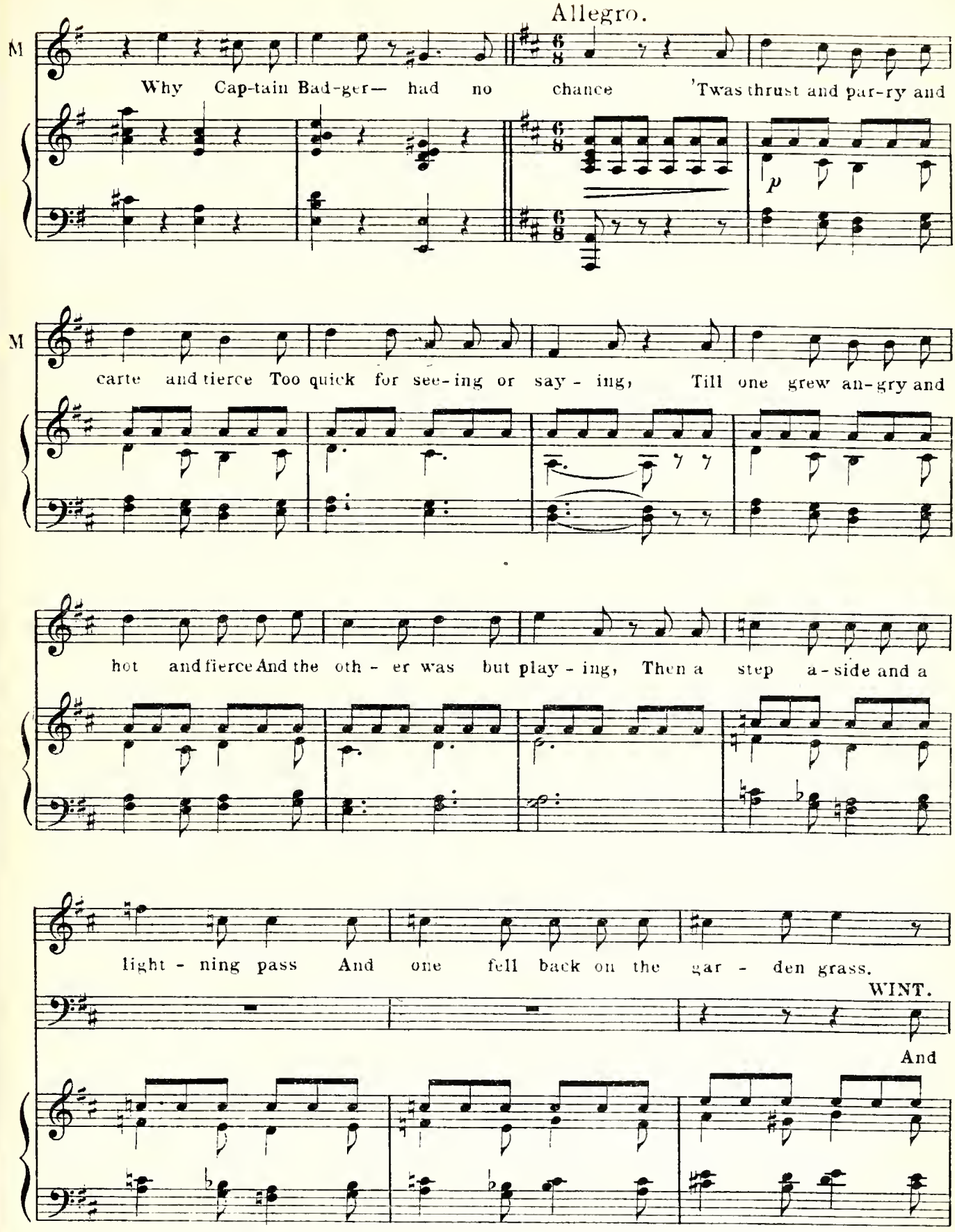

Full blown or fair - er yet The bud that un - clos - es
tr
Flow'rs for the min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro -
tr
ses.
GENTLEMEN.
dolce.
Come, come to the min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro - ses
mf
Fair maids for us are met More sweet than their po - sies!

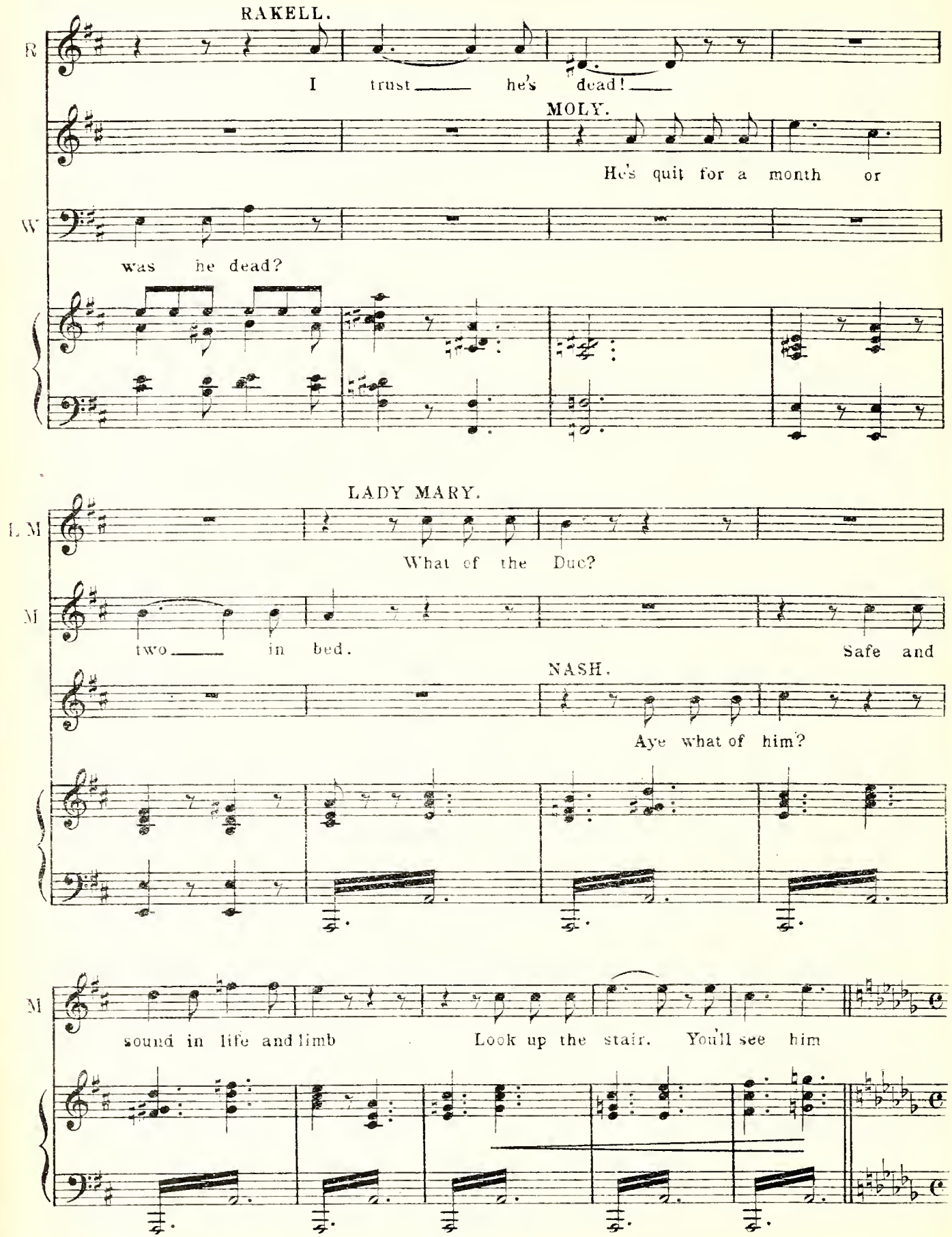

E - den is with us yet
The spot where it blows is
Here in the min - u - et, in the min - u - et of ro - ses.
p
f LADIES.
Come, come to the min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro - ses
f GENT.
Come, come to the min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro - ses
f
tr

Bear-ing still dew - y wet Our nose - gays and po - sies!
Fair maids for us are met More sweet than their po - sie!
Full bloom or fair - er yet The bud that en - clos - es
E - den is with us yet The spot where it blows is
Flow'rs for the min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro - sies!
Here in th min - u - et, The min - u - et of ro - sies!
tr
ff

pp
pp
sempre pp

pp
pp
poco cresc.
mf
mf

f
p
LUCY (to Rakell)
There's one that's missing from his place— Where is His
p
L
Grace?
I meant the Duke, your friend from
WINT.
Here at your call.
L
France, Does he not dance Here at the ball?

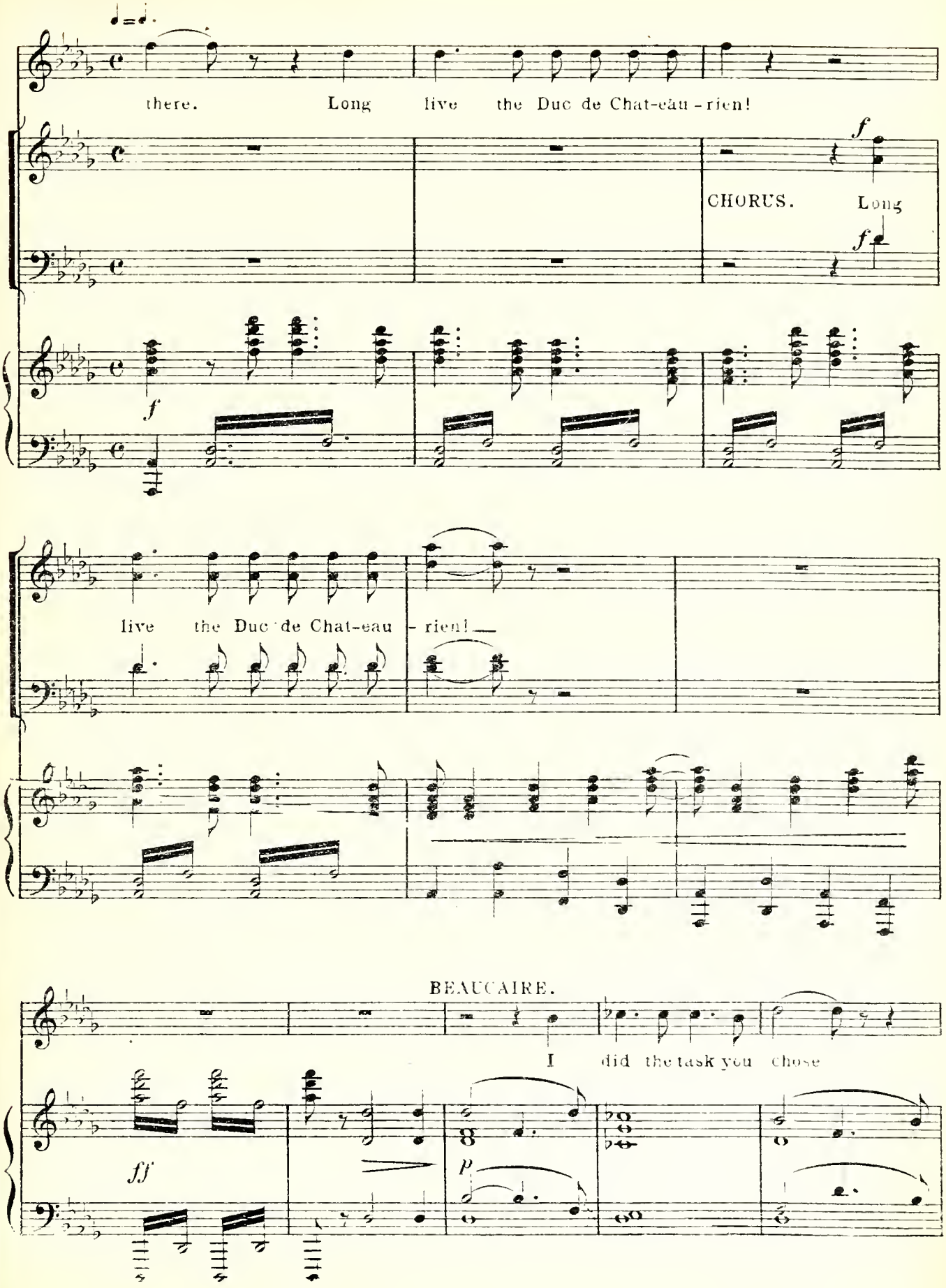
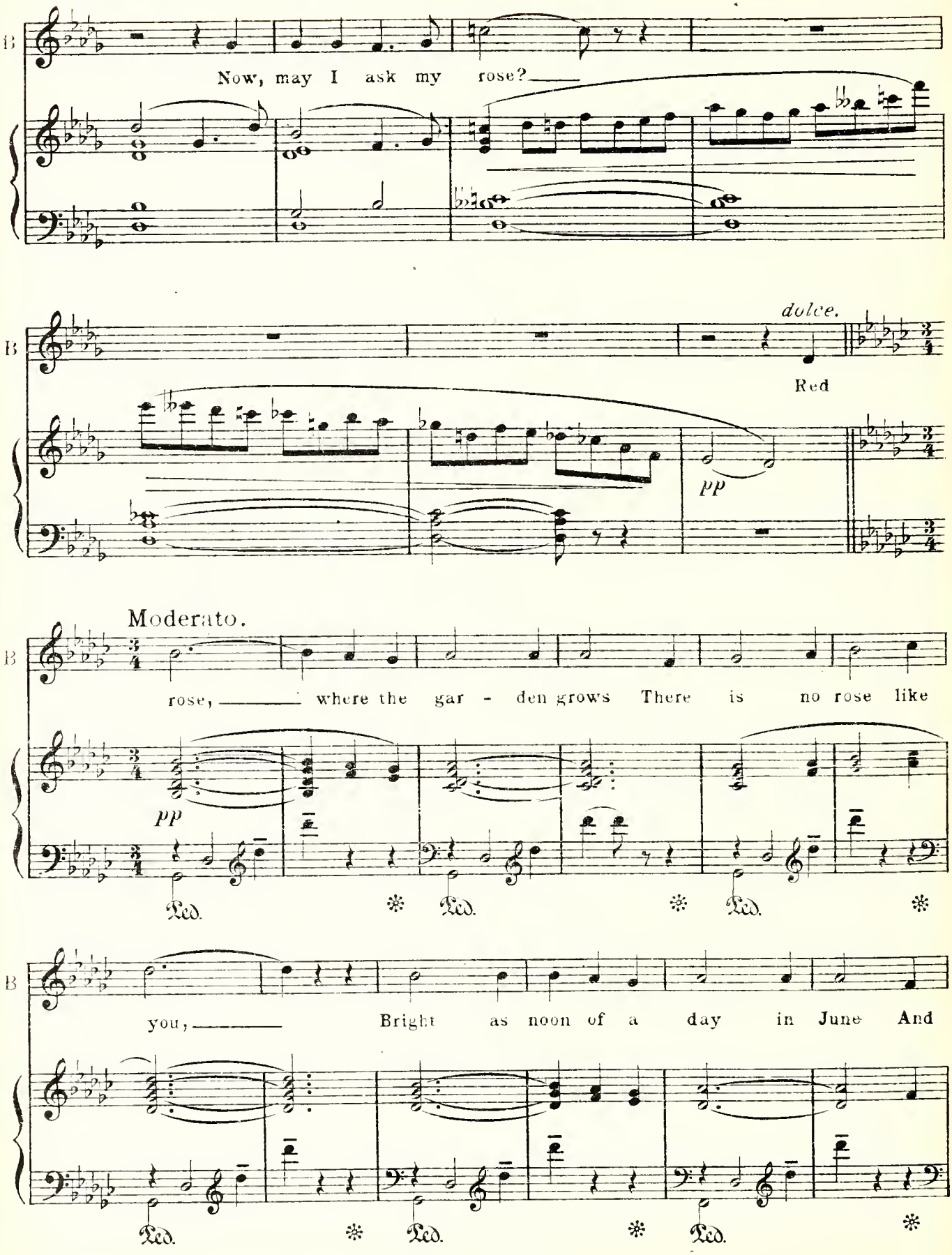

L
And Mol-y- neux is miss-ing too!
WINTERSET.
The Duc may not come back at all!
poco cresc.
LADY MARY.
Where is our guest the Duc?
Who knows?
M.
'Tis time for him to earn his rose
NASH.
My La-dy he is called a -
p


LUCY.
M.
He will re-turn—
Ah, there he
N.
way.
I trust he may.
NASH (to Rakell)
comes!
Be qui_et
let it not be
RAKELL.
WINTERSET.
A lone?
A lone!
RAKELL.
Allegro.
Break off the
dance!
There's murder done!
Aye,
known!
f
CHORUS.
Murder!
Murder!
f


R
mur-der foul and cruel
No
NASH.
N
Aye a du-el!
WINT.
W
It was a du-el!
R
du-el, though you call it one. That gal-lant gen-tle-man of France Matched with a
R
mas-ter of the sword, He had no chance!
W
He took his chance!


LADY MARY (to Molyneux)
L M
Tell me— did he
R
'Tis you that set him on, My Lord!
ff
f
p
L M
fall? Were you not there?
MOLYNEUX.
R
I saw it
L M
Who had no chance?
R
all! He had no chance!
cresc.
f

Allegro.
M
Why Cap-tain Bad-ger— had no chance 'Twas thrust and par-ry and
p
M
carte and tierce Too quick for see-ing or say - ing, Till one grew an-gry and
hot and fierce And the oth - er was but play - ing, Then a step a-side and a
light - ning pass And one fell back on the gar - den grass.
WINT.
And


RAKELL.
R
I trust he's dead!
MOLY.
He's quit for a month or
W
was he dead?
LADY MARY.
L M
What of the Duc?
M
two in bed.
Safe and
NASH.
Aye what of him?
M
sound in life and limb
Look up the stair. You'll see him


there. Long live the Duc de Chat-eau-rien!
CHORUS. Long
f
f
f
live the Duc de Chat-eau-rien!
BEAUCAIRE.
I did the task you chose
ff
p

Now, may I ask my rose?
dolce.
Red
pp
Moderato.
rose, where the gar - den grows There is no rose like
pp
Ped.
you, Bright as noon of a day in June And
Ped.

poco piu lento.

B

fresh as the dawn - ing dew. Rose more sweet with my

Ped. Ped.

B

la - dy's breath, I hold you ev - er for life and death, Pledge of a

B

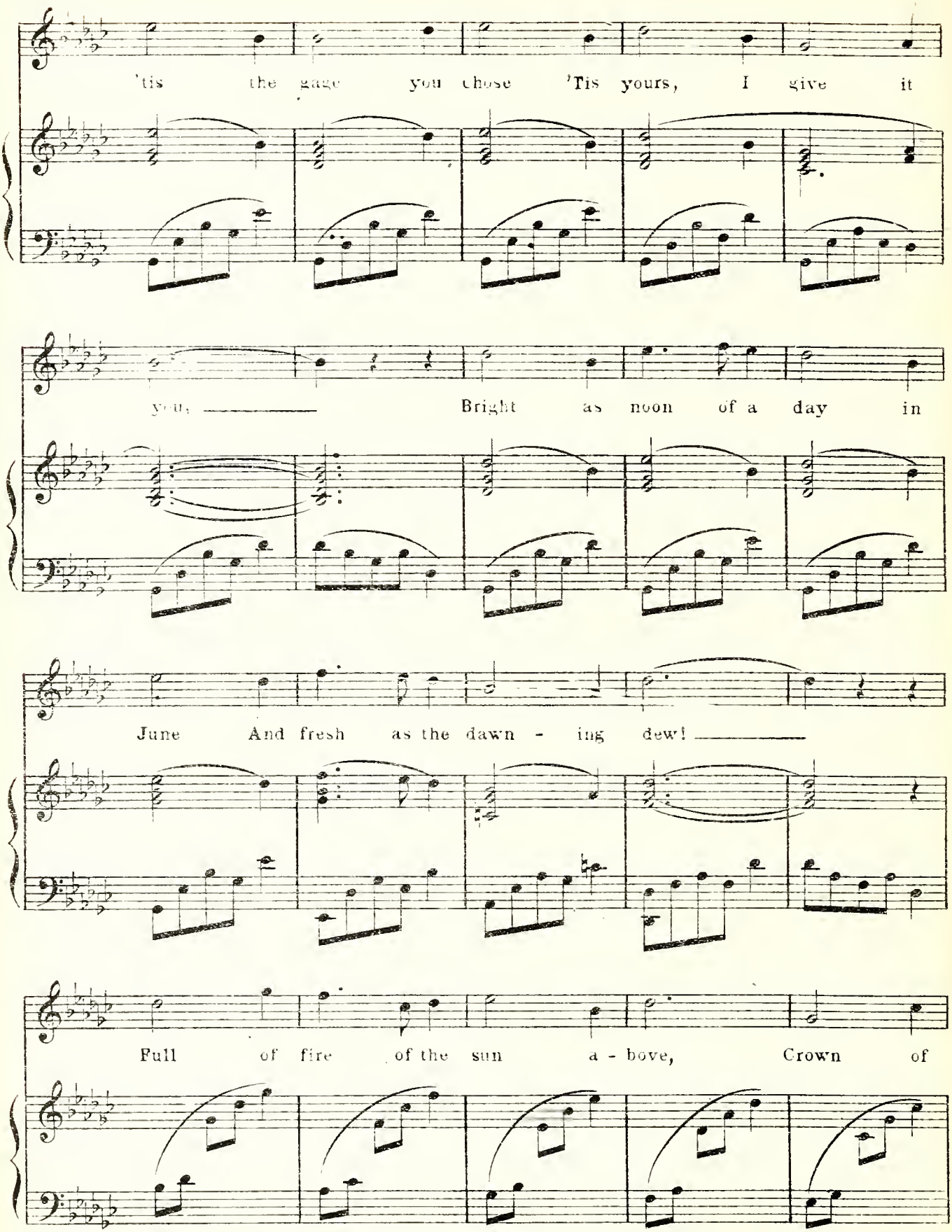
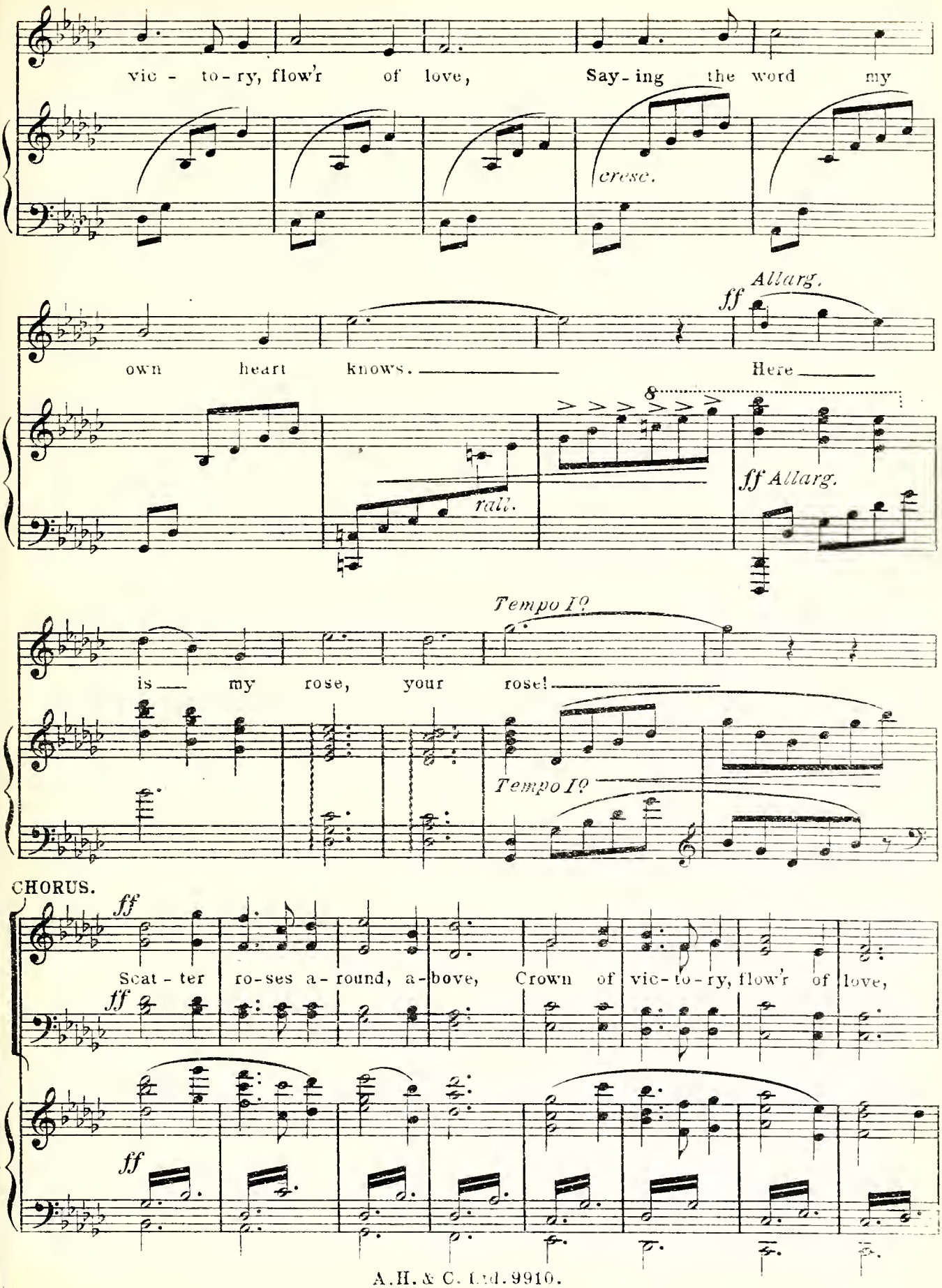
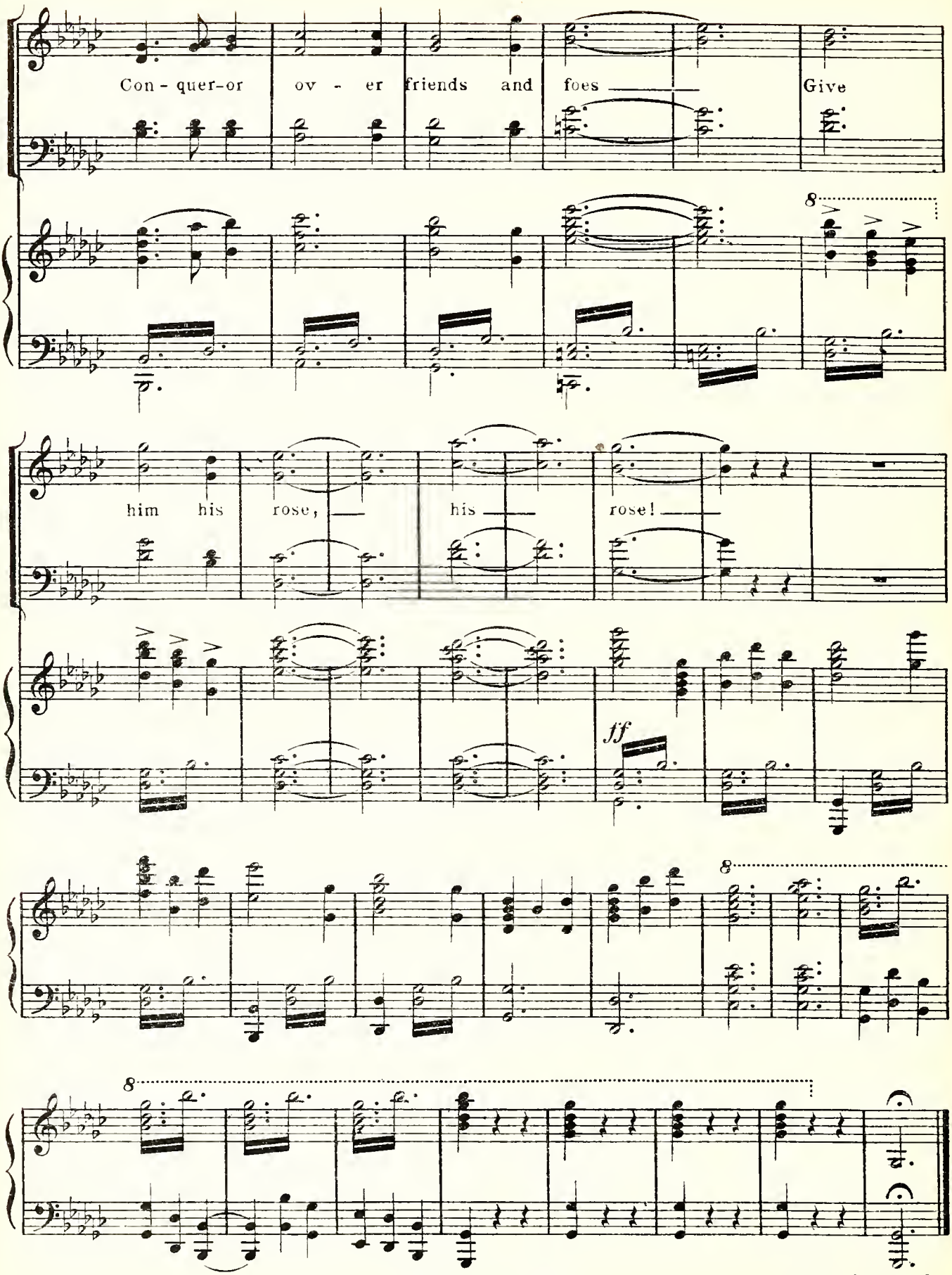
Lento.

dear - er gift who knows? Rose of the

rall. *pp*

a tempo. LADY MARY.

world, My rose! Red rose

p *cantabile.*

'tis the gage you chose 'Tis yours, I give it
you; Bright as noon of a day in
June And fresh as the dawn - ing dew!
Full of fire of the sun a - bove, Crown of

vic - to - ry, flow'r of love, Say - ing the word my
cresc.
own heart knows. Here
Allarg.
ff
rall.
ff Allarg.
Tempo I?
is my rose, your rose!
Tempo I?
CHORUS.
ff
Scat - ter ro - ses a - round, a - bove, Crown of vic - to - ry, flow'r of love,
ff
ff

Con - quer-or ov - er friends and foes Give
him his rose, his rose!
ff
8
8
8

End of Act I.

ACT II.

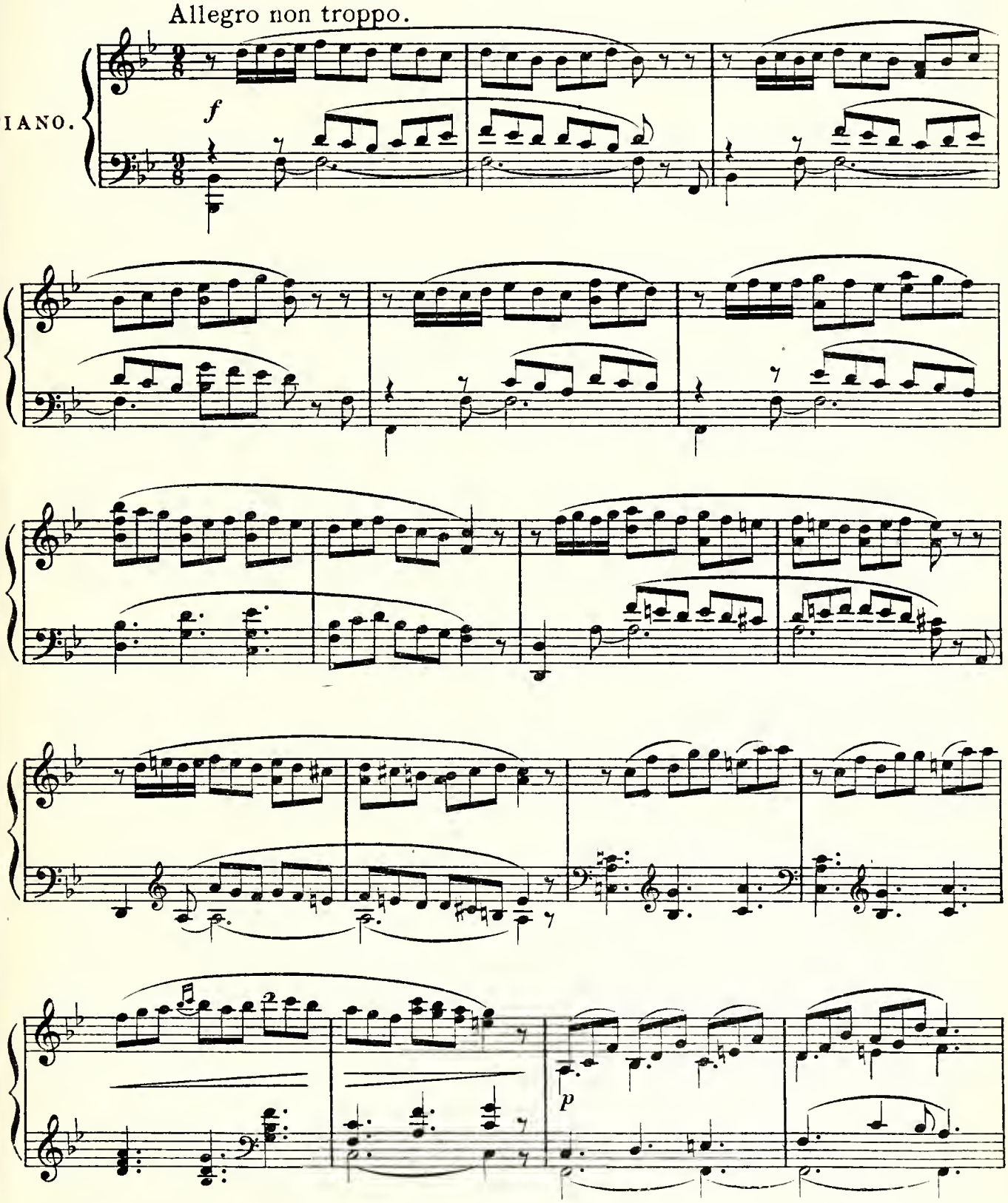
No 10. CHORUS and DANCE— Pastoral Fête.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.



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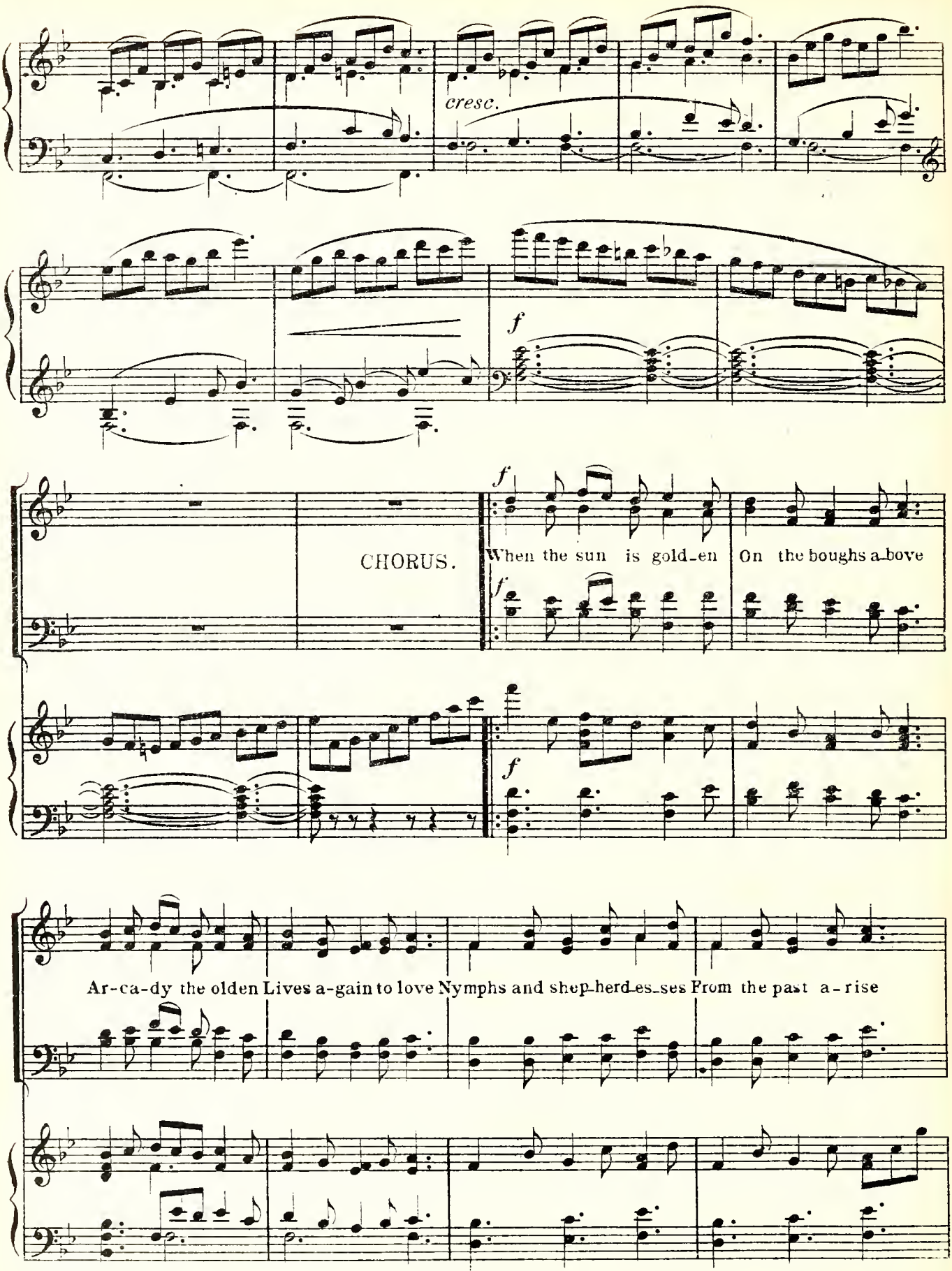
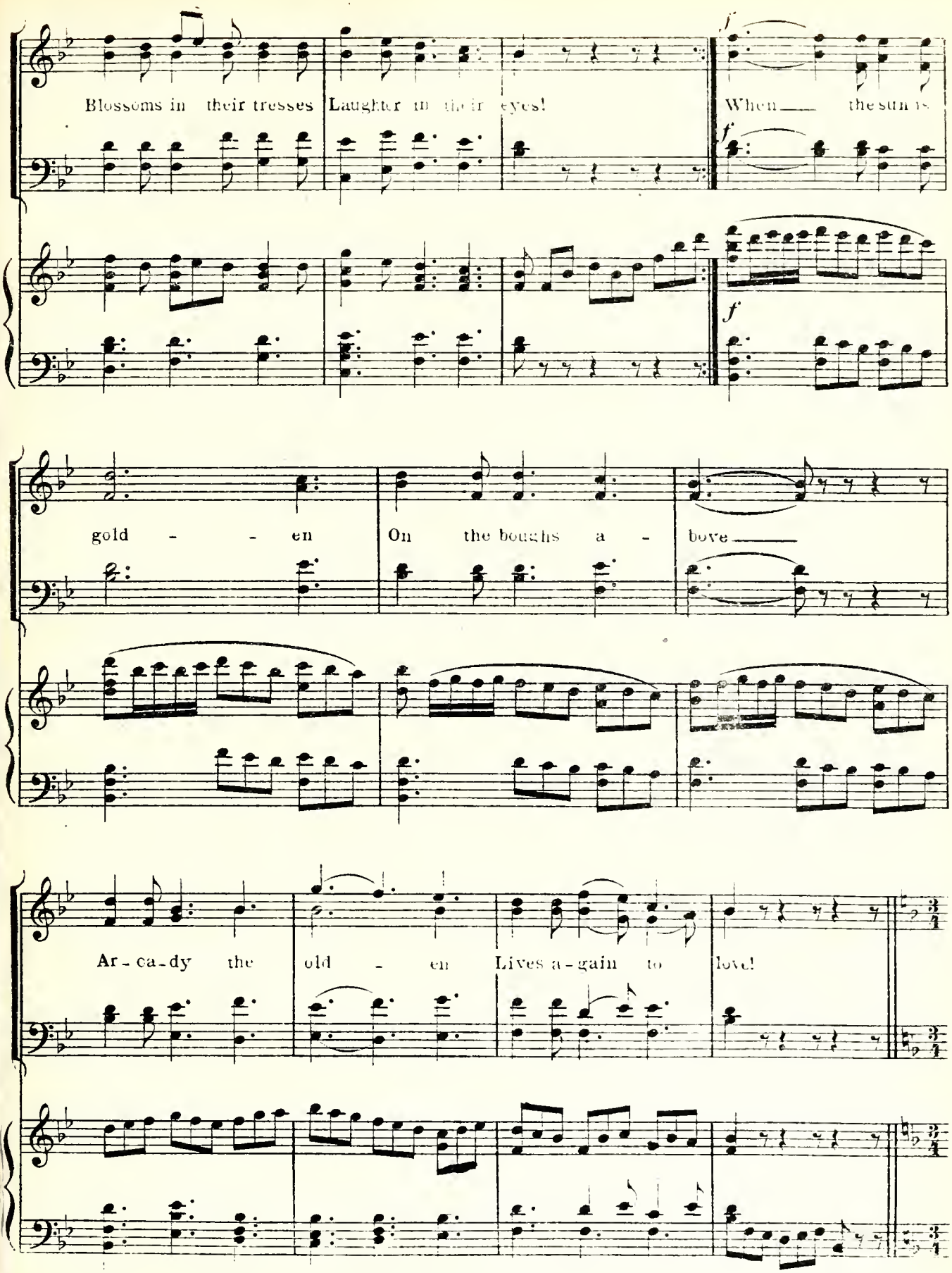
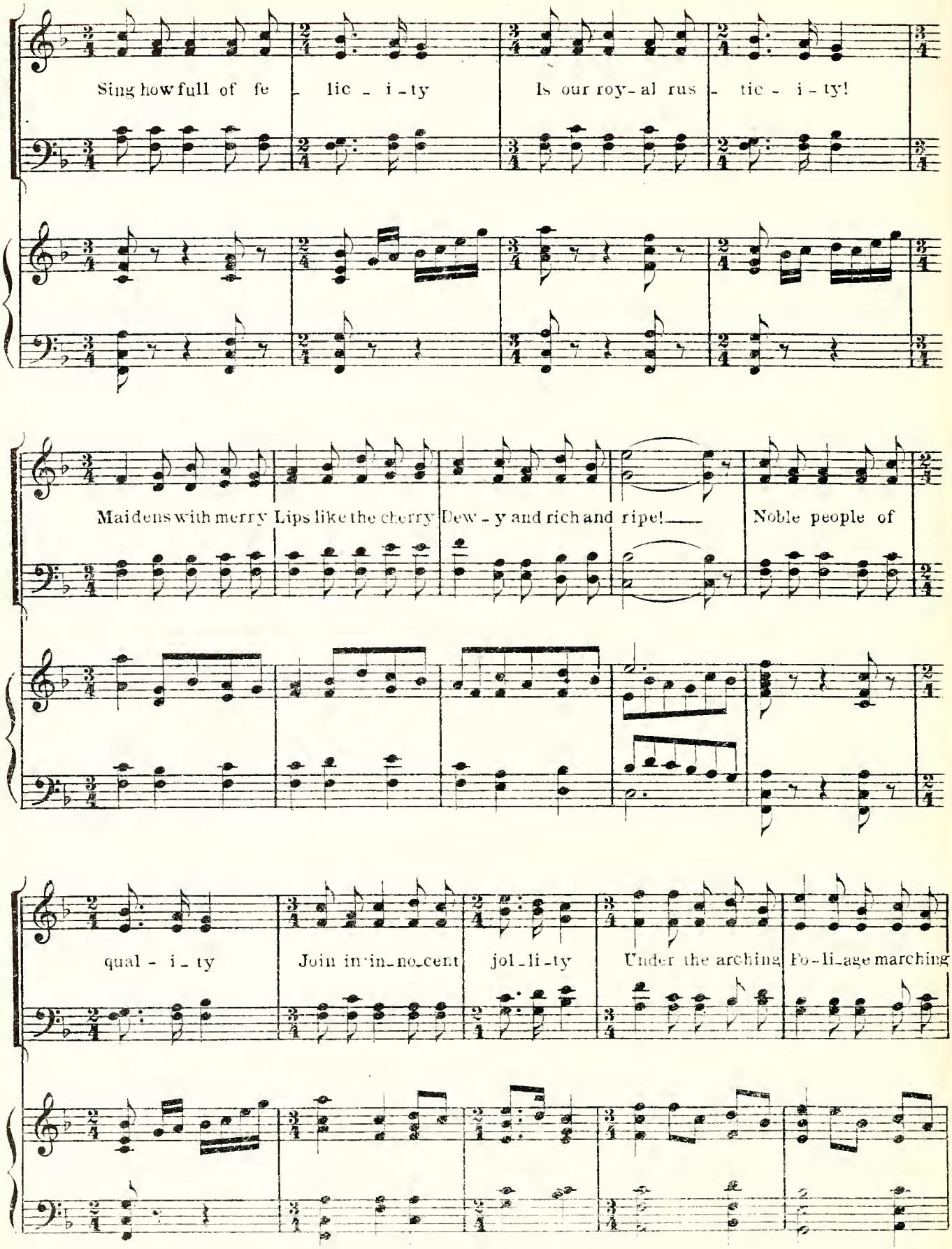
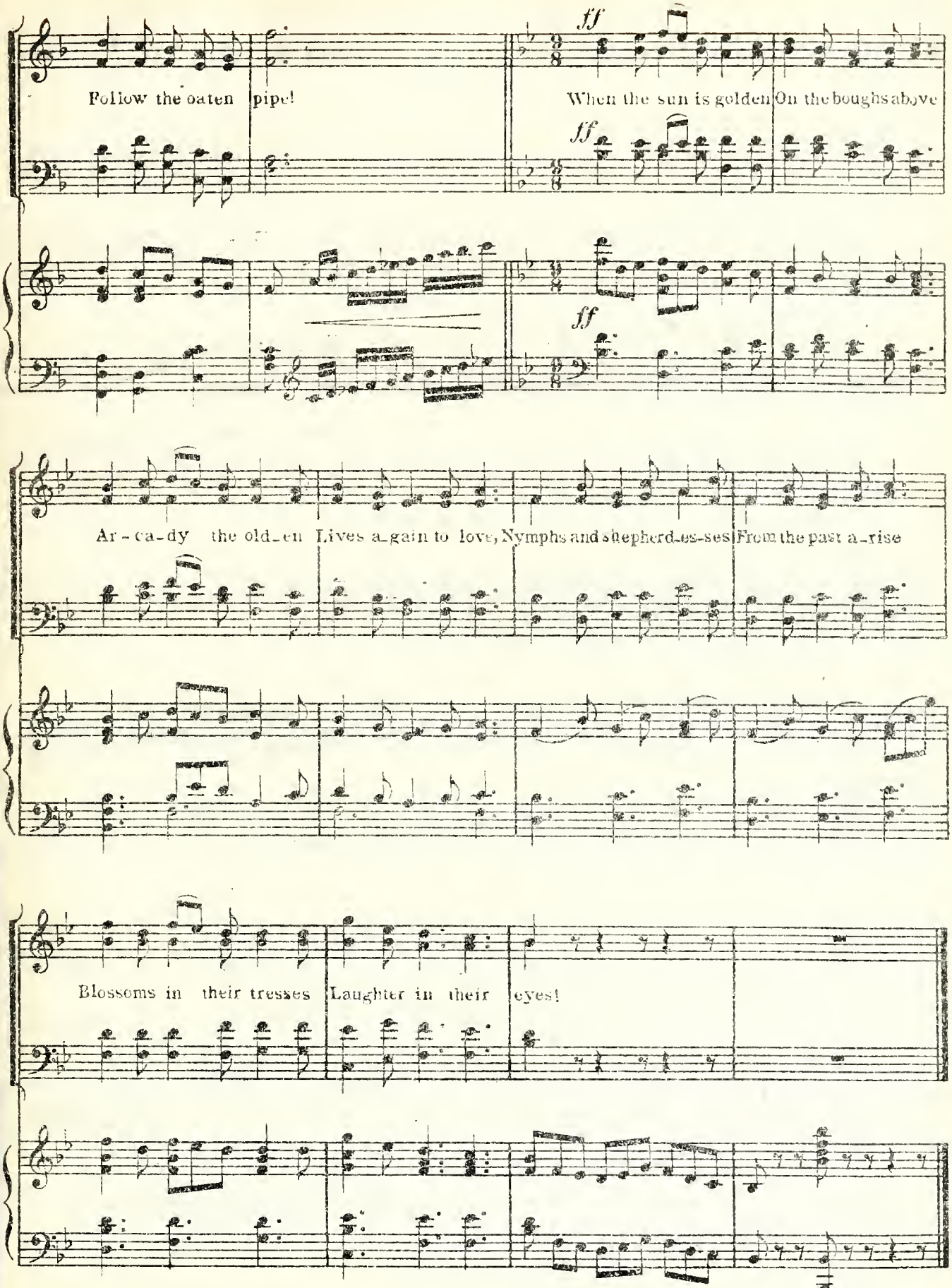
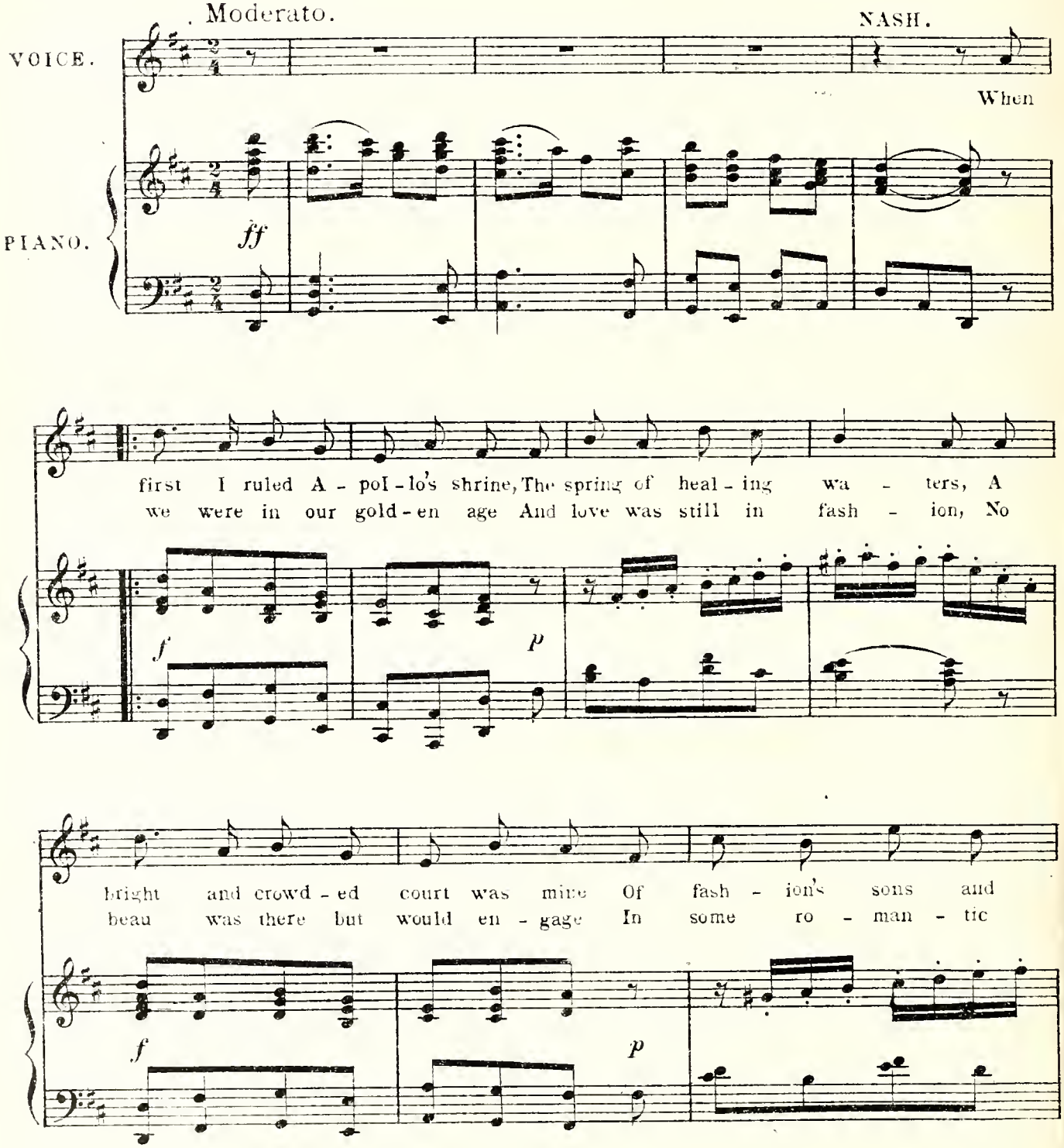

cresc.
f
CHORUS.
When the sun is gold-en On the boughs a-bove
Ar-ca-dy the olden Lives a-gain to love Nymphs and shep-herd-es-ses From the past a-rise

Blossoms in their tresses Laughter in their eyes! When the sun is
f
f
f
gold - - en On the boughs a - bove
Ar - ca - dy the old - en Lives a - gain to love!

Sing how full of fe - lic - i - ty Is our roy-al rus - tic - i - ty!
Maidens with merry Lips like the cherry Dew - y and rich and ripe! Noble people of
qual - i - ty Join in in-no-cent jol-li-ty Under the arching Fo-li-age marching


ff
Follow the oaten pipe!
When the sun is golden On the boughs above
ff
ff
Ar-ca-dy the old-en Lives a-gain to love, Nymphs and shepherd-es-ses From the past a-rise
Blossoms in their tresses Laughter in their eyes!

No 11. SONG and CHORUS.—"When I was King of Bath."

(BEAU NASH.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Moderato.
NASH.
VOICE.
When
PIANO.
ff
first I ruled A - pol - lo's shrine, The spring of heal - ing wa - ters, A
we were in our gold - en age And love was still in fash - ion, No
f
p
bright and crowd - ed court was mine Of fash - ion's sons and
beau was there but would en - gage In some ro - man - tic
f
p

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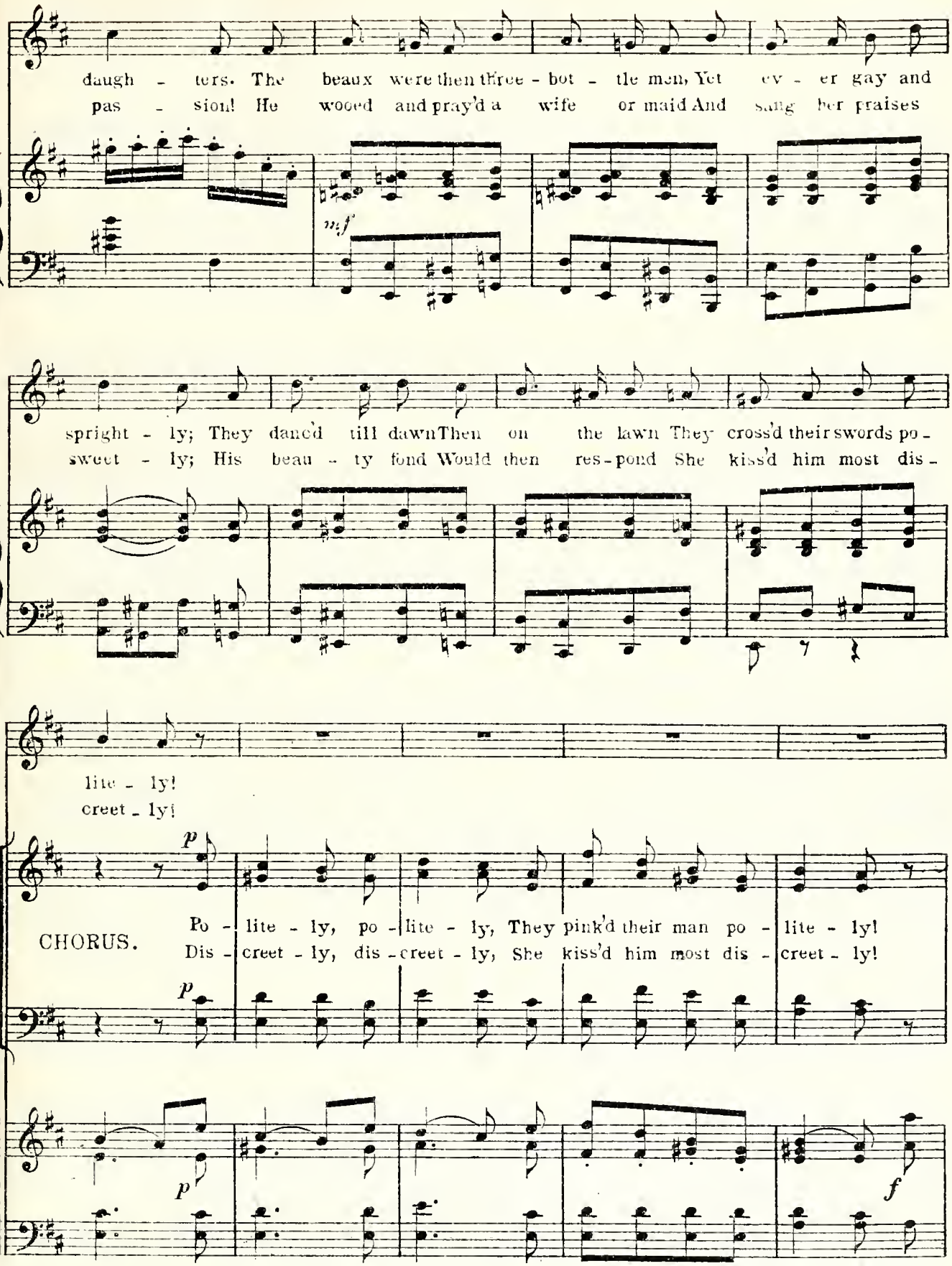
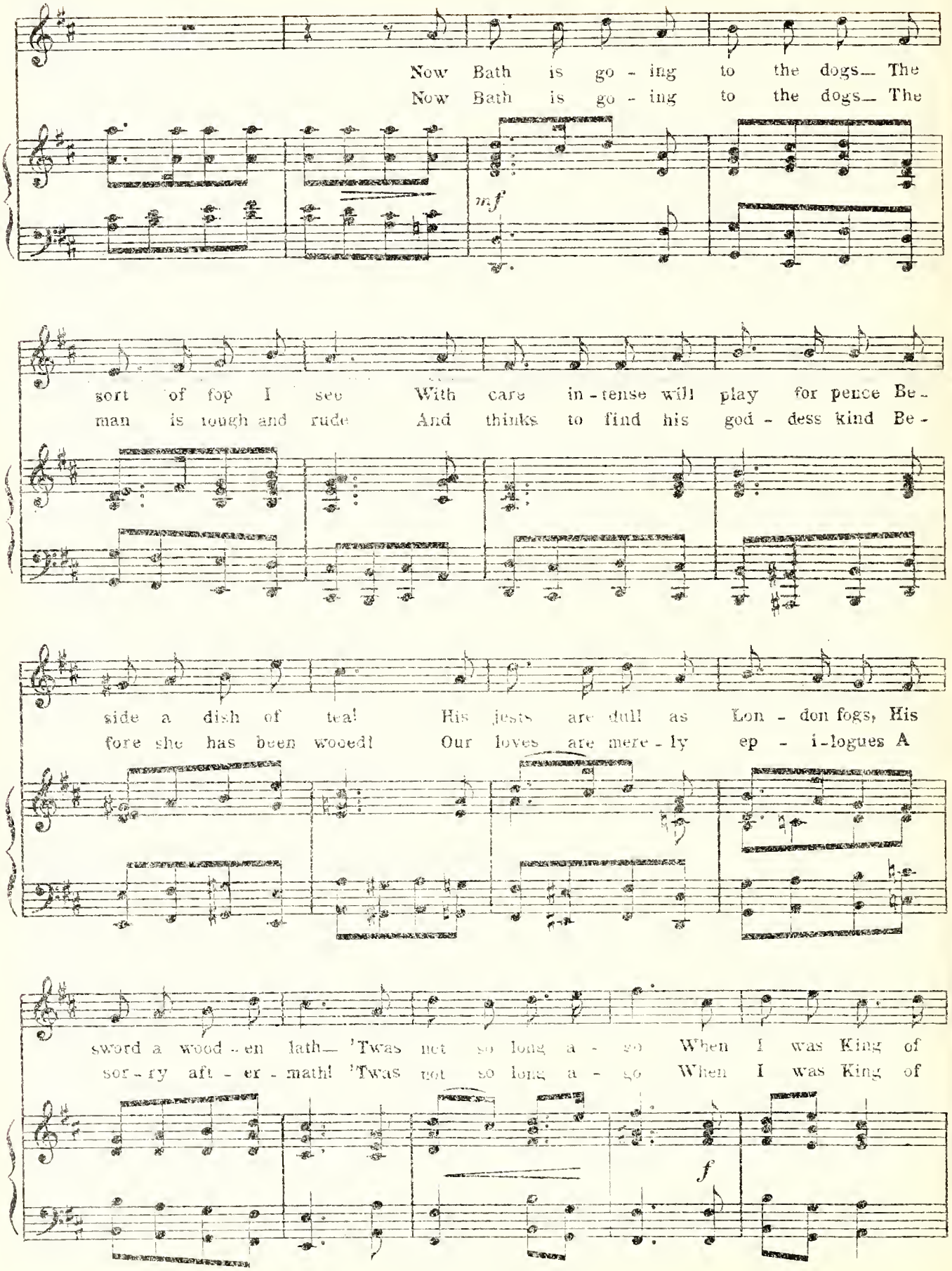
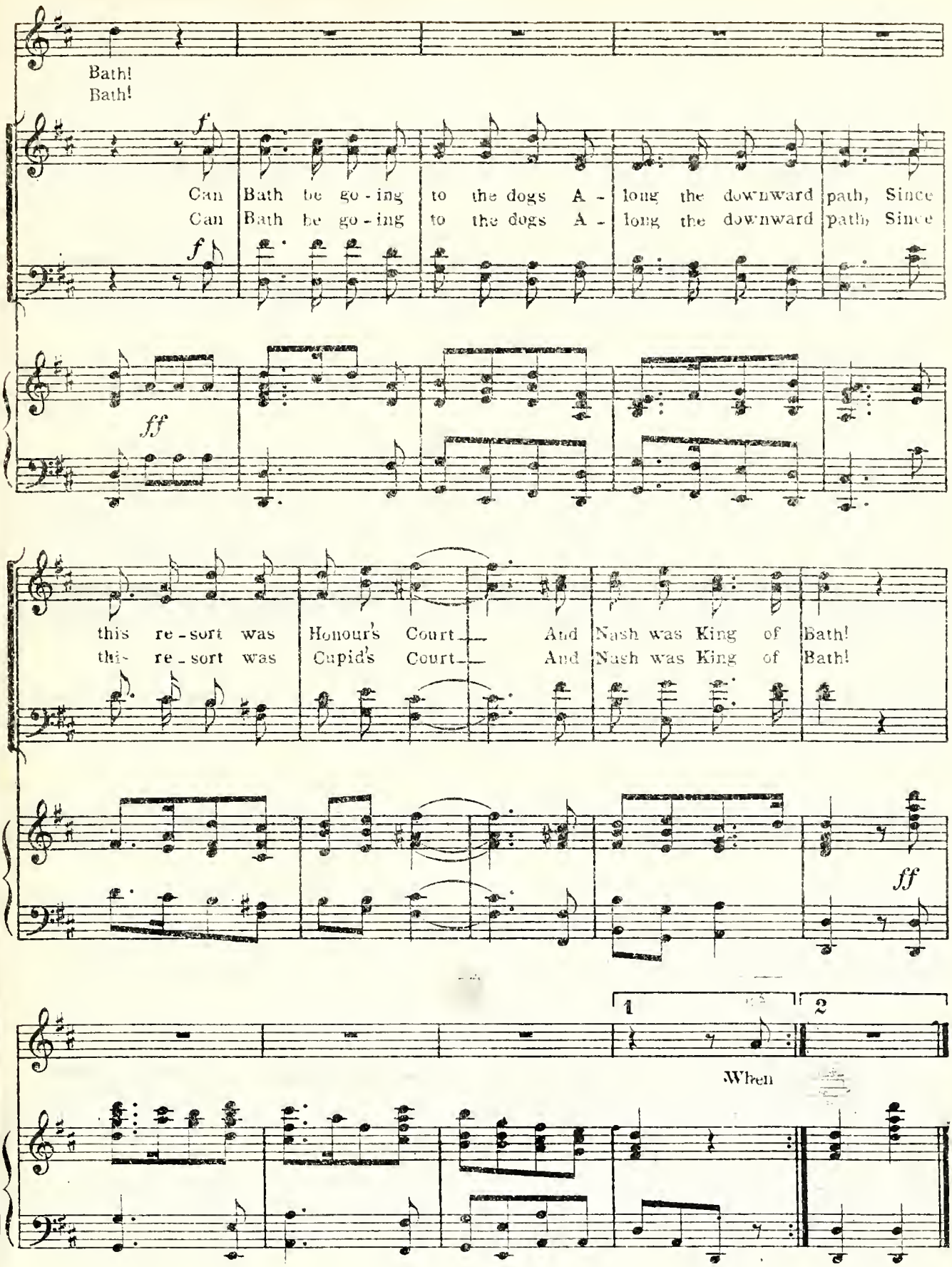
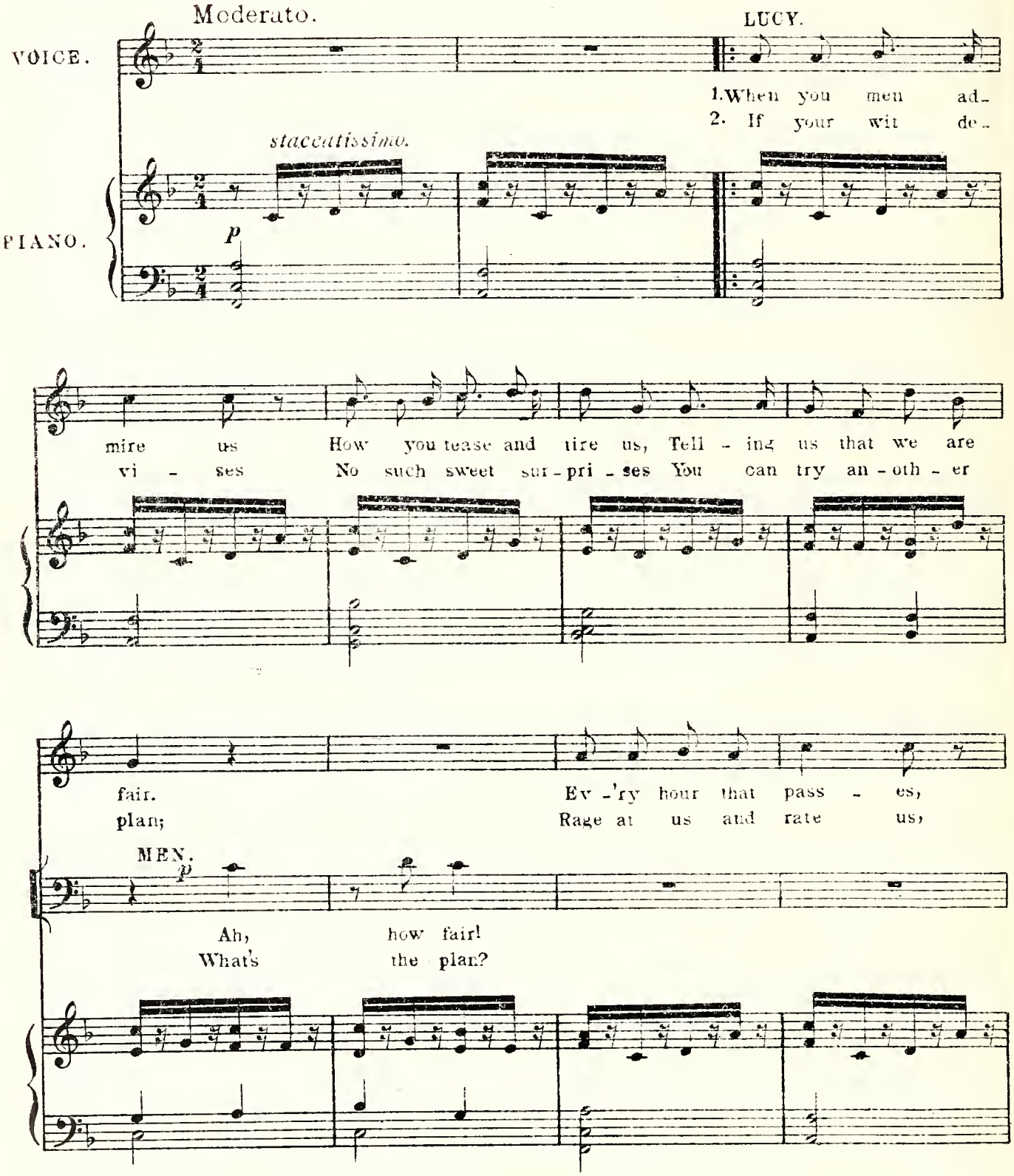

daugh - ters. The beaux were then three - bot - tle men, Yet ev - er gay and
pas - sion! He wooed and pray'd a wife or maid And sang her praises
mf
spright - ly; They danc'd till dawnThen on the lawn They cross'd their swords po -
sweet - ly; His beau - ty fond Would then res-pond She kiss'd him most dis -
lite - ly!
creet - ly!
p
CHORUS.
Po - lite - ly, po - lite - ly, They pink'd their man po - lite - ly!
Dis - creet - ly, dis - creet - ly, She kiss'd him most dis - creet - ly!
p
p
f

Now Bath is go - ing to the dogs— The
Now Bath is go - ing to the dogs— The
mf
sort of fop I see With care in - tense will play for pence Be -
man is tough and rude And thinks to find his god - dess kind Be -
side a dish of tea! His jests are dull as Lon - don fogs, His
fore she has been wooed! Our loves are mere - ly ep - i - logues A
sword a wood - en lath— 'Twas not so long a - go When I was King of
sor - ry aft - er - math! 'Twas not so long a - go When I was King of
f


Bath!
Bath!
f
Can Bath be go - ing to the dogs A - long the downward path, Since
Can Bath be go - ing to the dogs A - long the downward path, Since
f
ff
this re - sort was Honour's Court And Nash was King of Bath!
this re - sort was Cupid's Court And Nash was King of Bath!
ff
1
2
When

No 12. SONG— "That's a woman's way."

LUCY.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER.

Moderato.
LUCY.
VOICE.
1. When you men ad-
2. If your wit de-
staccatissimo.
PIANO.
p
mire us How you tease and tire us, Tell - ing us that we are
vi - ses No such sweet sur - pri - ses You can try an - oth - er
fair. Ev - 'ry hour that pass - es,
plan; Rage at us and rate us,
MEN.
p
Ah, how fair!
What's the plan?

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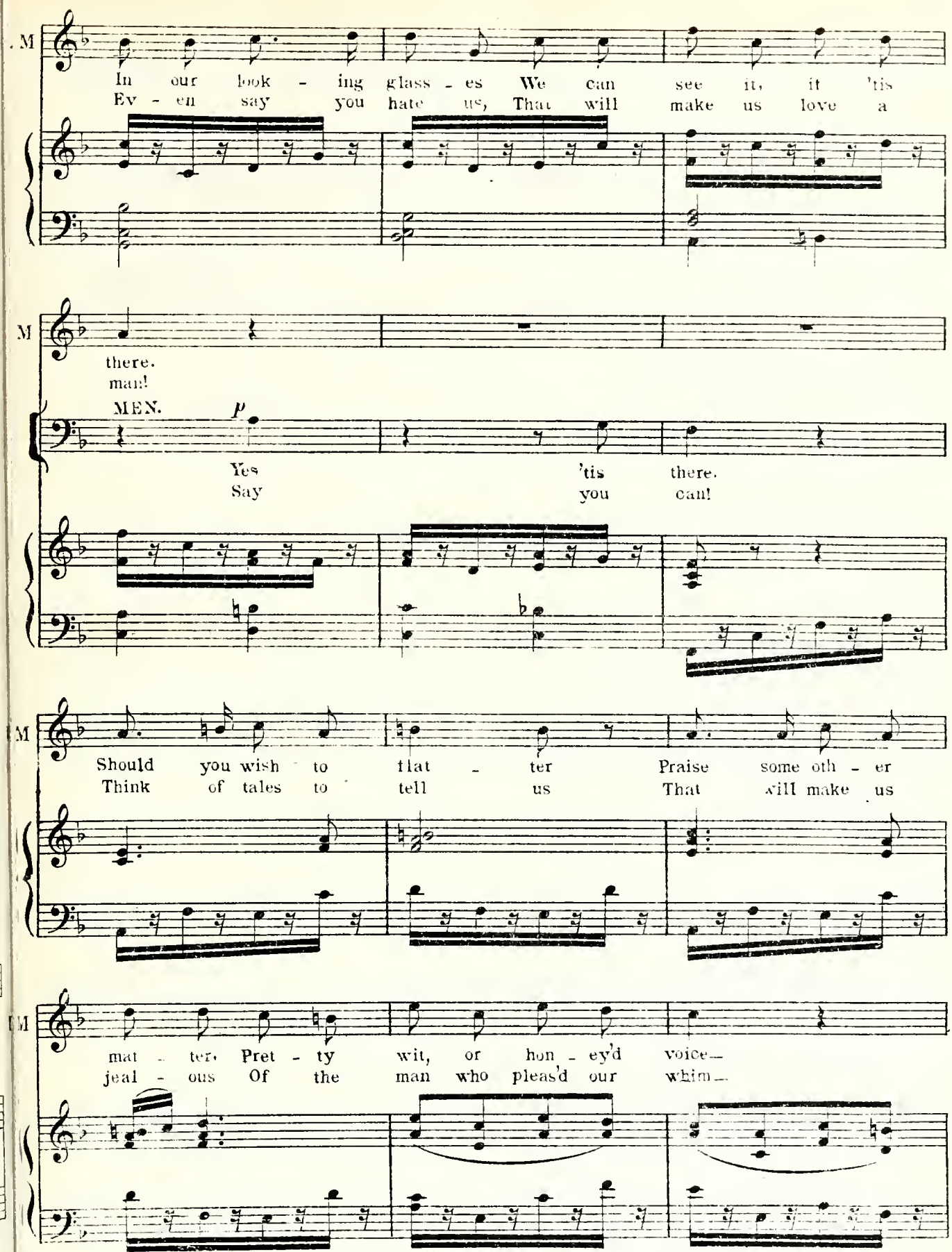

M
In our book - ing glass - es We can see it, it 'tis
Ev - en say you hate us, That will make us love a
M
there.
man!
MEN.
p
Yes 'tis there.
Say you can!
M
Should you wish to flat - ter Praise some oth - er
Think of tales to tell us That will make us
M
mat - ter, Pret - ty wit, or hon - ey'd voice—
jeal - ous Of the man who pleas'd our whim—

MEN. LUCY.

Ah, your voice Leave our fool - ish fa - ces
Caught your whim! For our lov - er's trea - son

Talk of bet - ter gra - ces, Those that we have not, for choice!
Will dis - tract our rea - son Till we mar - ry you—or him!

MEN. *p*

Where's the
No, not

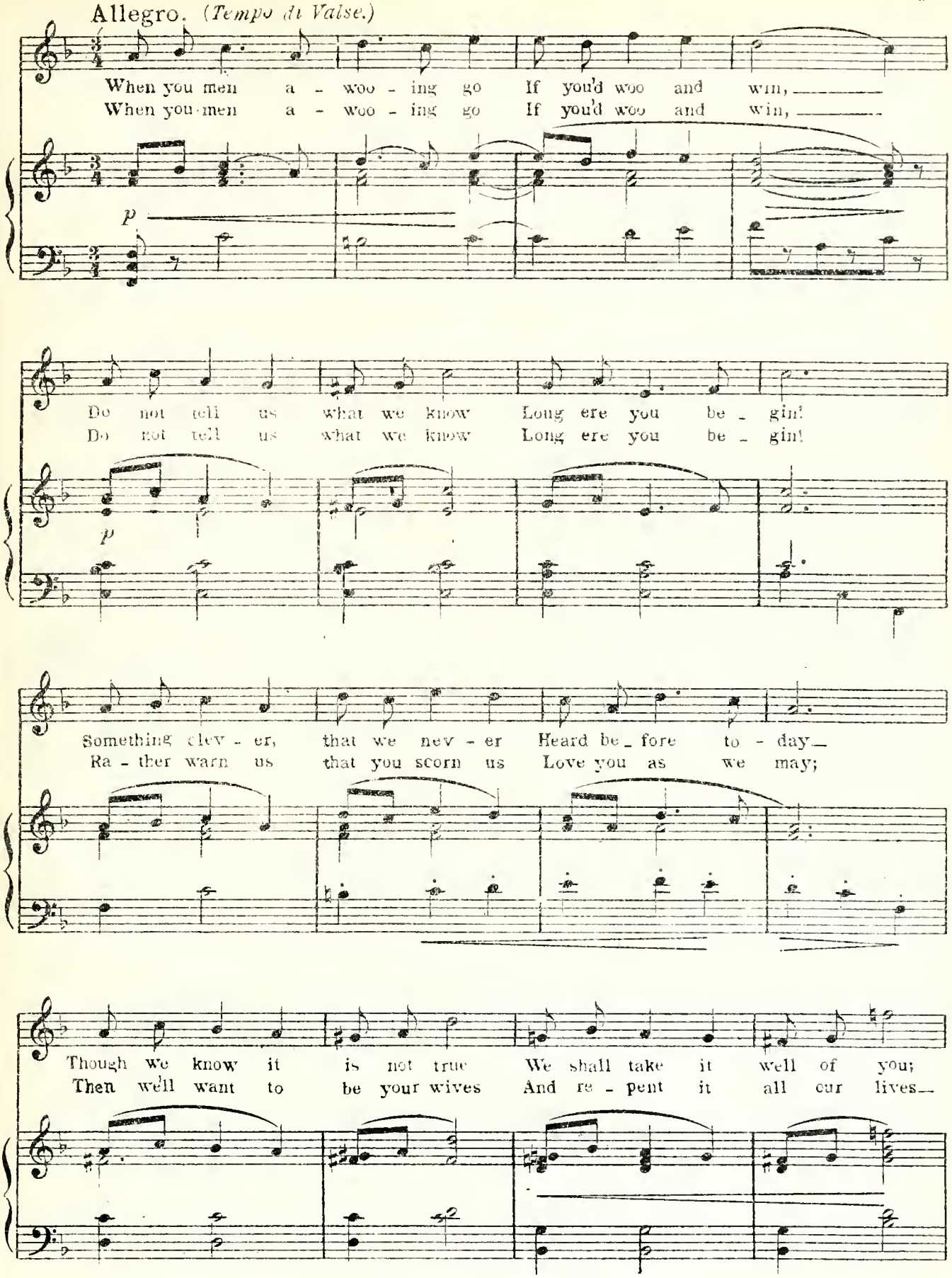
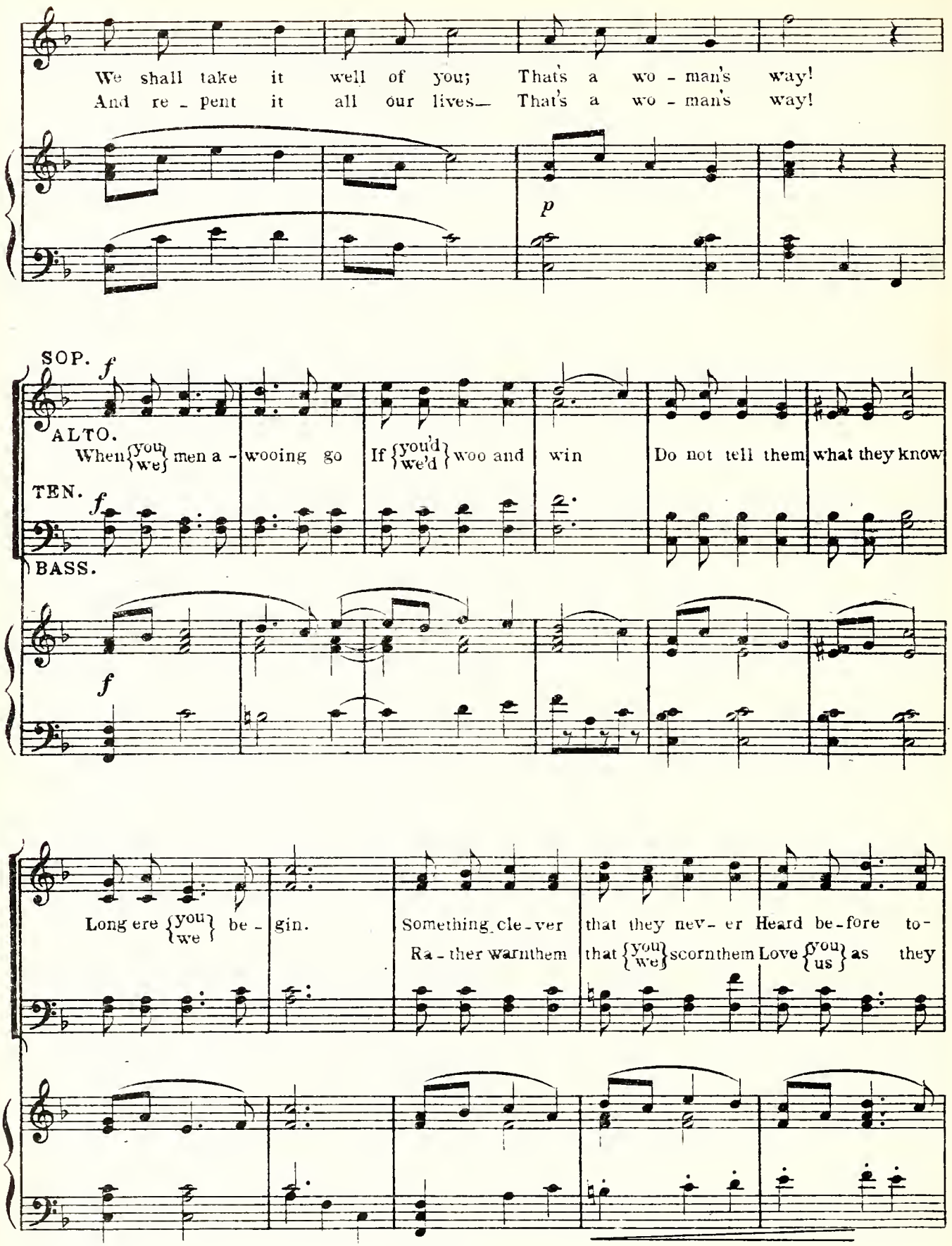
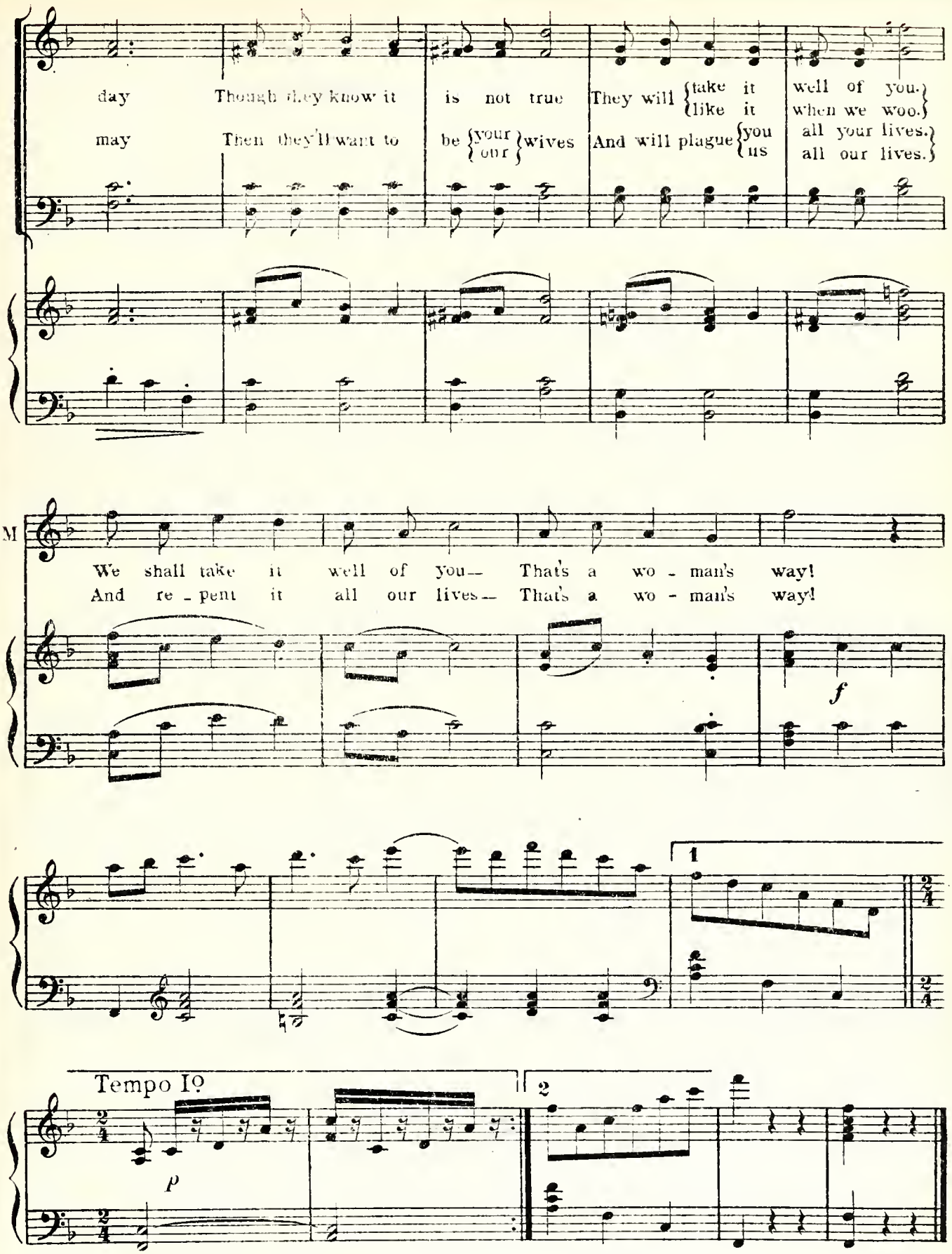
pp

choice? Can we think of what you have not?
him! 'Tis a trick that I fear to try!

dim.

rall.

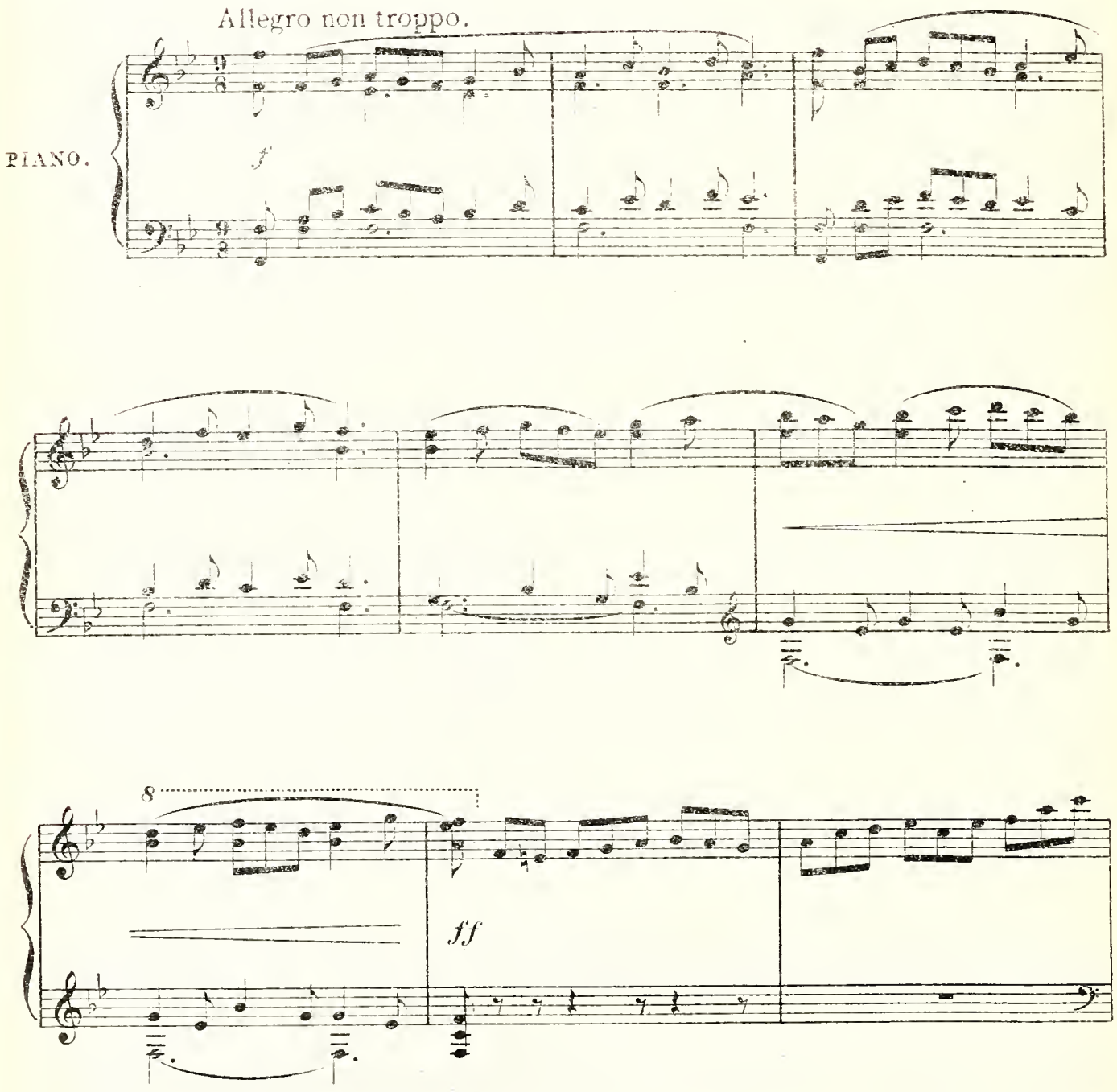
Allegro. *(Tempo di Valse.)*


When you men a - woo - ing go If you'd woo and win,
When you men a - woo - ing go If you'd woo and win,
p
Do not tell us what we know Long ere you be - gin!
Do not tell us what we know Long ere you be - gin!
p
Something clev - er, that we nev - er Heard be - fore to - day—
Ra - ther warn us that you scorn us Love you as we may;
Though we know it is not true We shall take it well of you;
Then we'll want to be your wives And re - pent it all our lives—

We shall take it well of you; That's a wo - man's way!
And re - pent it all our lives— That's a wo - man's way!
p
SOP.
f
ALTO.
When {you / we} men a - wooing go
If {you'd / we'd} woo and win
Do not tell them what they know
TEN.
f
BASS.
f
Long ere {you / we} be - gin.
Something cle - ver that they nev - er Heard be - fore to -
Ra - ther warn them that {you / we} scorn them Love {you / us} as they

day Though they know it is not true They will {take it / like it} {well of you. / when we woo.}
may Then they'll want to be {your / our} wives And will plague {you / us} {all your lives. / all our lives.}
L M
We shall take it well of you— That's a wo - man's way!
And re - pent it all our lives— That's a wo - man's way!
f
1
2
Tempo Io
p

No 13. CHORUS and SONG "Philomel".

(LADY MARY.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER.

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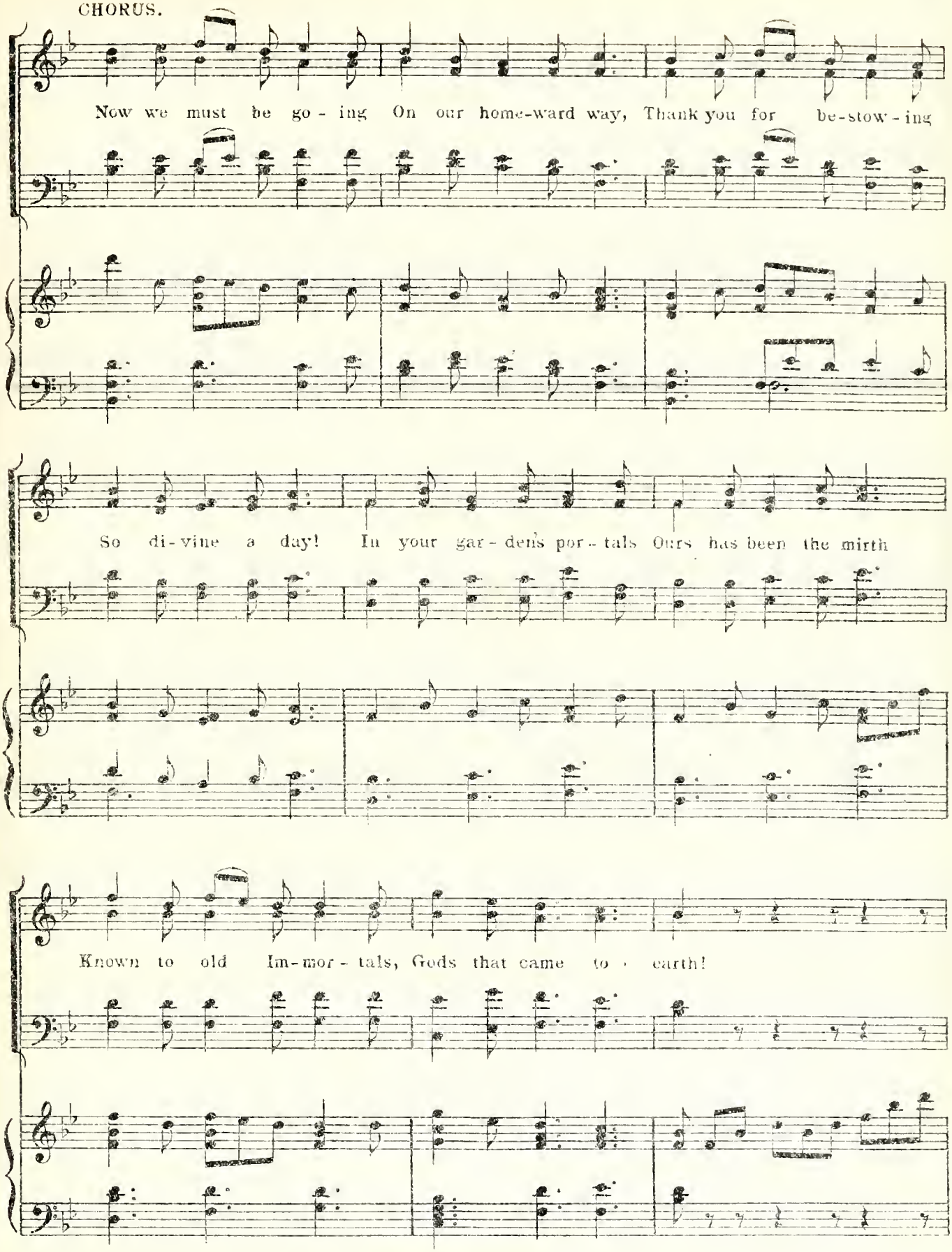
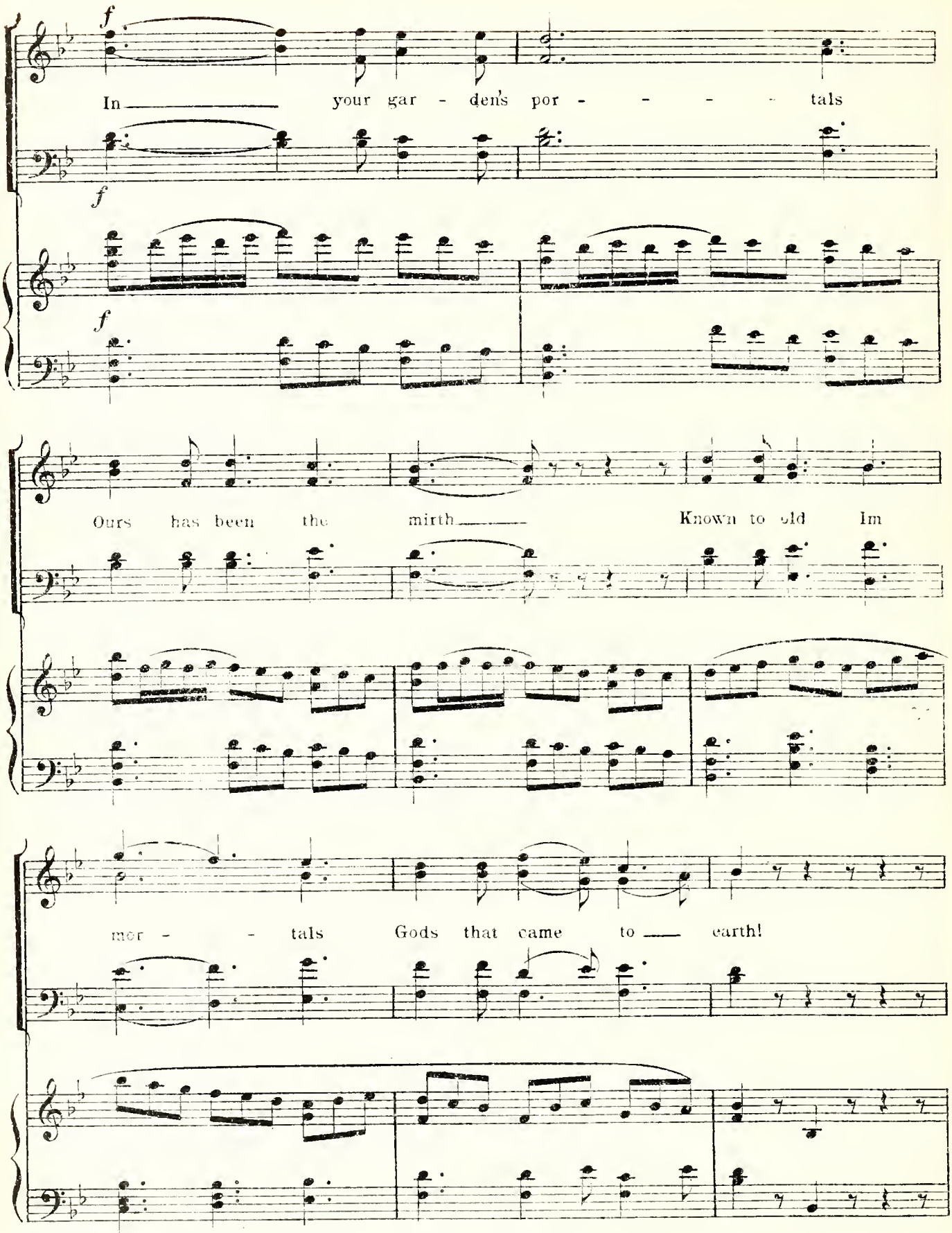
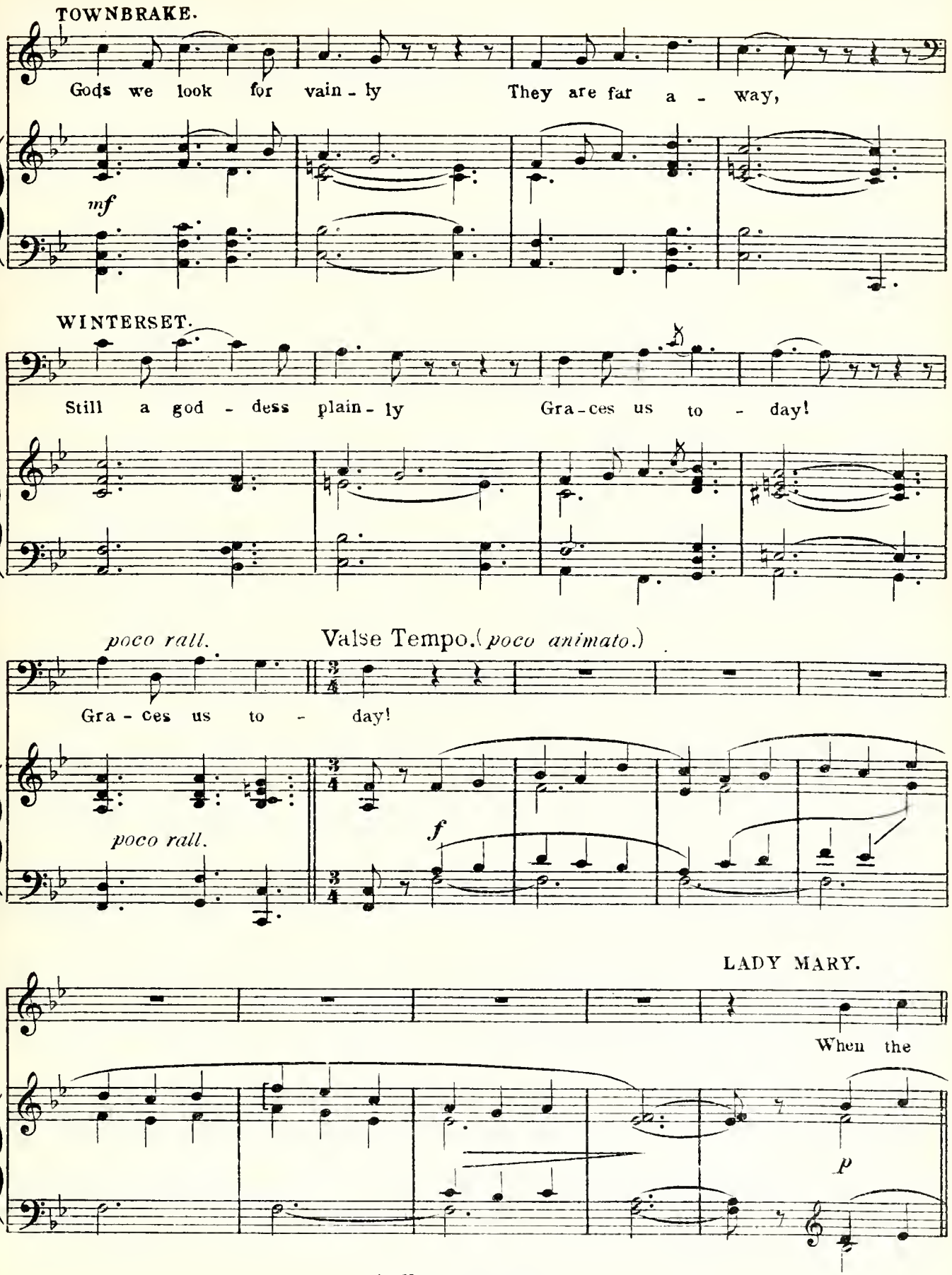
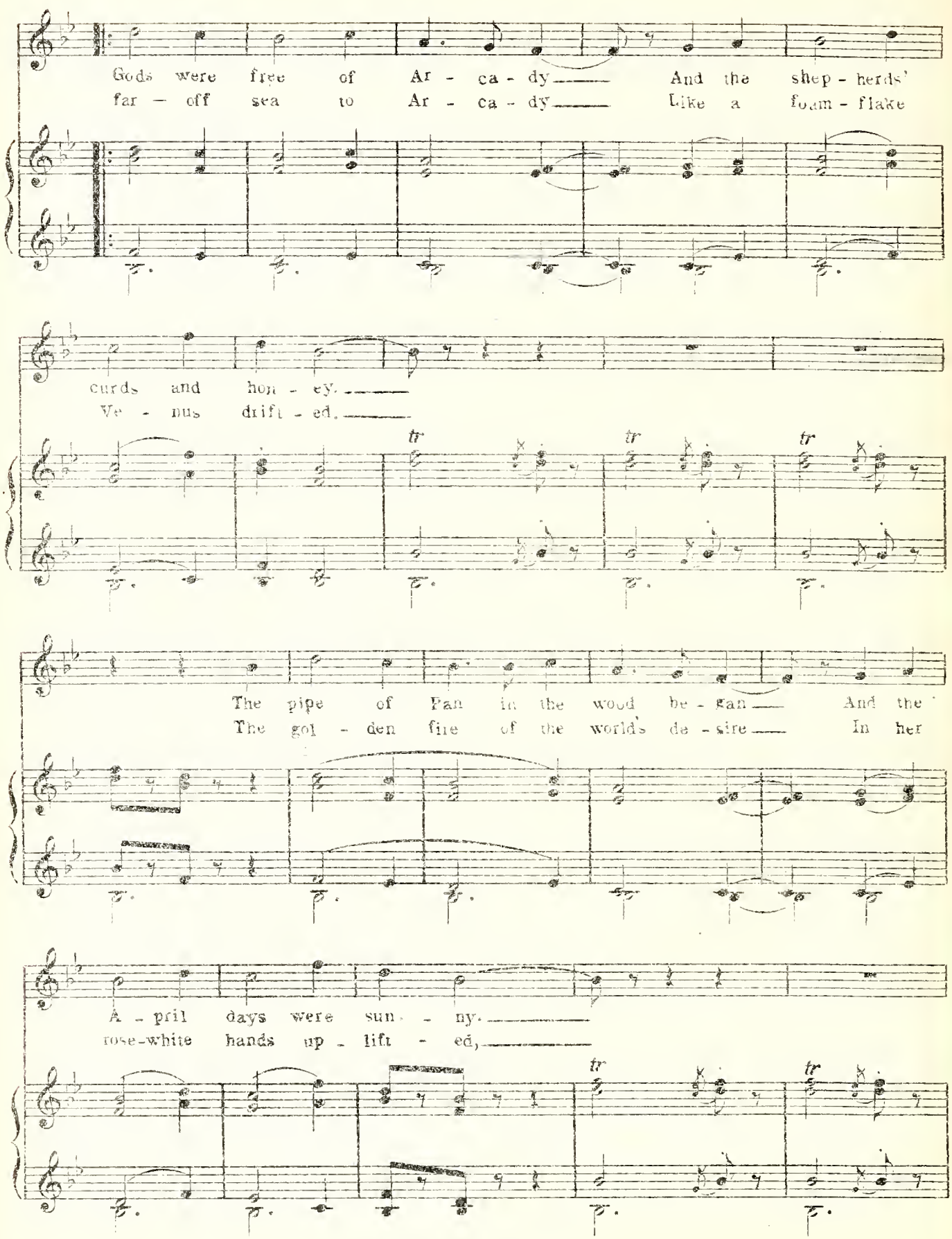
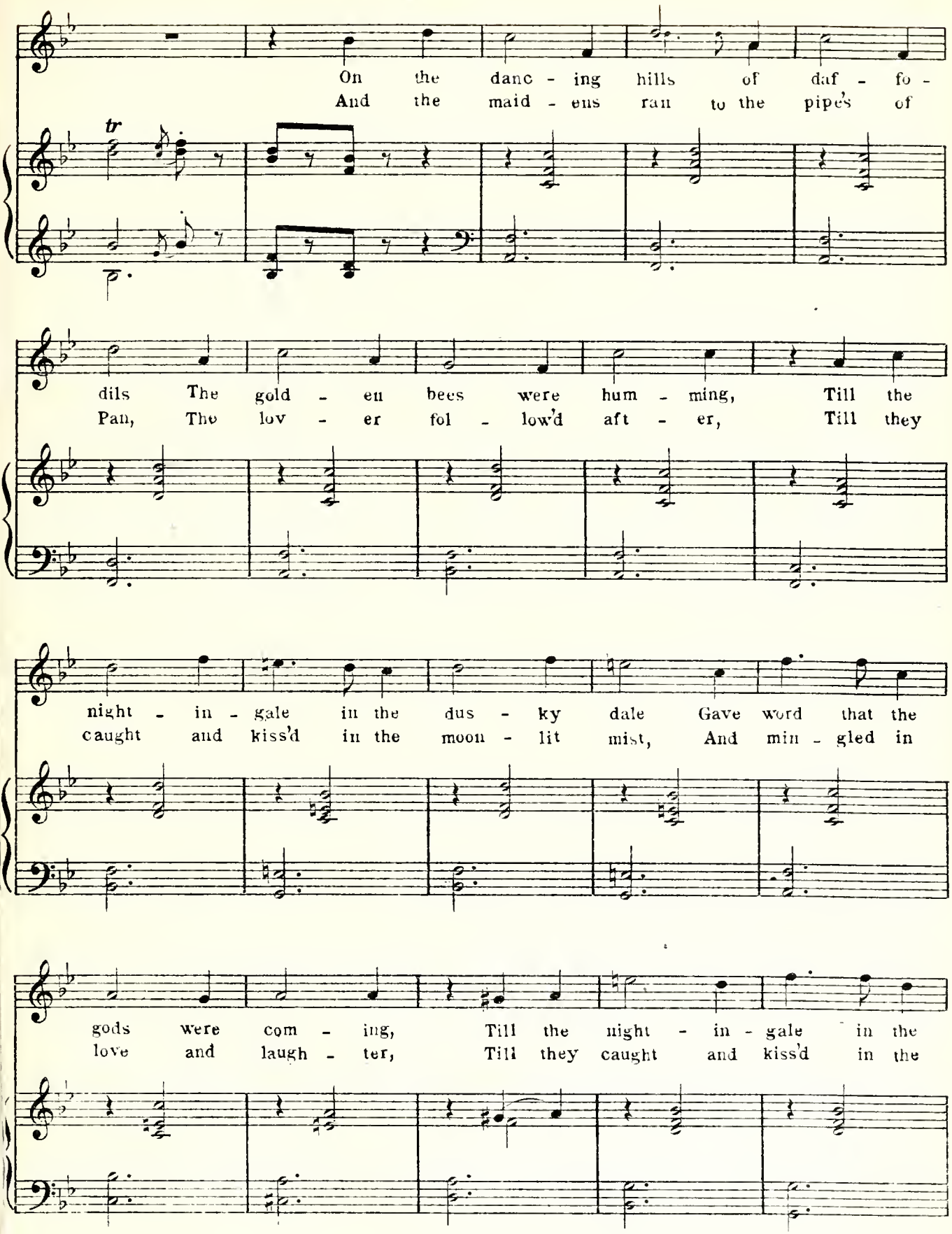
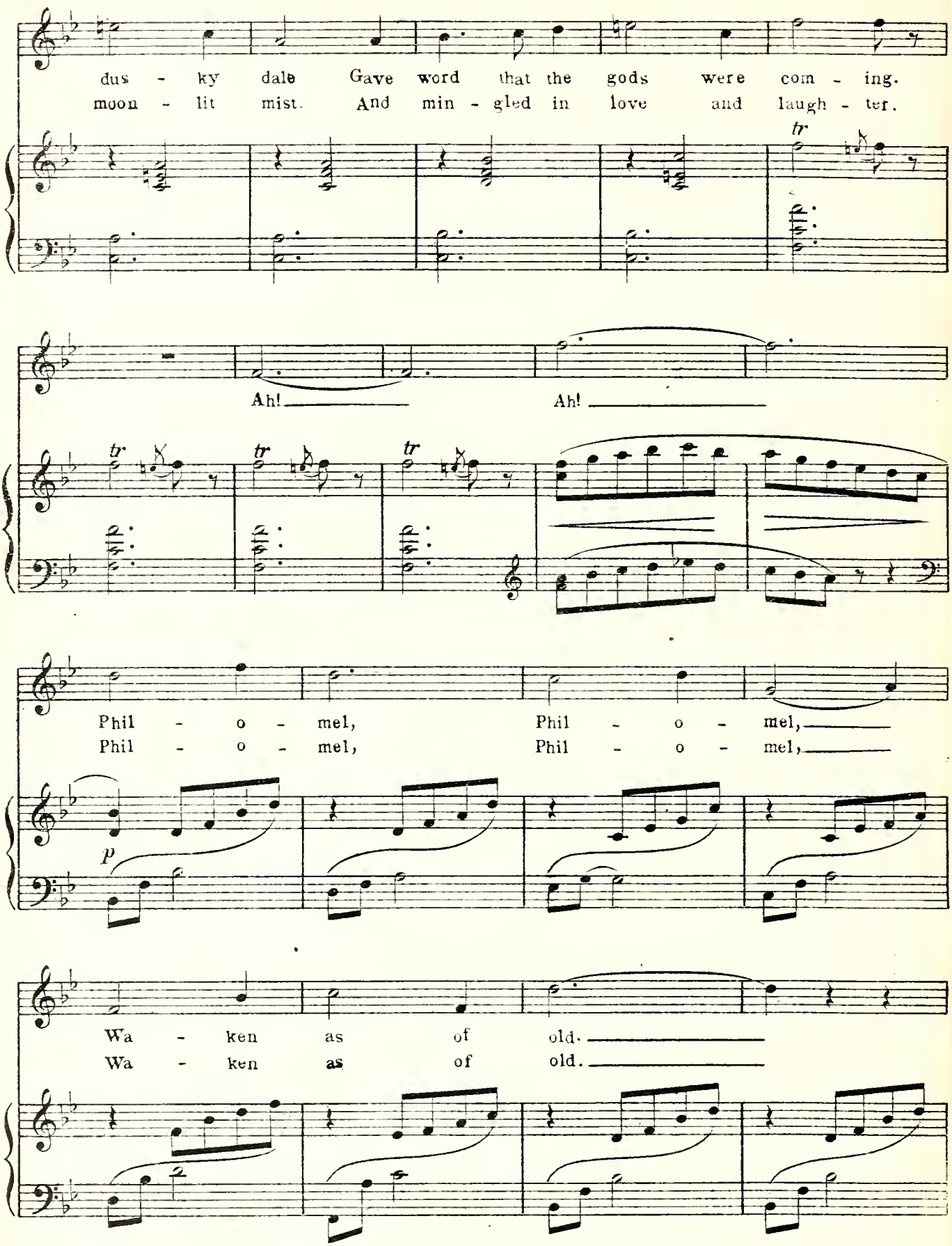
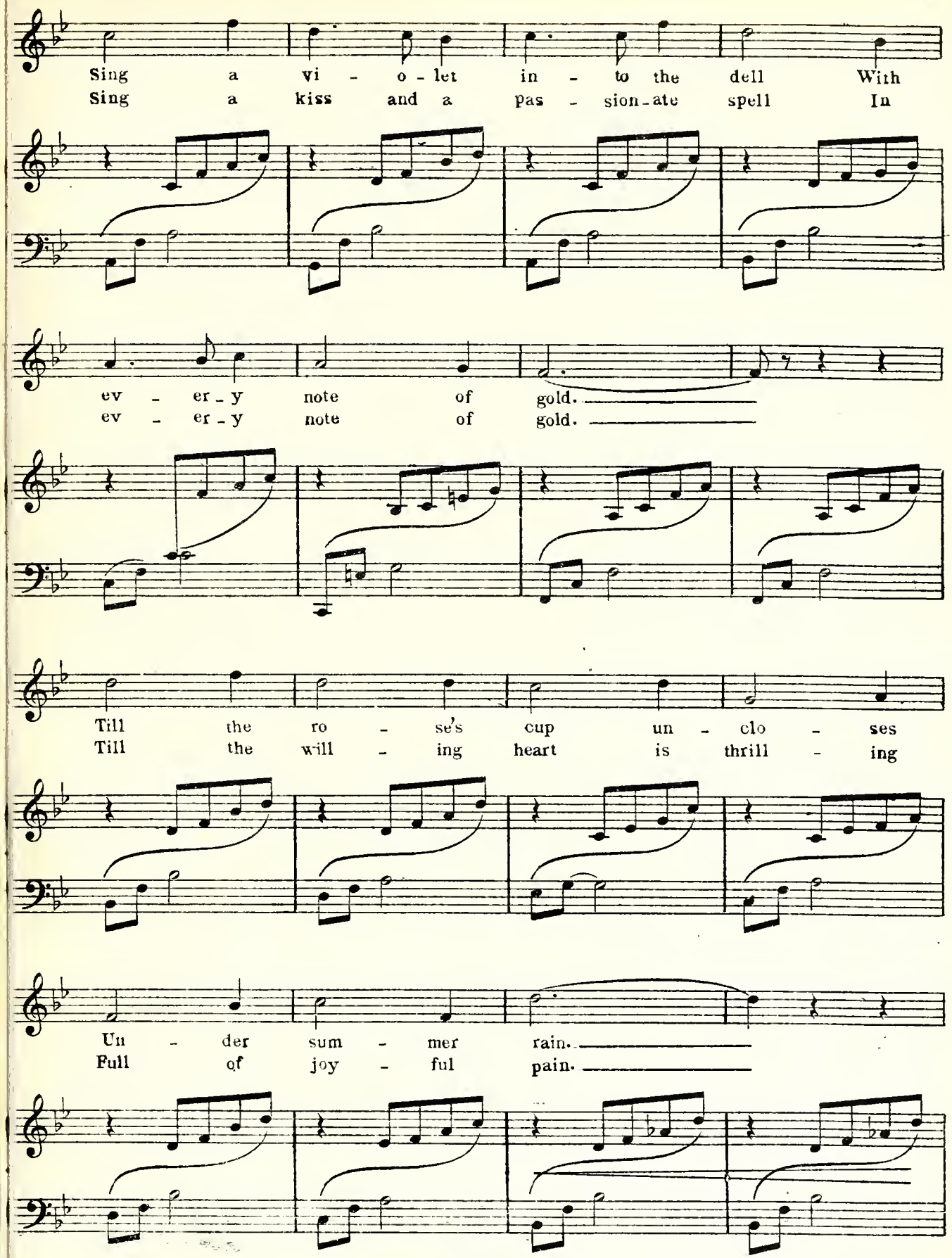
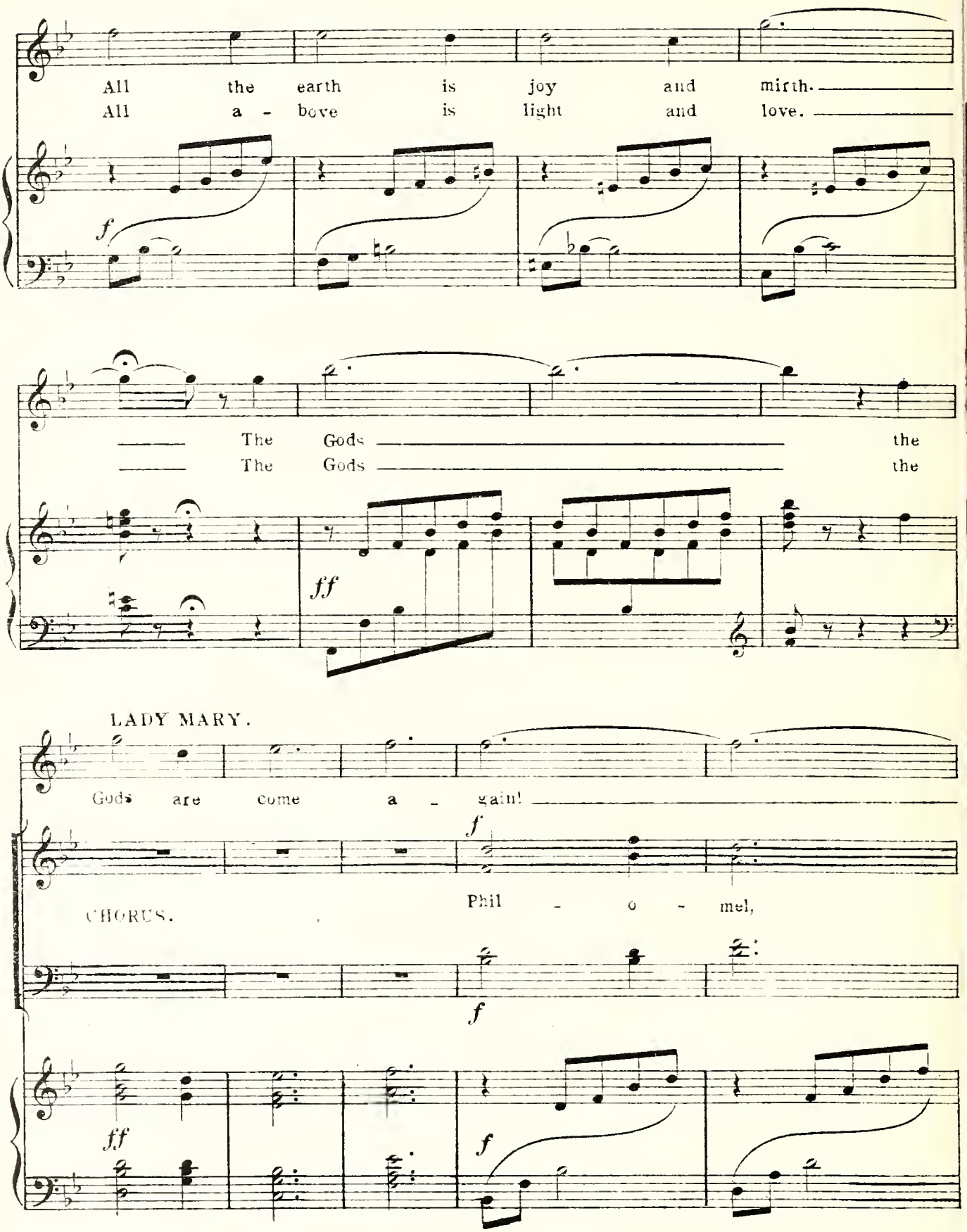
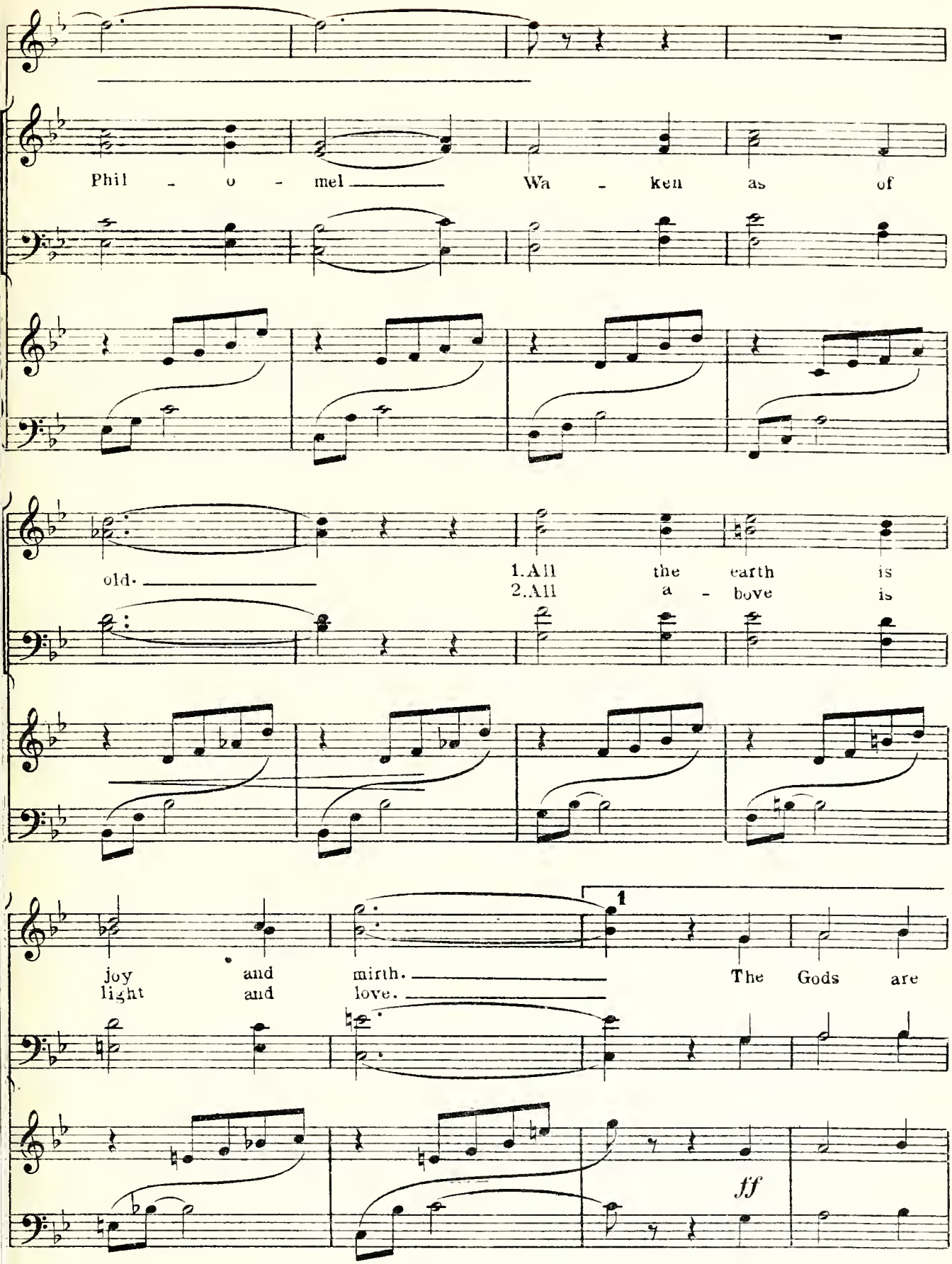
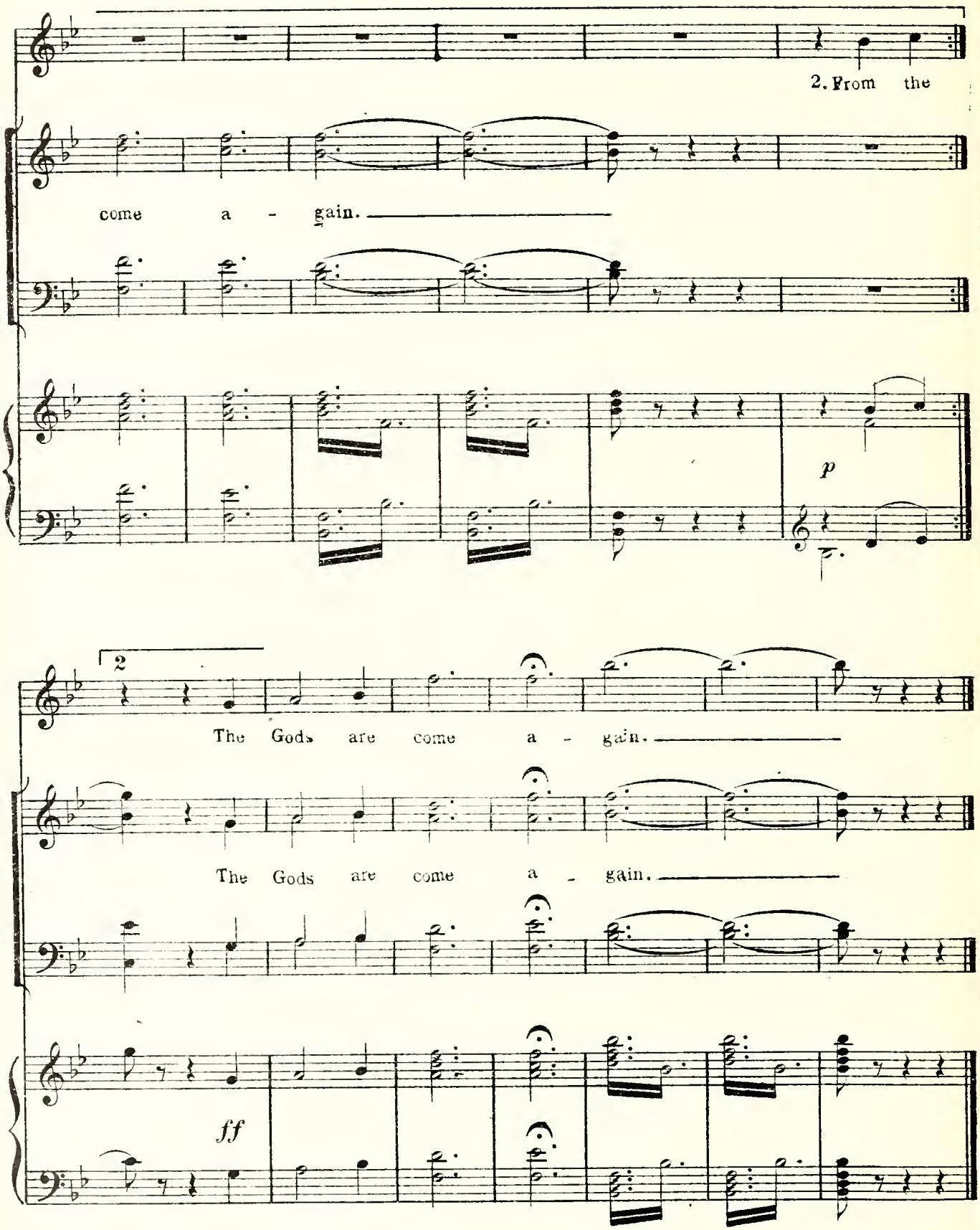
CHORUS.

Now we must be go - ing On our home-ward way, Thank you for be-stow - ing
So di-vine a day! In your gar-dens por-tals Ours has been the mirth
Known to old Im-mor-tals, Gods that came to earth!


f
In your gar - den's por - - - - tals
f
f
Ours has been the mirth Known to old Im
mor - - tals Gods that came to earth!

TOWNBRAKE.
Gods we look for vain - ly They are far a - way,
mf
WINTERSET.
Still a god - dess plain - ly Gra - ces us to - day!
poco rall.
Valse Tempo. (poco animato.)
Gra - ces us to - day!
poco rall.
f
LADY MARY.
When the
p

Gods were free of Ar - ca - dy And the shep - herds'
far - off sea to Ar - ca - dy Like a foam - flake
curds and hon - ey.
Ve - nus drift - ed.
tr
tr
tr
The pipe of Pan in the wood be - gan And the
The gol - den fire of the world's de - sire In her
A - pril days were sun - ny.
rose-white hands up - lift - ed,
tr
tr


On the danc - ing hills of daf - fo -
And the maid - ens ran to the pipe's of
tr
dils The gold - en bees were hum - ming, Till the
Pan, The lov - er fol - low'd aft - er, Till they
night - in - gale in the dus - ky dale Gave word that the
caught and kiss'd in the moon - lit mist, And min - gled in
gods were com - ing, Till the night - in - gale in the
love and laugh - ter, Till they caught and kiss'd in the

dus - ky dale Gave word that the gods were com - ing.
moon - lit mist. And min - gled in love and laugh - ter.
tr
Ah! Ah!
tr tr tr
Phil - o - mel, Phil - o - mel,
Phil - o - mel, Phil - o - mel,
p
Wa - ken as of old.
Wa - ken as of old.

Sing a vi - o - let in - to the dell With
Sing a kiss and a pas - sion-ate spell In
ev - er - y note of gold.
ev - er - y note of gold.
Till the ro - se's cup un - clo - ses
Till the will - ing heart is thrill - ing
Un - der sum - mer rain.
Full of joy - ful pain.

All the earth is joy and mirth.
All a - bove is light and love.
f
The Gods the
The Gods the
ff
LADY MARY.
Gods are come a - gain!
f
CHORUS.
Phil - o - mel,
f
ff
f


Phil - o - mel
Wa - ken as of
old.
1.All the earth is
2.All a - bove is
joy and mirth.
light and love.
1
The Gods are
ff

2. From the
come a - gain.
p
2
The Gods are come a - gain.
The Gods are come a - gain.
ff

No 14. SONG—"Honour and Love."

(MOLYNEUX.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Moderato. (*un poco allegro.*)

PIANO.

f

MOLYNEUX.

Ask me not, dear, Why I must leave you
Care not to know All that is hid-den

calando.

p

Have not a fear Lest I de-ceive you! Yours is my heart
How can I show What is for-bid-den? Hon-our has bands

poco cresc.

Wak-ing or sleep-ing Though I de-part 'Tis in your keep-ing
Not to be bro-ken What it commands Can-not be spo-ken!

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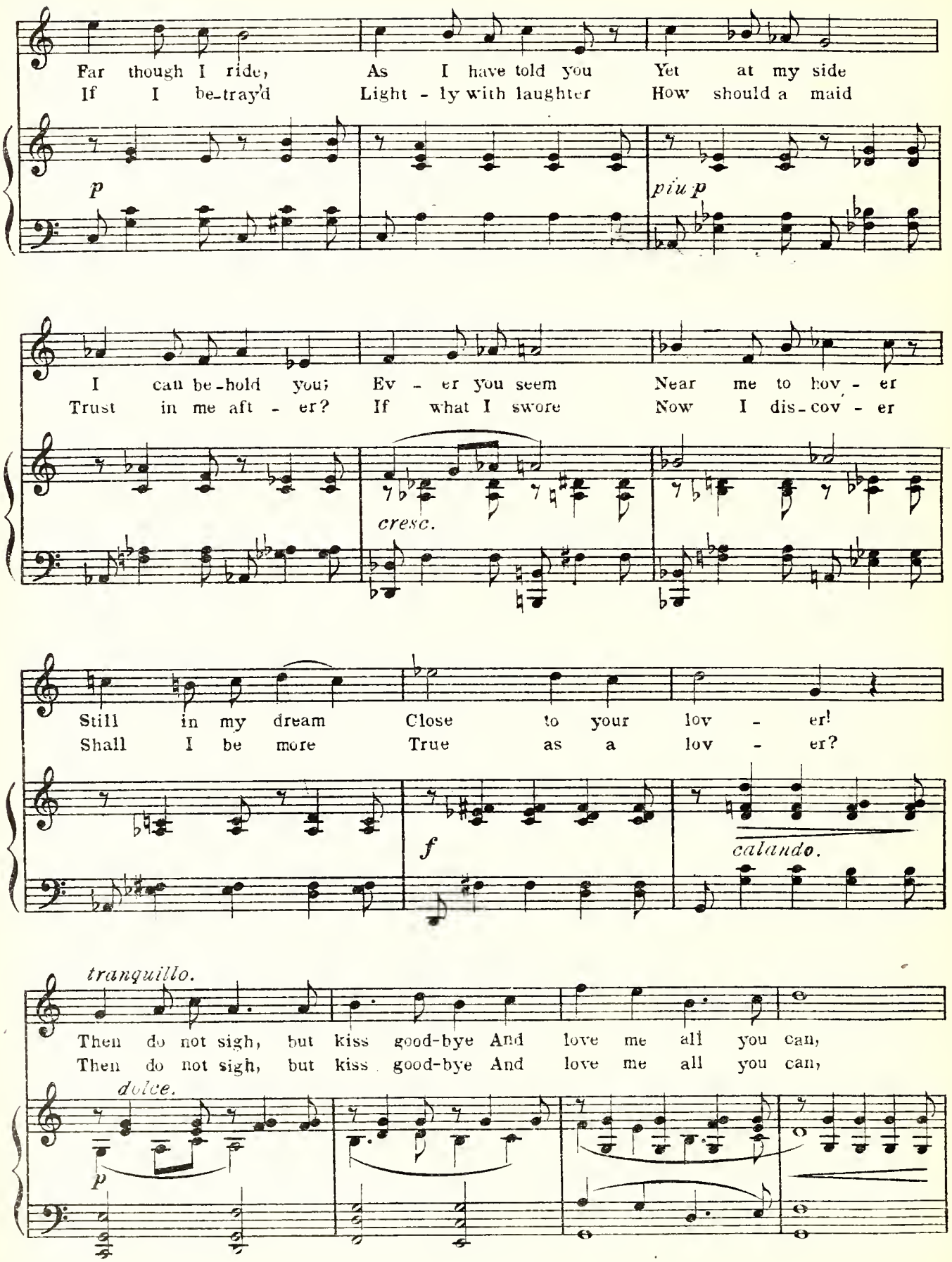
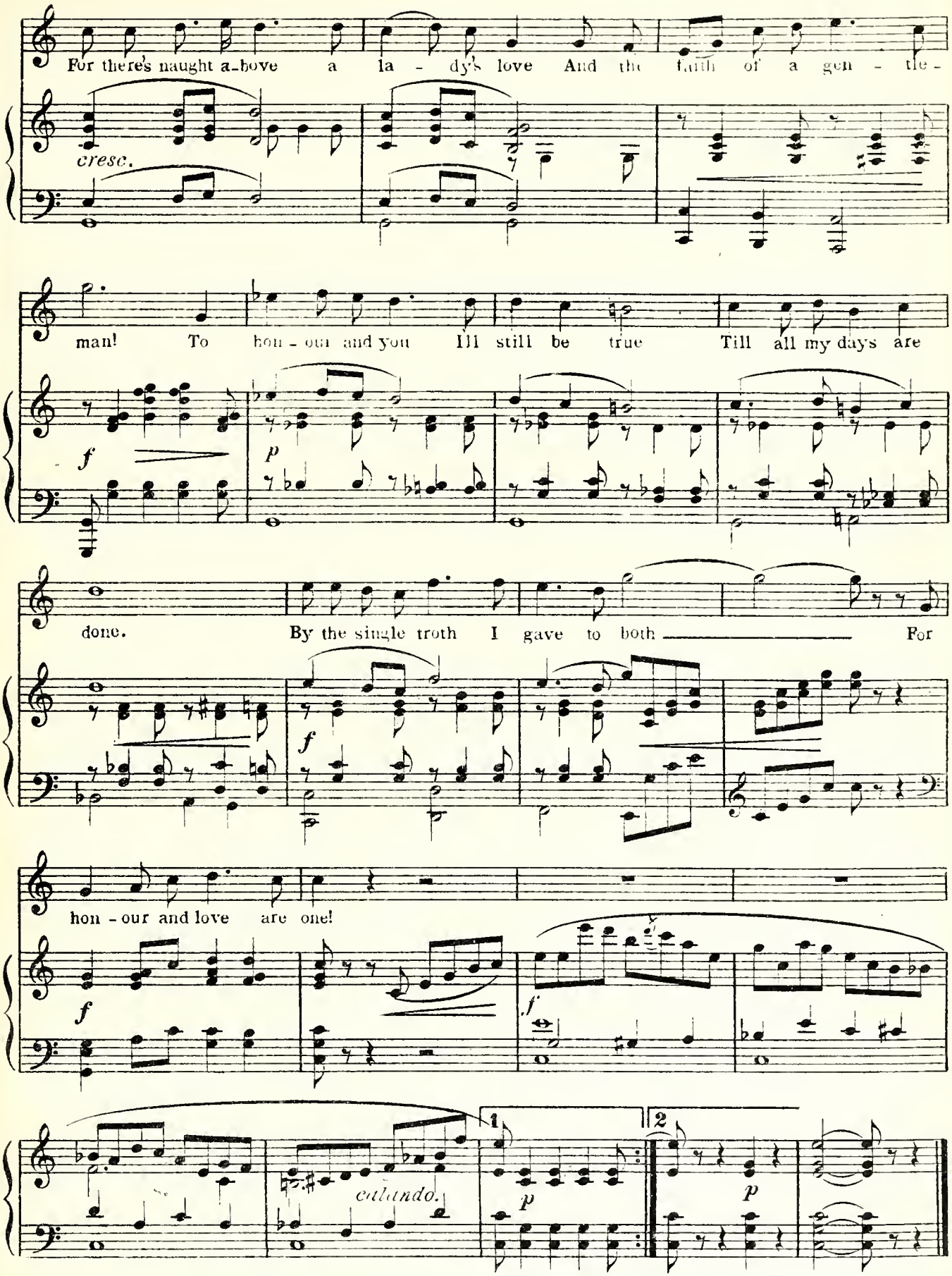
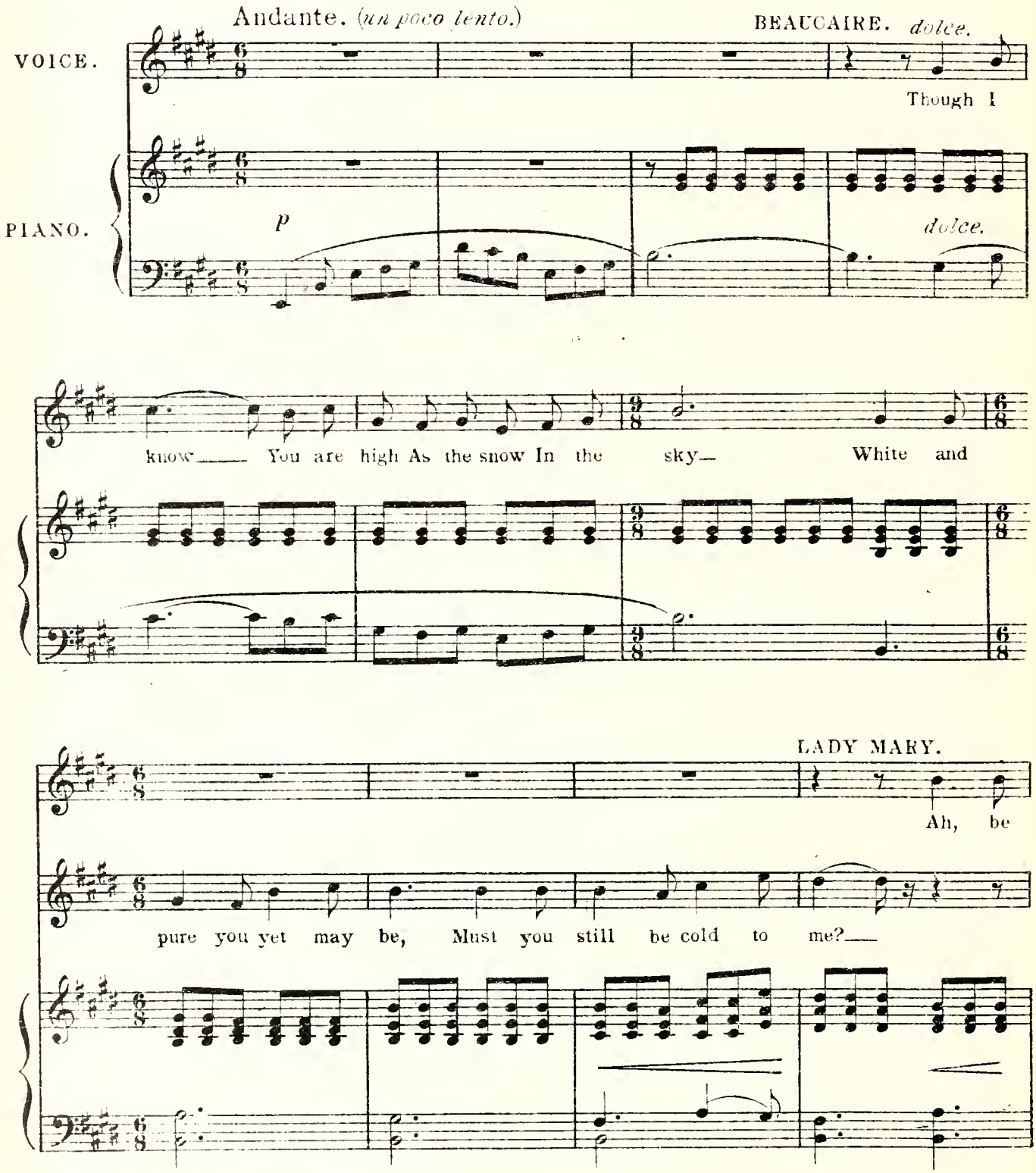

Far though I ride, As I have told you Yet at my side
If I be-tray'd Light - ly with laughter How should a maid
p
piu p
I can be-hold you; Ev - er you seem Near me to hov - er
Trust in me aft - er? If what I swore Now I dis-cov - er
cresc.
Still in my dream Close to your lov - er!
Shall I be more True as a lov - er?
f
calando.
tranquillo.
Then do not sigh, but kiss good-bye And love me all you can,
Then do not sigh, but kiss good-bye And love me all you can,
dolce.
p

For there's naught a-bove a la - dy's love And the faith of a gen - tle-
cresc.
man! To hon - our and you I'll still be true Till all my days are
f
p
done. By the single troth I gave to both For
f
hon - our and love are one!
f
f
1
2
p
p
calando.

No 15. DUET—"Say no more."

(LADY MARY & BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

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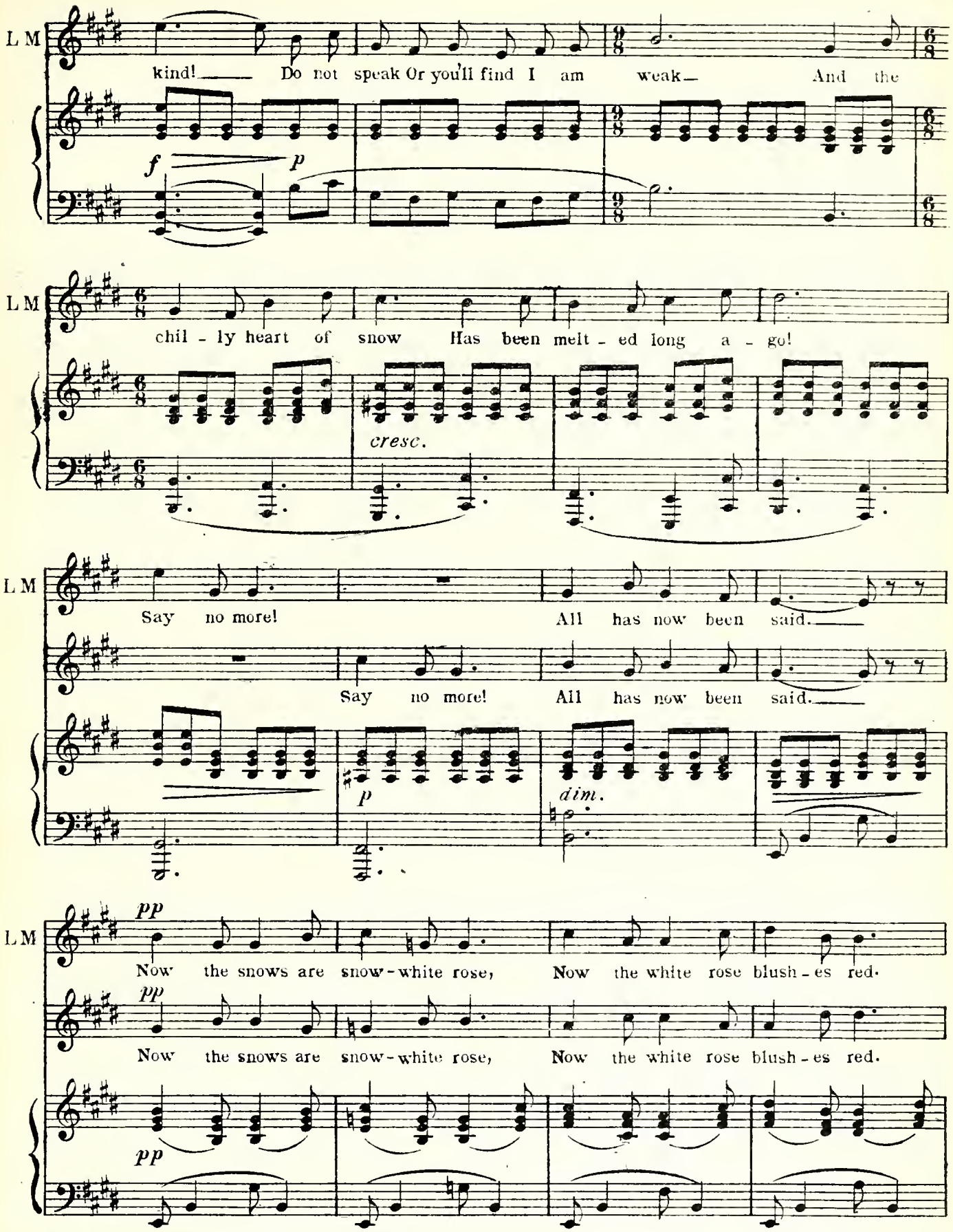
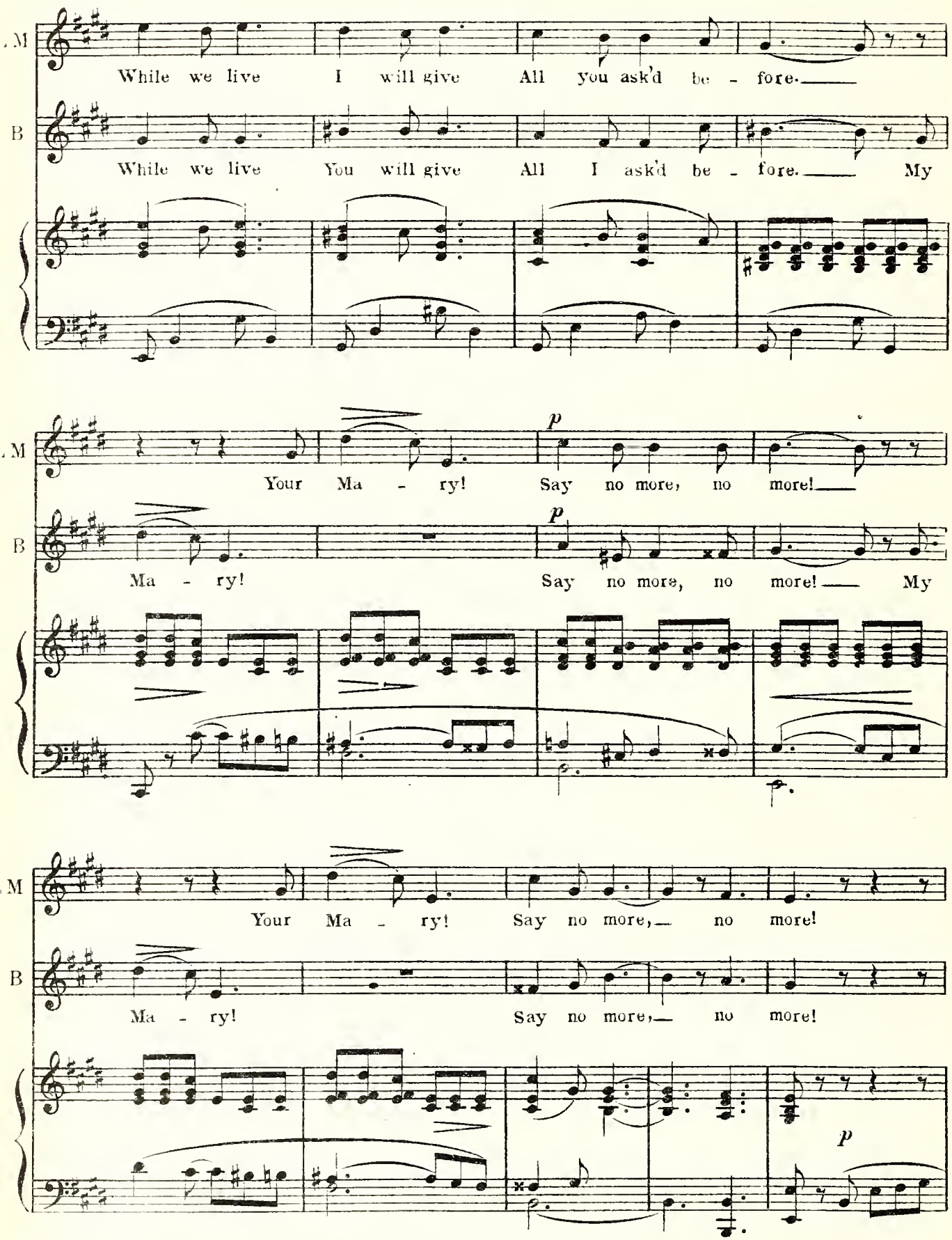
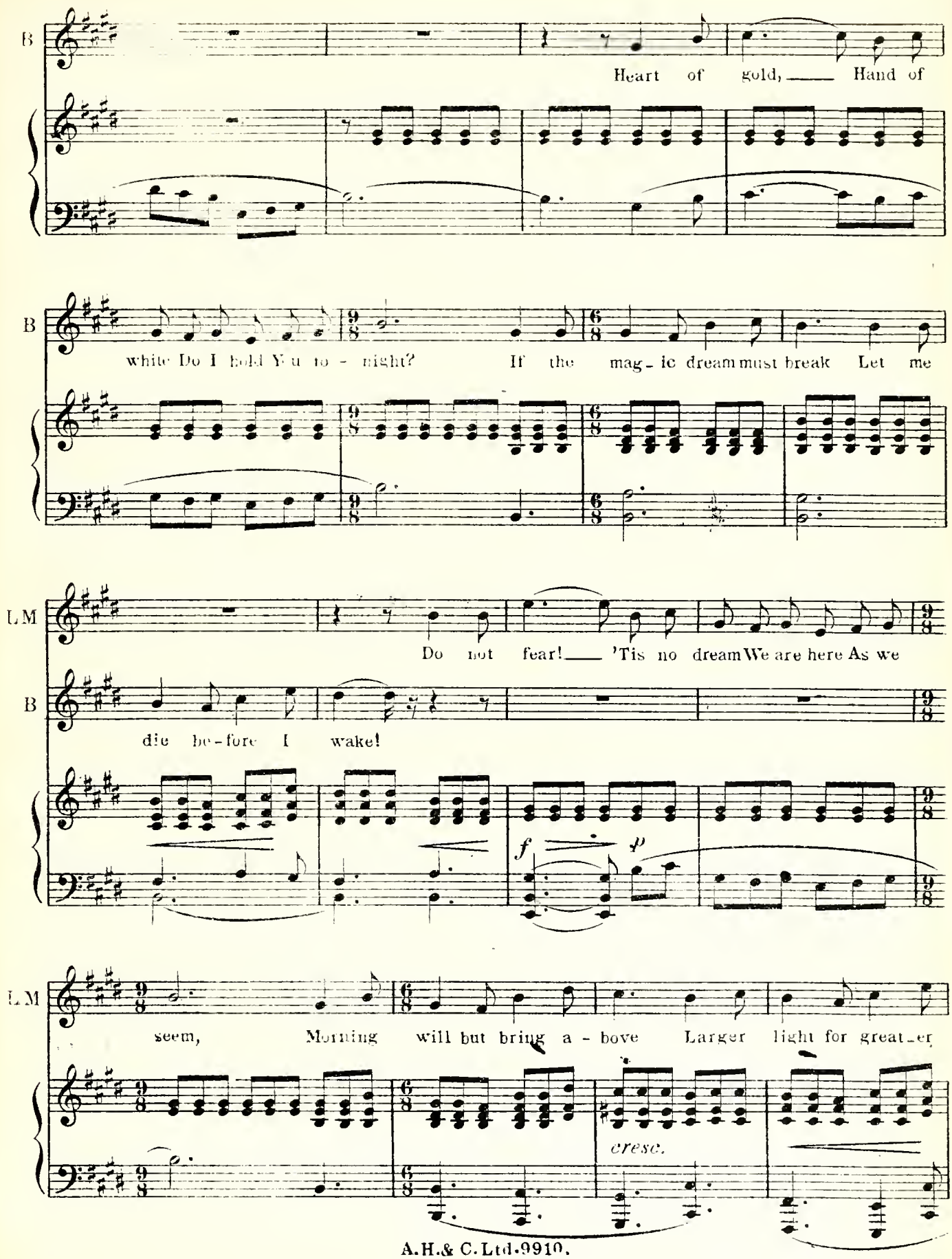
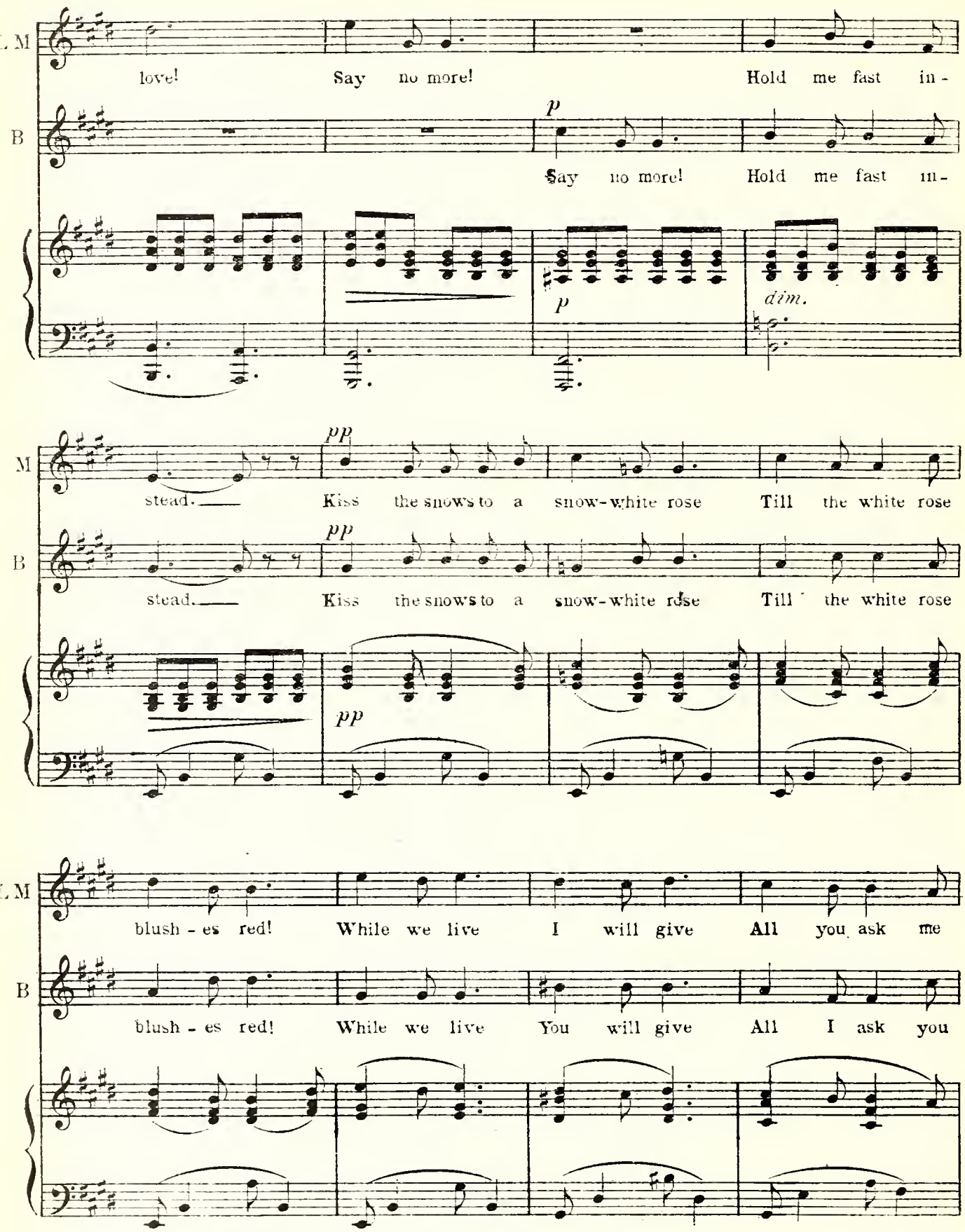
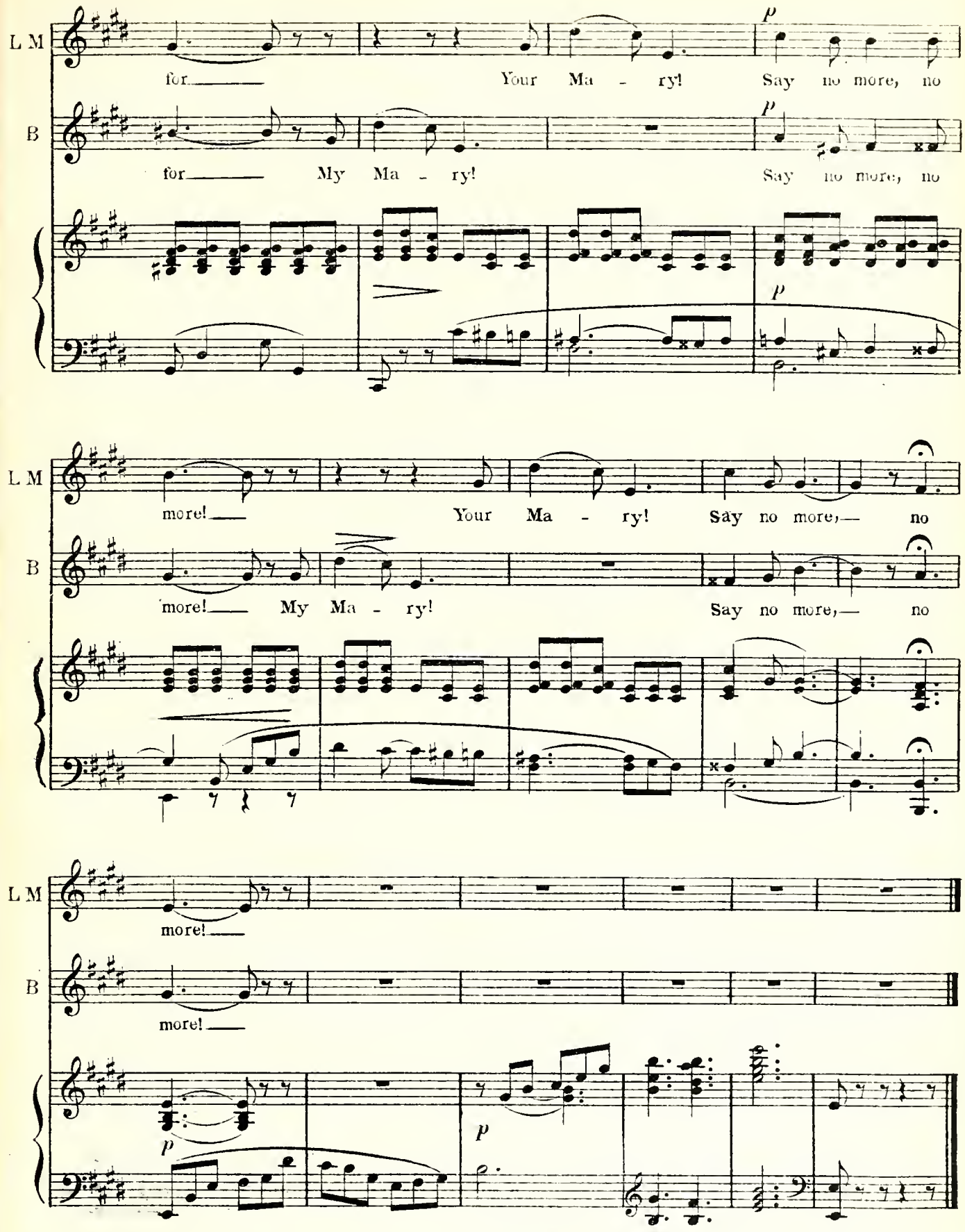

L M
kind! Do not speak Or you'll find I am weak And the
f p
L M
chil - ly heart of snow Has been melt - ed long a - go!
cresc.
L M
Say no more! All has now been said.
Say no more! All has now been said.
p
dim.
L M
pp
Now the snows are snow-white rose, Now the white rose blush - es red.
pp
Now the snows are snow-white rose, Now the white rose blush - es red.
pp

M
While we live I will give All you ask'd be - fore.
B
While we live You will give All I ask'd be - fore. My
M
Your Ma - ry! Say no more, no more!
p
B
Ma - ry! Say no more, no more! My
p
M
Your Ma - ry! Say no more, no more!
B
Ma - ry! Say no more, no more!
p

B
Heart of gold, Hand of
B
white Do I hold You to - night? If the mag - ic dream must break Let me
LM
Do not fear! 'Tis no dream We are here As we
B
die be-fore I wake!
f
p
LM
seem, Morning will but bring a - bove Larger light for greater
cresc.

love! Say no more! Hold me fast in-
Say no more! Hold me fast in-
p
p
dim.
stead. Kiss the snows to a snow-white rose Till the white rose
stead. Kiss the snows to a snow-white rose Till the white rose
pp
pp
blush-es red! While we live I will give All you ask me
blush-es red! While we live You will give All I ask you


L M
for Your Ma - ry! Say no more, no
B
for My Ma - ry! Say no more, no
p
L M
more! Your Ma - ry! Say no more, no
B
more! My Ma - ry! Say no more, no
L M
more!
B
more!
p
p

No 16. Finale. Act II.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.

Molto vivace.

WINTERSET.

VOICE.

PIANO.

ff

Nay, stop!

LADY MARY.

Ru - in'd!

I will not see you ru - in'd thus! Aye, Ru - in'd!

I know him by the name your Lordship gave: The

Do you know the Knave?

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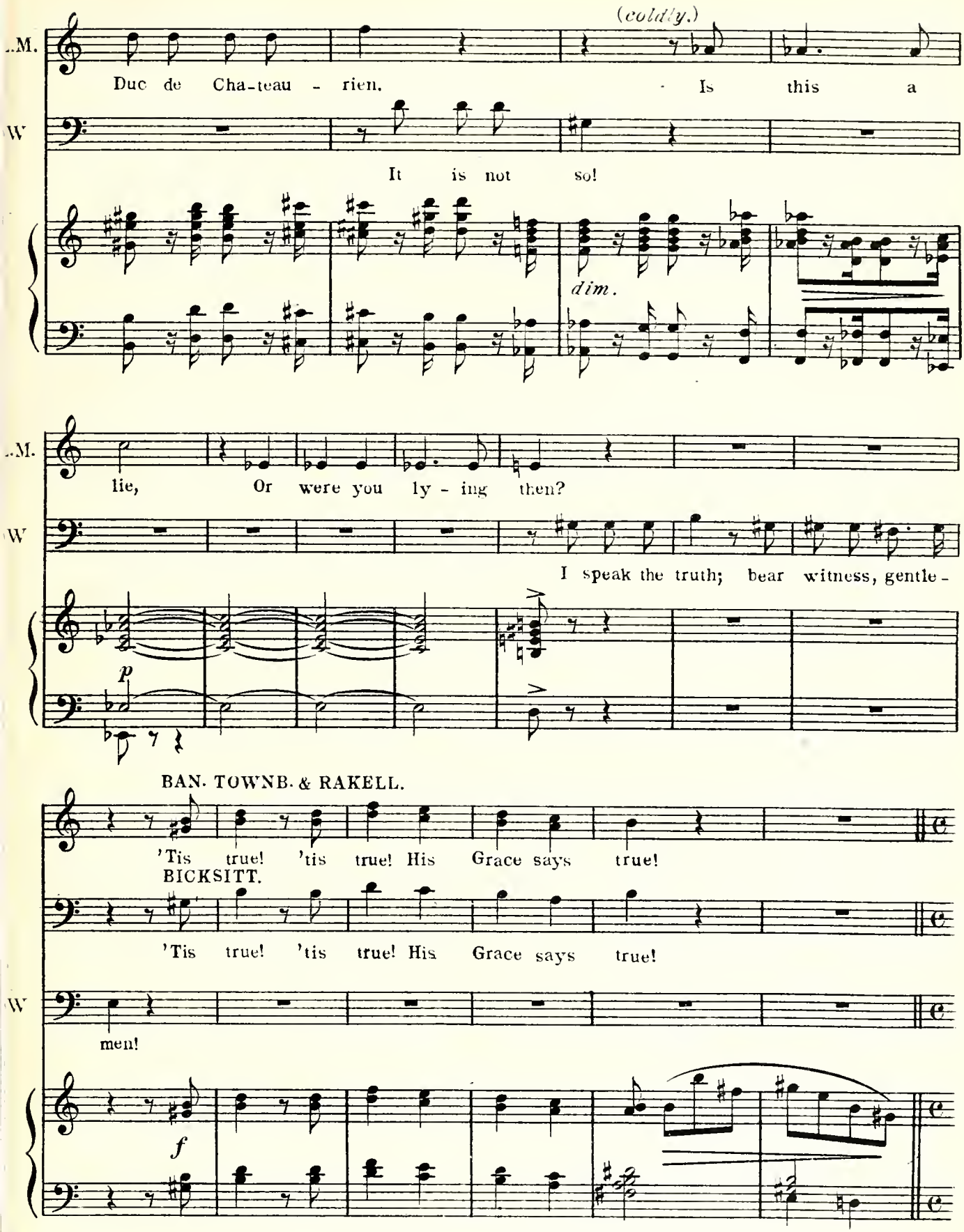
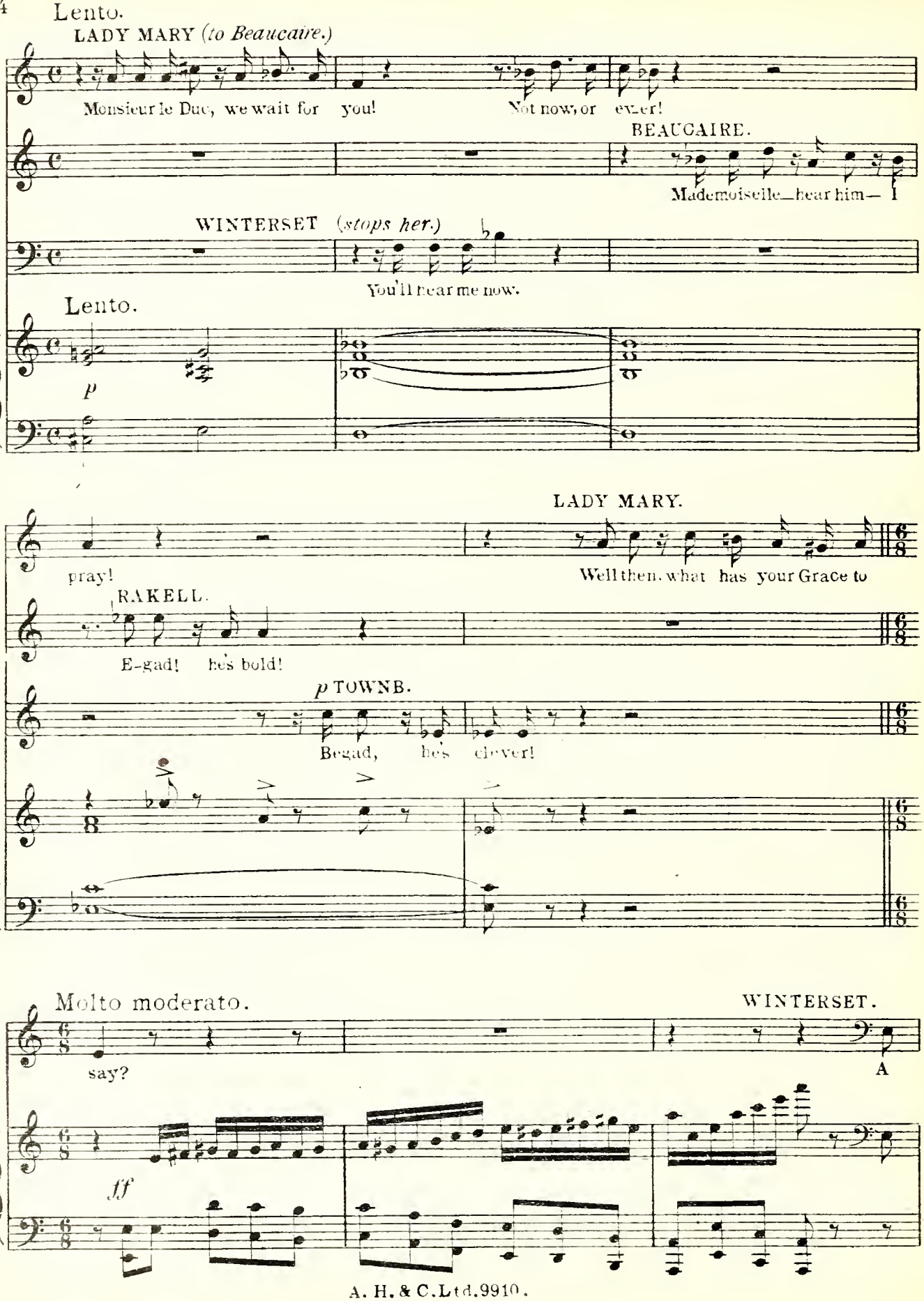
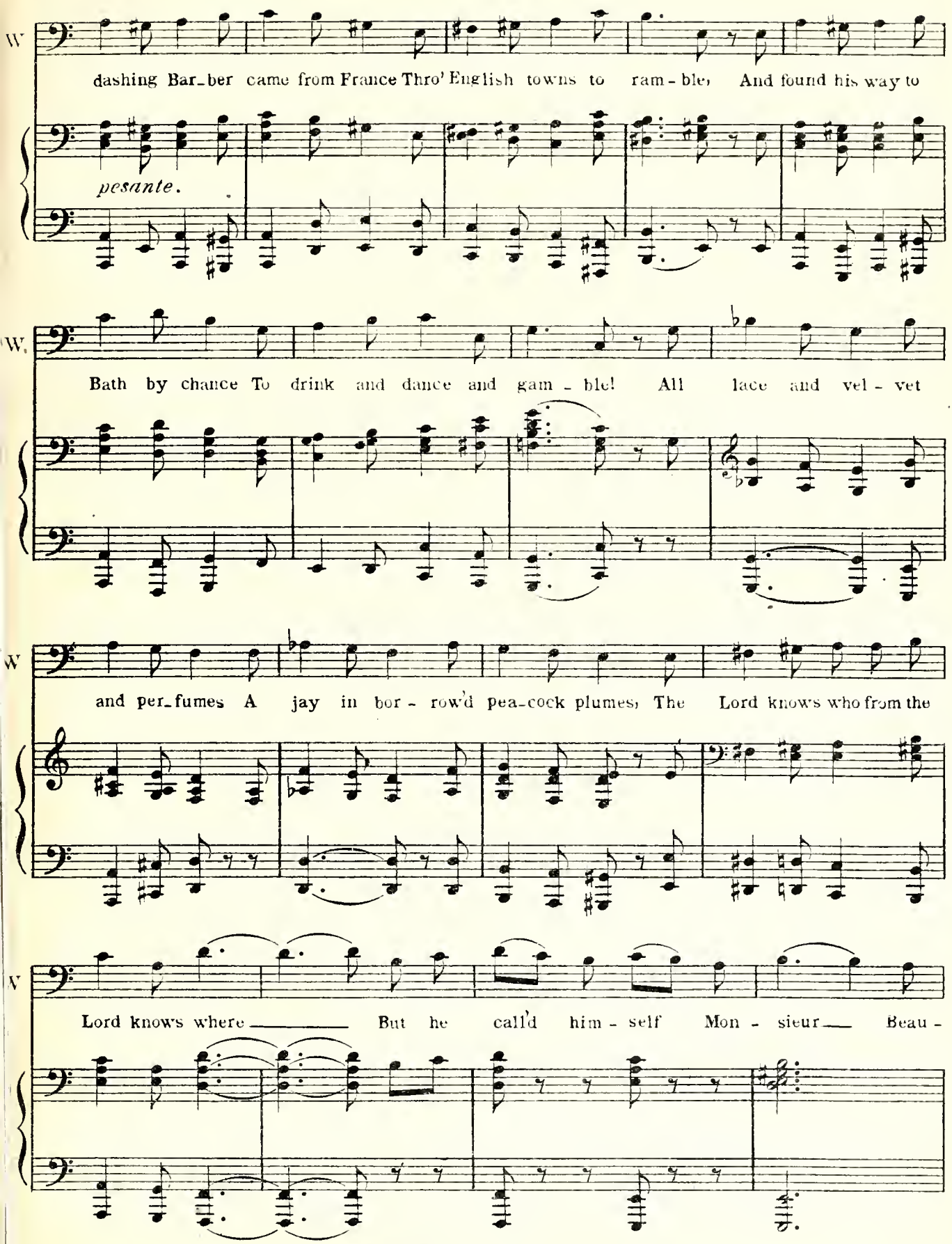
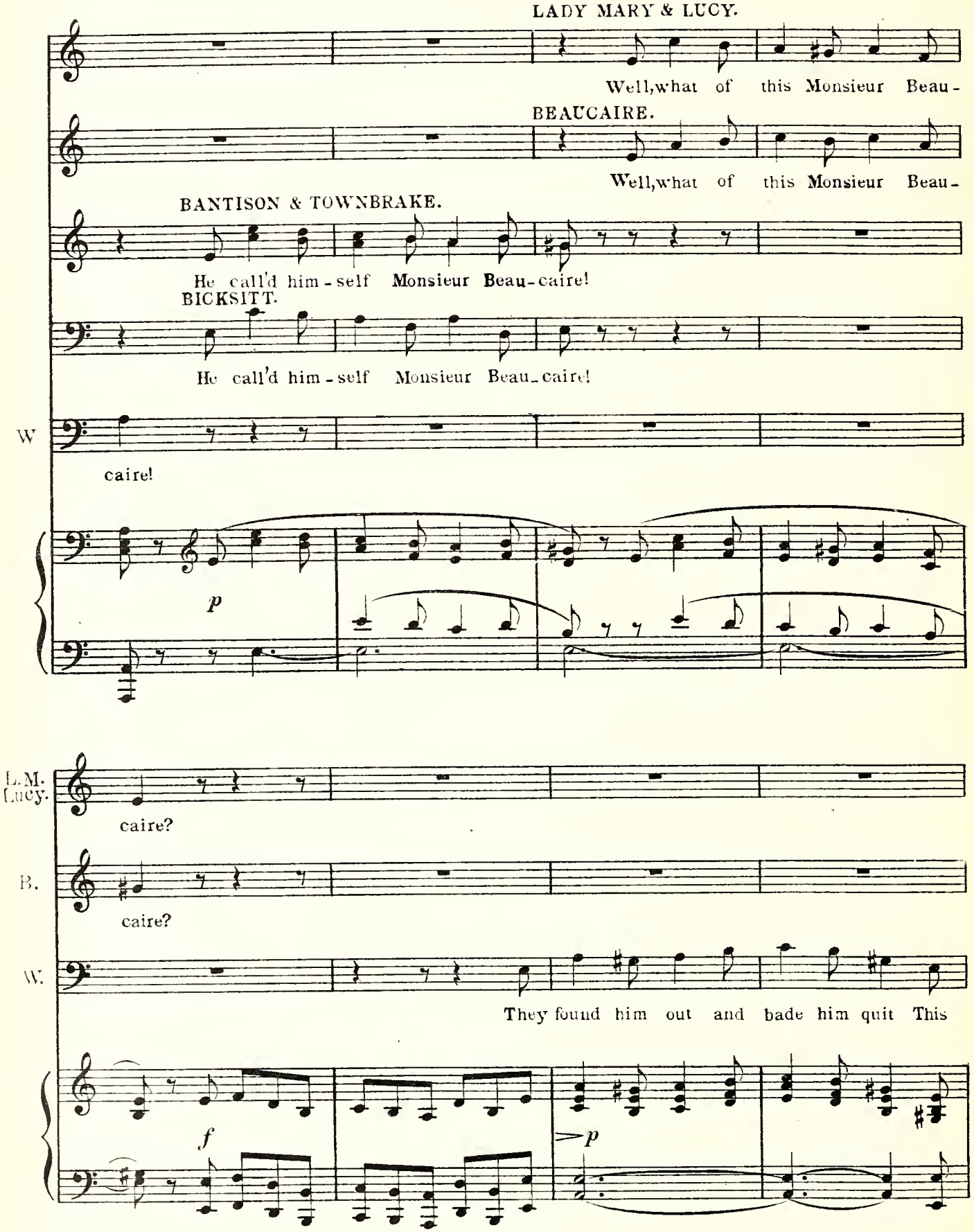
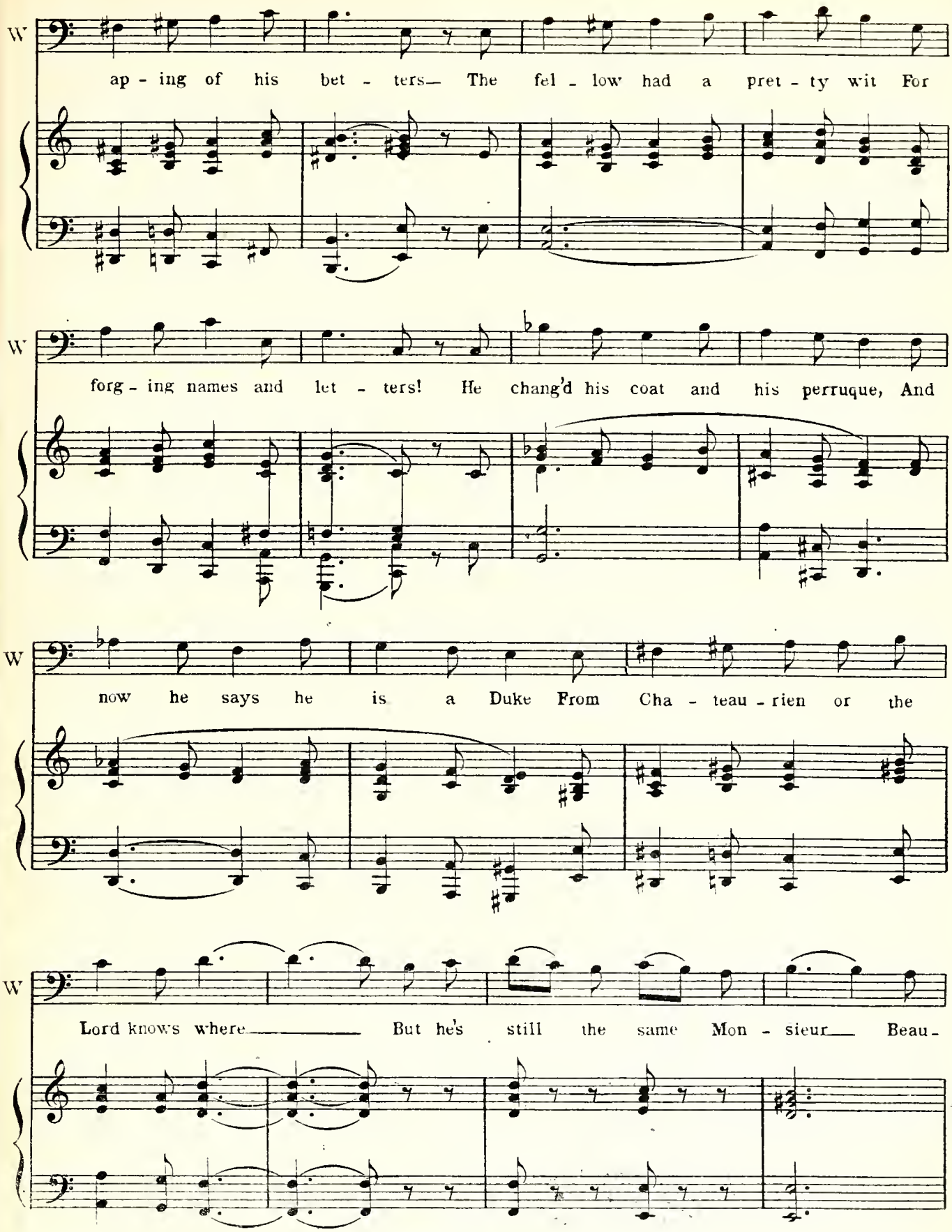
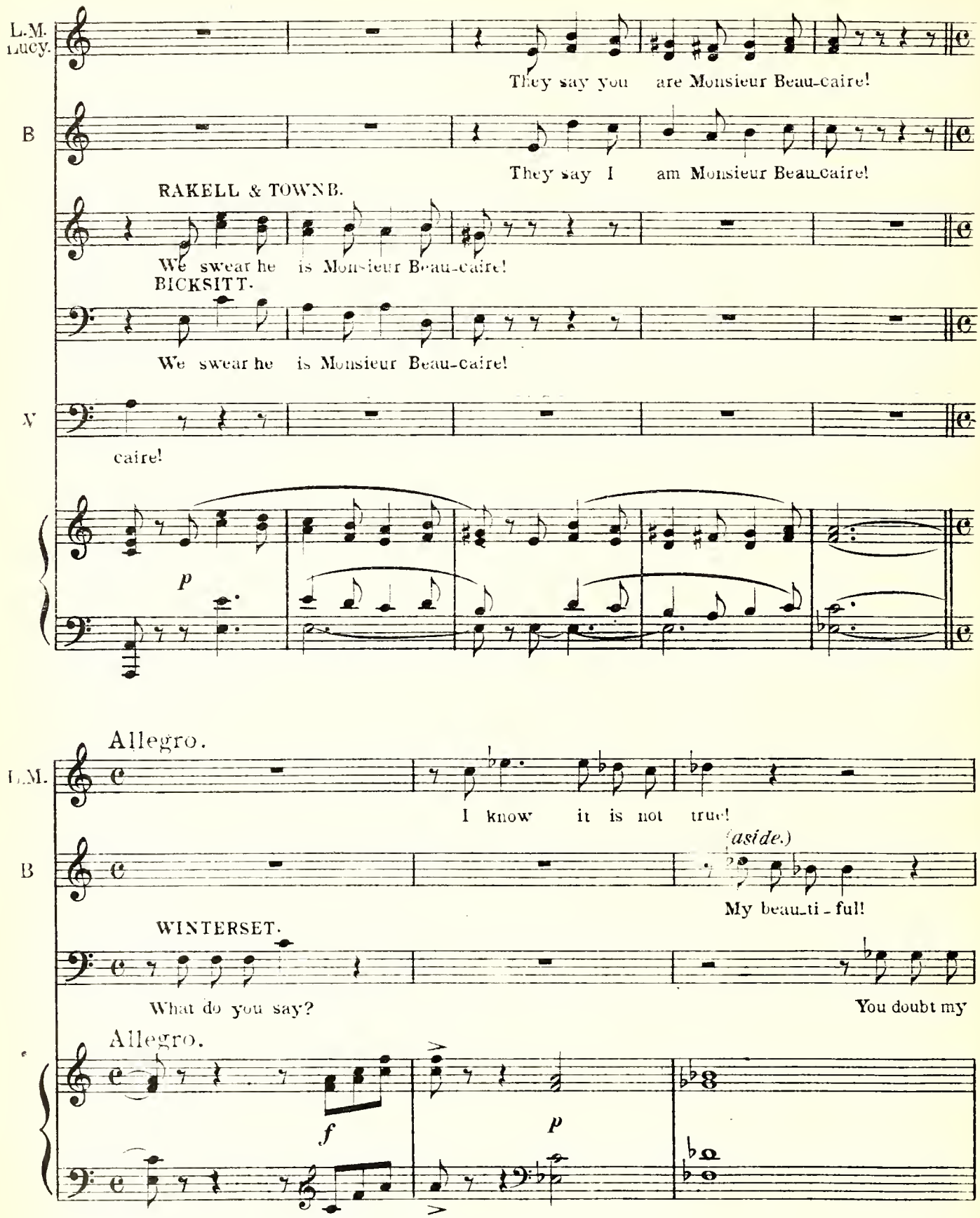

(coldly.)
..M.
Duc de Cha-teau - rien.
Is this a
W
It is not so!
dim.
..M.
lie, Or were you ly - ing then?
W
I speak the truth; bear witness, gentle -
p
BAN. TOWNB. & RAKELL.
'Tis true! 'tis true! His Grace says true!
BICKSITT.
'Tis true! 'tis true! His Grace says true!
W
men!
f

Lento.
LADY MARY (to Beaucaire.)
Monsieur le Duc, we wait for you!
Not now, or ever!
BEAUCAIRE.
Mademoiselle—hear him— I
WINTERSET (stops her.)
You'll hear me now.
Lento.
p
LADY MARY.
pray!
Well then, what has your Grace to
RAKELL.
E-gad! he's bold!
p TOWNB.
Begad, he's clever!
Molto moderato.
WINTERSET.
say?
A
ff


W
dashing Bar_ber came from France Thro' English towns to ram - ble, And found his way to
pesante.
W.
Bath by chance To drink and dance and gam - ble! All lace and vel - vet
W
and per_fumes A jay in bor - row'd pea-cock plumes, The Lord knows who from the
W
Lord knows where ——— But he call'd him - self Mon - sieur ——— Beau -


LADY MARY & LUCY.
Well, what of this Monsieur Beau-
BEAUCAIRE.
Well, what of this Monsieur Beau-
BANTISON & TOWNBRAKE.
He call'd him-self Monsieur Beau-caire!
BICKSITT.
He call'd him-self Monsieur Beau-caire!
W
caire!
p
L.M.
Lucy.
caire?
B.
caire?
W.
They found him out and bade him quit This
f
p


W
ap - ing of his bet - ters— The fel - low had a pret - ty wit For
W
forg - ing names and let - ters! He chang'd his coat and his perruque, And
W
now he says he is a Duke From Cha - teau - rien or the
W
Lord knows where——— But he's still the same Mon - sieur— Beau -


L.M.
Lucy.
They say you are Monsieur Beau-caire!
B
They say I am Monsieur Beau-caire!
RAKELL & TOWNB.
We swear he is Monsieur Beau-caire!
BICKSITT.
We swear he is Monsieur Beau-caire!
caire!
p
Allegro.
L.M.
I know it is not true!
(aside.)
B
My beau-ti-ful!
WINTERSET.
What do you say?
You doubt my
Allegro.
f
p

Andante.

L M

I do!

W

word? Then ask of him— he'll tell the truth to you.

p

LADY MARY.

L M

Mon-sieur I feel it is a lie They told

dolce.

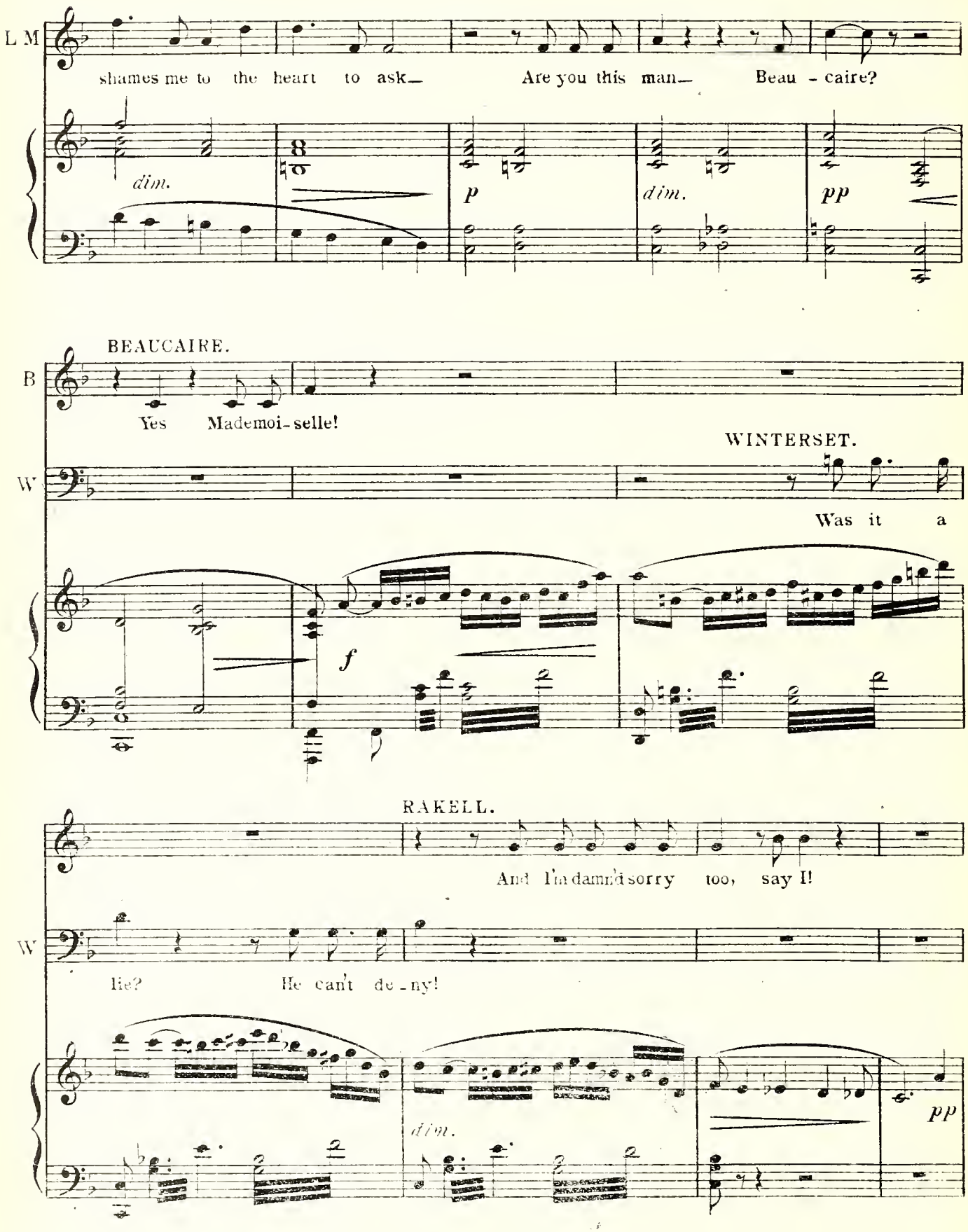
L M

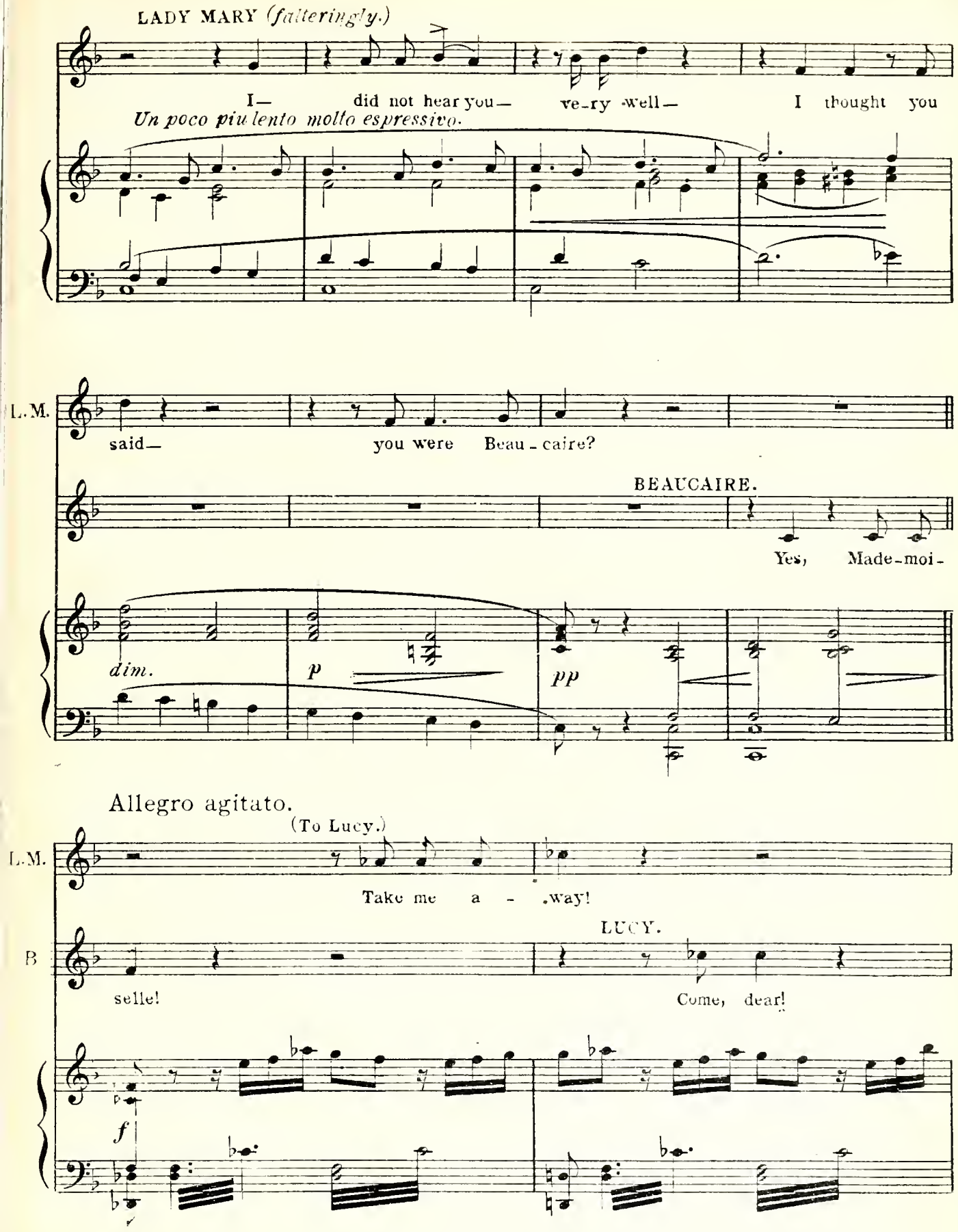
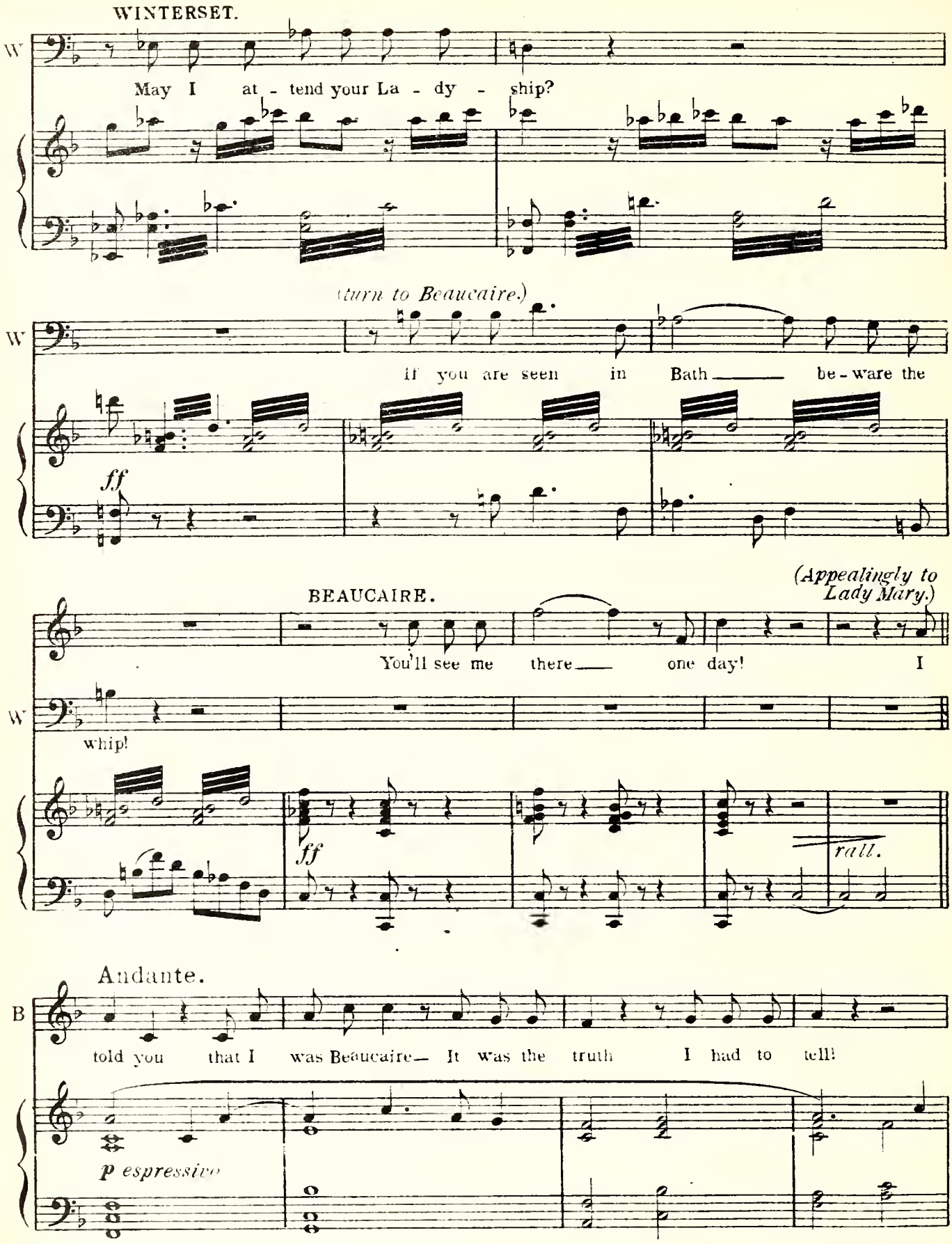
me ev-'ry word Yet I must ask you, pray de-ny This tale that we have

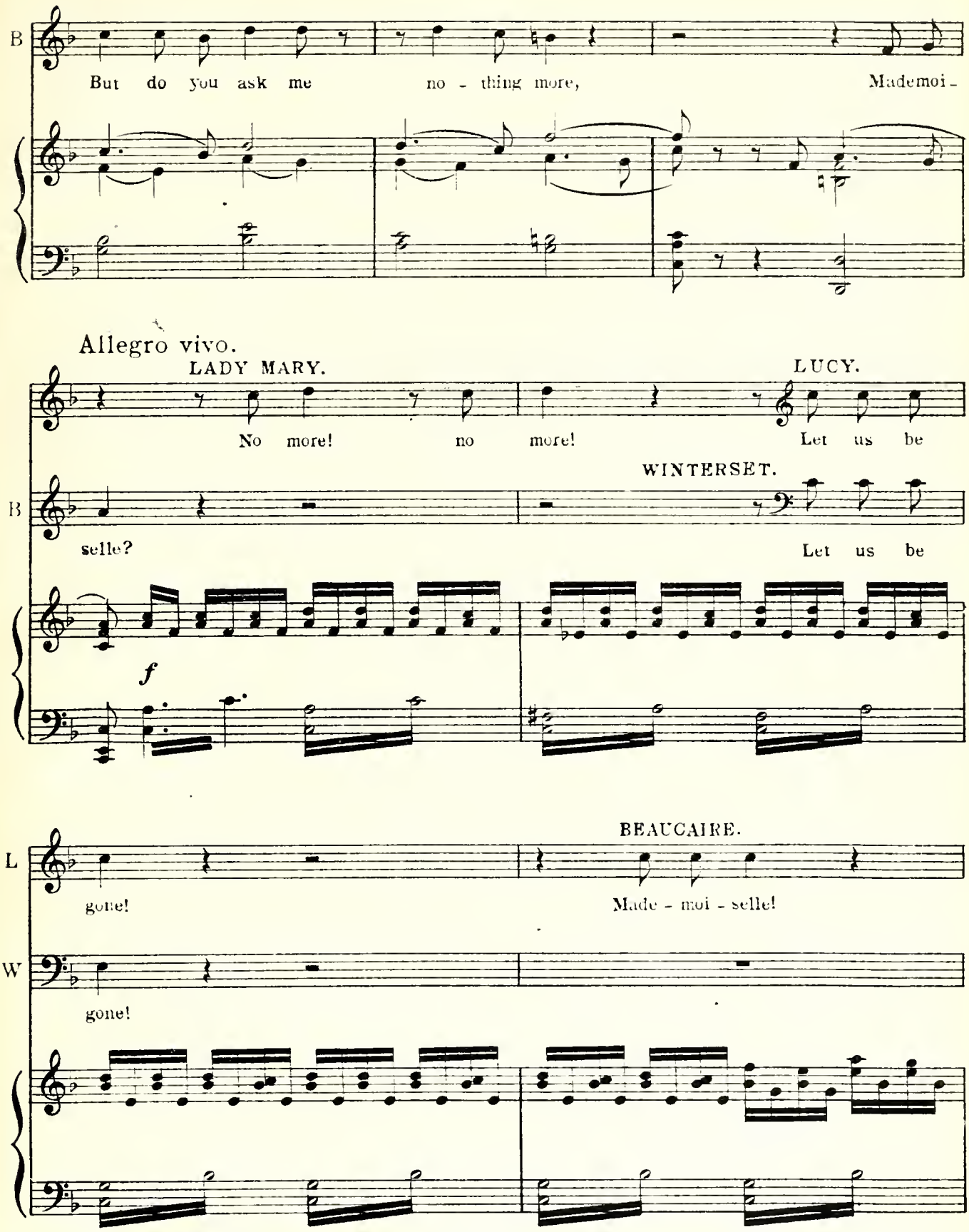
L M

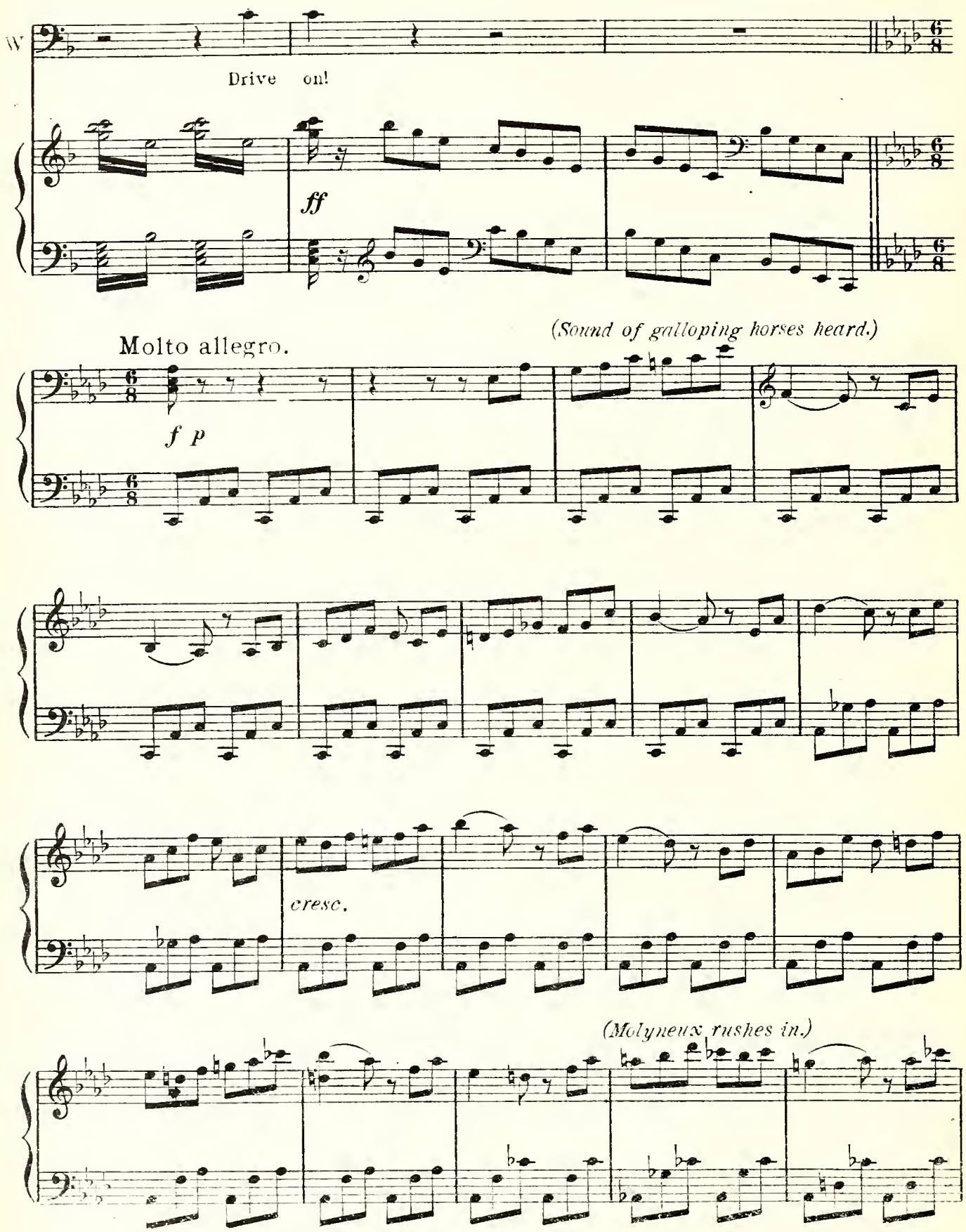
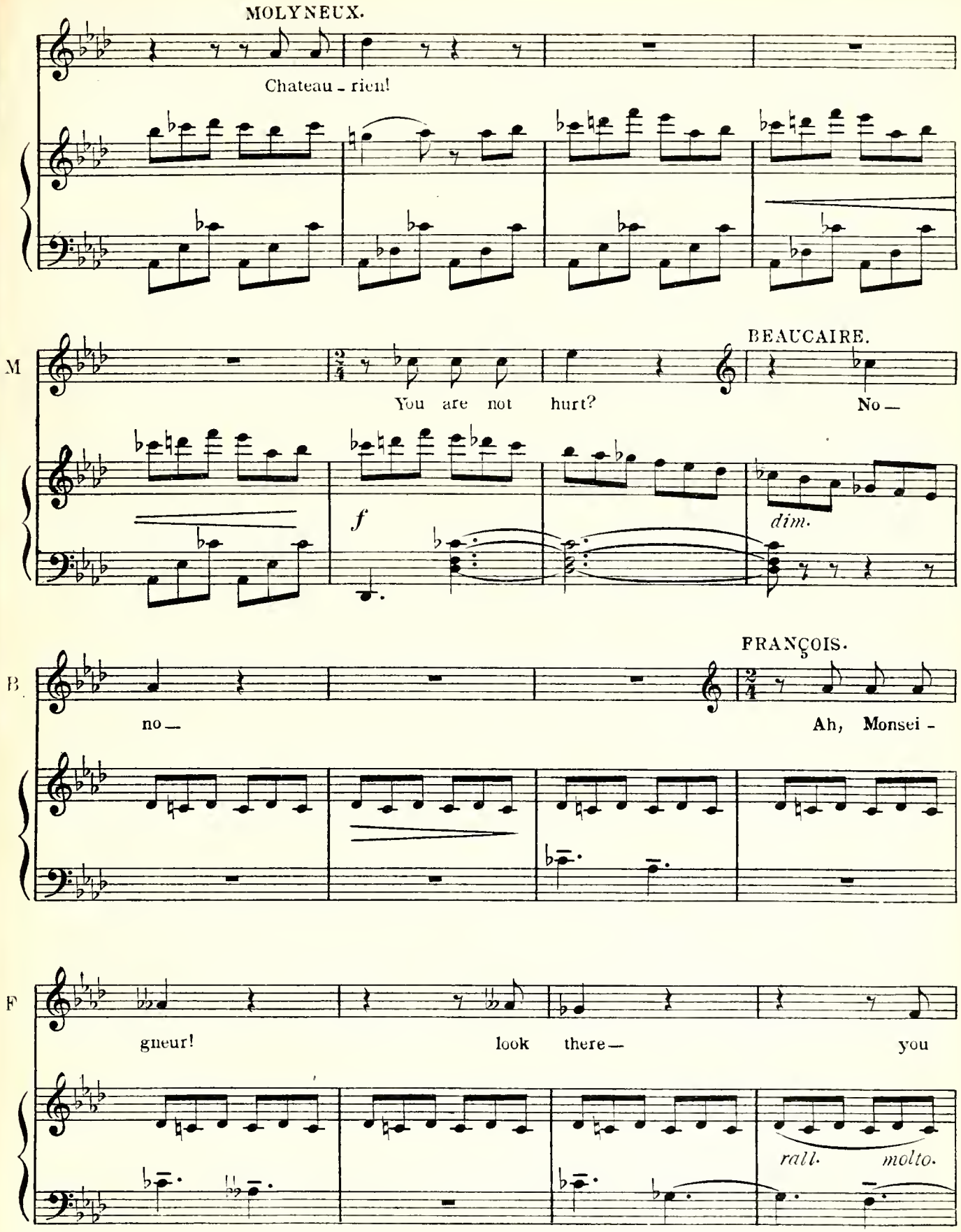
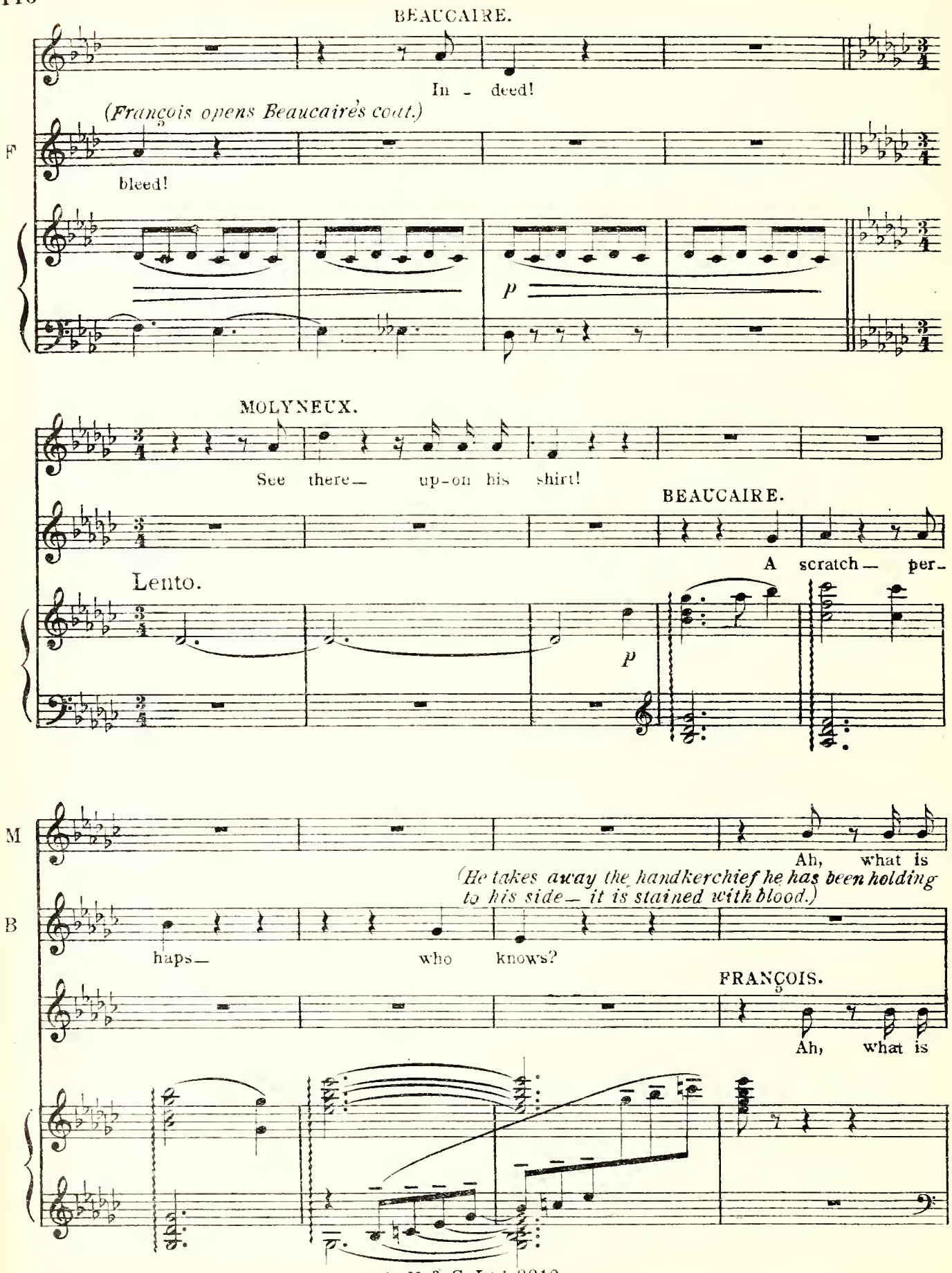
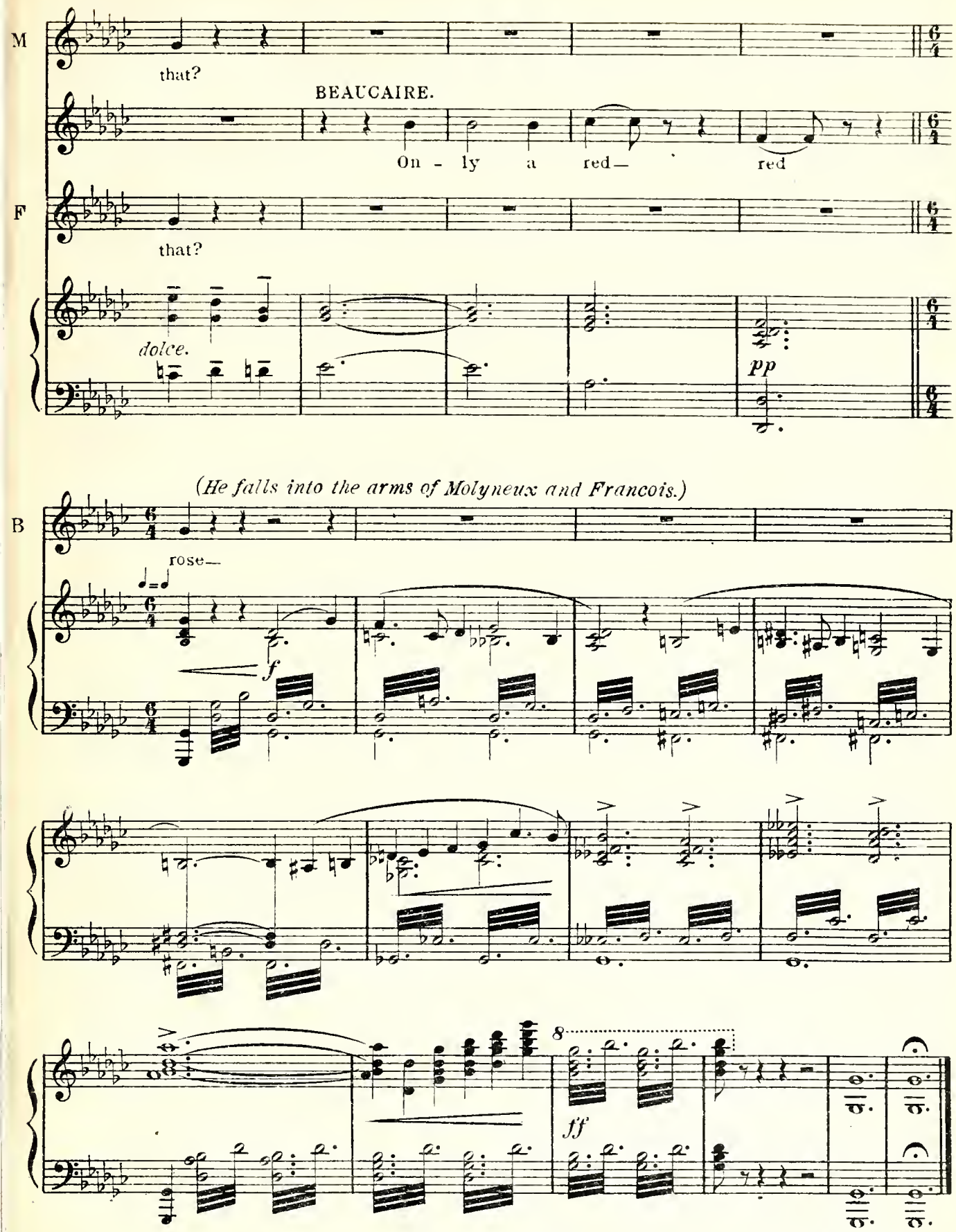
heard. For si-lence is too hard a task For woman's strength to bear— It

cresc.

f

L M
shames me to the heart to ask— Are you this man— Beau - caire?
dim.
p
dim.
pp
BEAUCAIRE.
B
Yes Mademoi-selle!
WINTERSET.
W
Was it a
f
RAKELL.
And I'm damn'd sorry too, say I!
W
lie? He can't de - ny!
dim.
pp


LADY MARY (faltering-ly.)
I— did not hear you— ve-ry well— I thought you
Un poco piu lento molto espressivo.
L.M.
said— you were Beau-caire?
BEAUCAIRE.
Yes, Made-moi-
dim.
p
pp
Allegro agitato.
(To Lucy.)
L.M.
Take me a - way!
B
LUCY.
selle!
Come, dear!
f

WINTERSET.
W
May I at - tend your La - dy - ship?
(turn to Beaucaire.)
W
If you are seen in Bath — be - ware the
ff
BEAUCAIRE.
(Appealingly to Lady Mary.)
You'll see me there — one day! I
W
whip!
ff
rall.
Andante.
B
told you that I was Beaucaire— It was the truth I had to tell!
p espressivo


B
But do you ask me no - thing more, Mademoi -
Allegro vivo.
LADY MARY.
LUCY.
No more! no more! Let us be
WINTERSET.
B
selle?
Let us be
f
BEAUCAIRE.
L
gone!
Made - moi - selle!
W
gone!


W
Drive on!
ff
(Sound of galloping horses heard.)
Molto allegro.
f p
cresc.
(Molyneux rushes in.)

MOLYNEUX.
Chateau - rien!
M
BEAUCAIRE.
You are not hurt?
No —
f
dim.
B
FRANÇOIS.
no —
Ah, Monsei -
F
gneur!
look there —
you
rall.
molto.

BEAUCAIRE.
In - deed!
(François opens Beaucaire's coat.)
F
bleed!
p
MOLYNEUX.
See there— up-on his shirt!
BEAUCAIRE.
A scratch— per-
Lento.
p
M
Ah, what is
(He takes away the handkerchief he has been holding to his side— it is stained with blood.)
B
haps— who knows?
FRANÇOIS.
Ah, what is

M
that?
BEAUCAIRE.
On - ly a red— red
F
that?
dolce.
pp
(He falls into the arms of Molyneux and Francois.)
B
rose—
f
8
ff

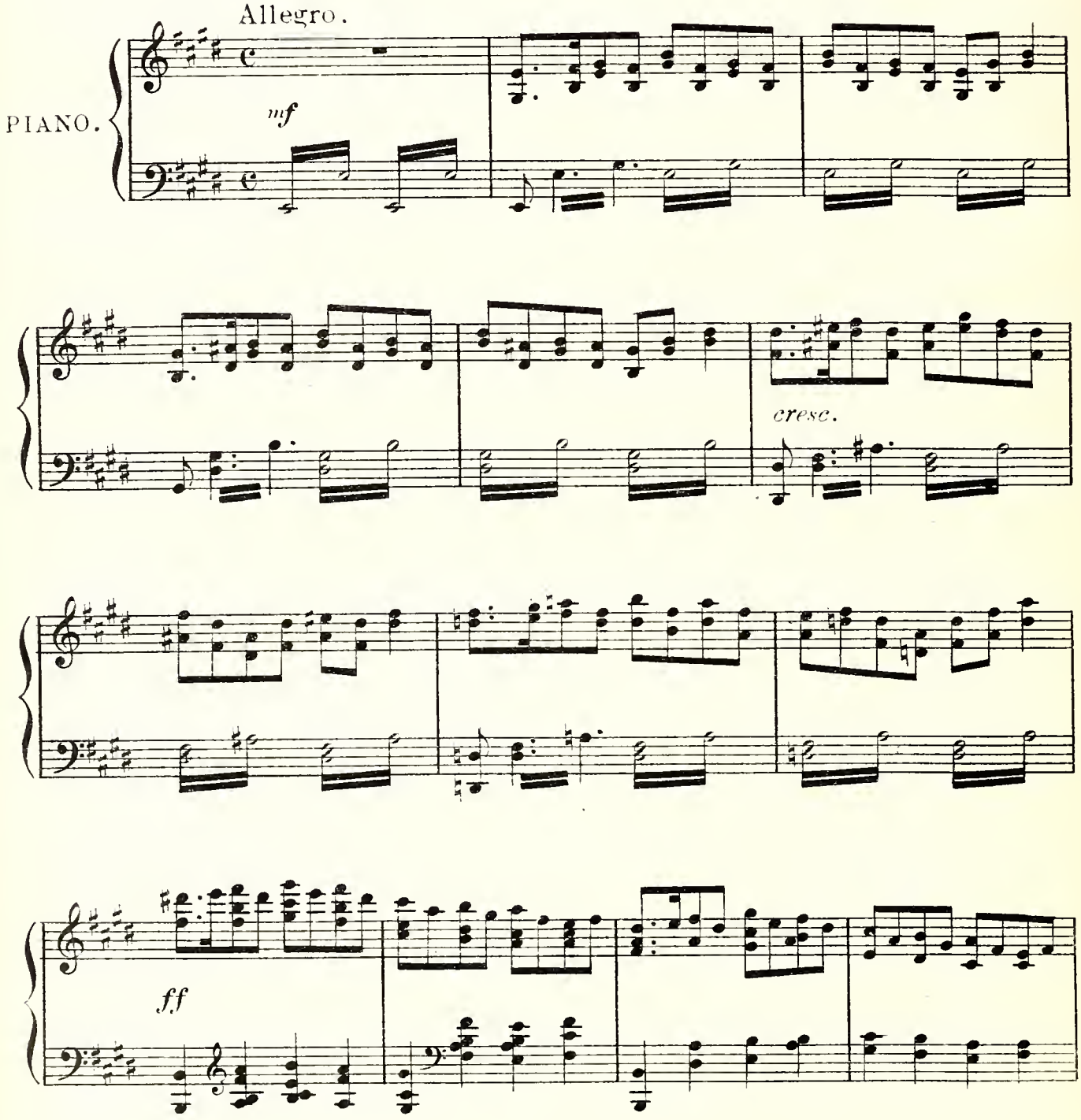
End of Act II.

ACT III.

No. 17. Opening Chorus.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.



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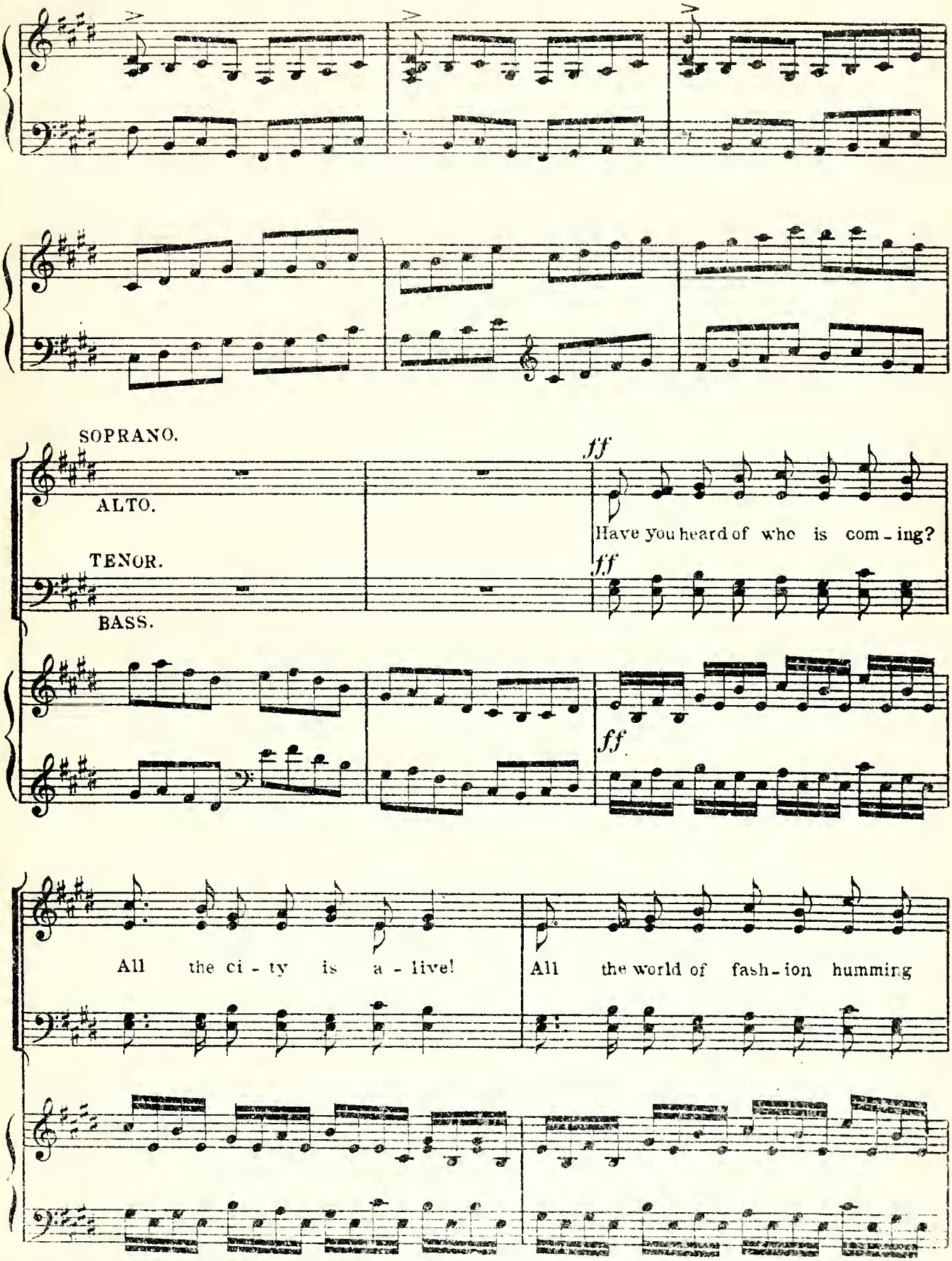
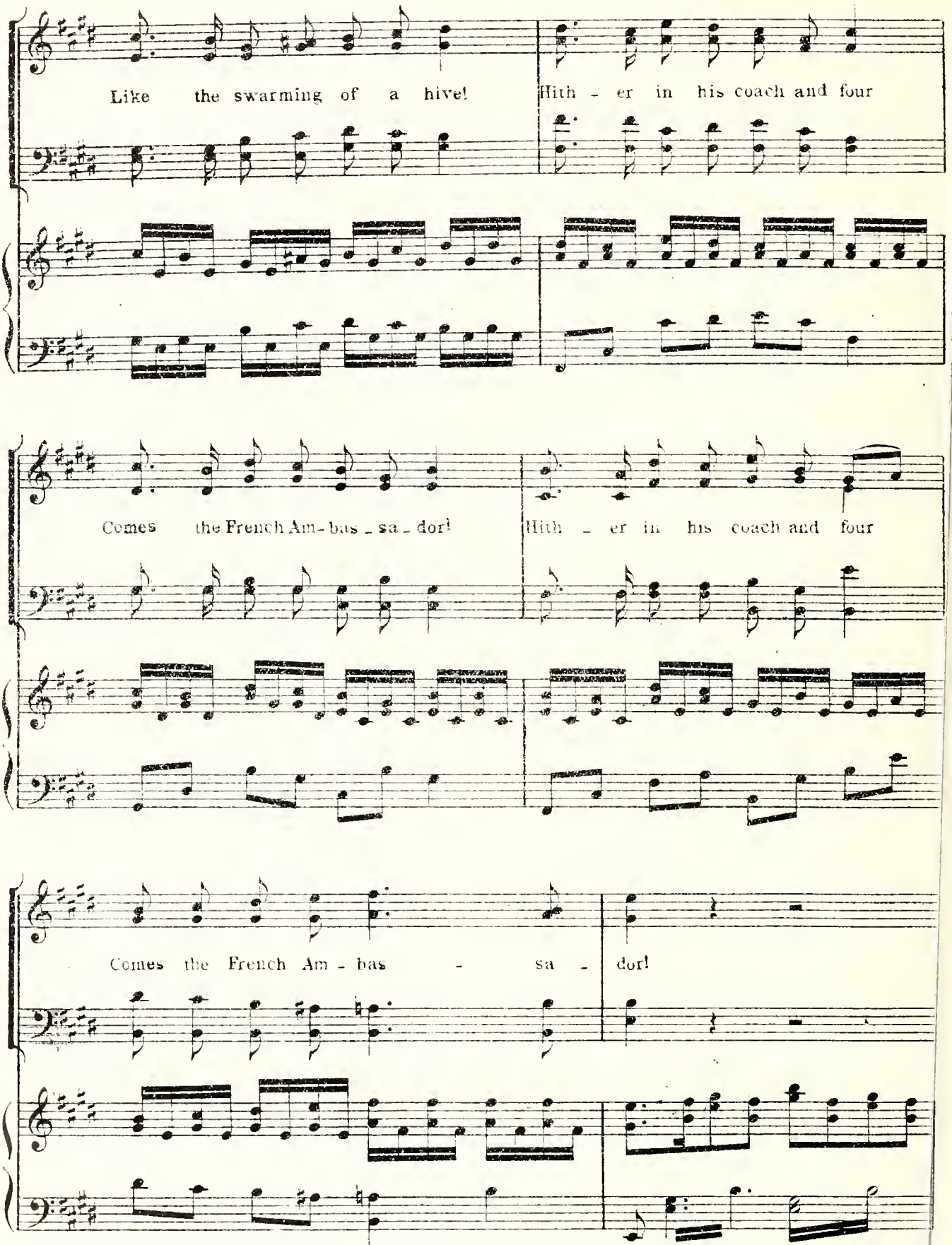
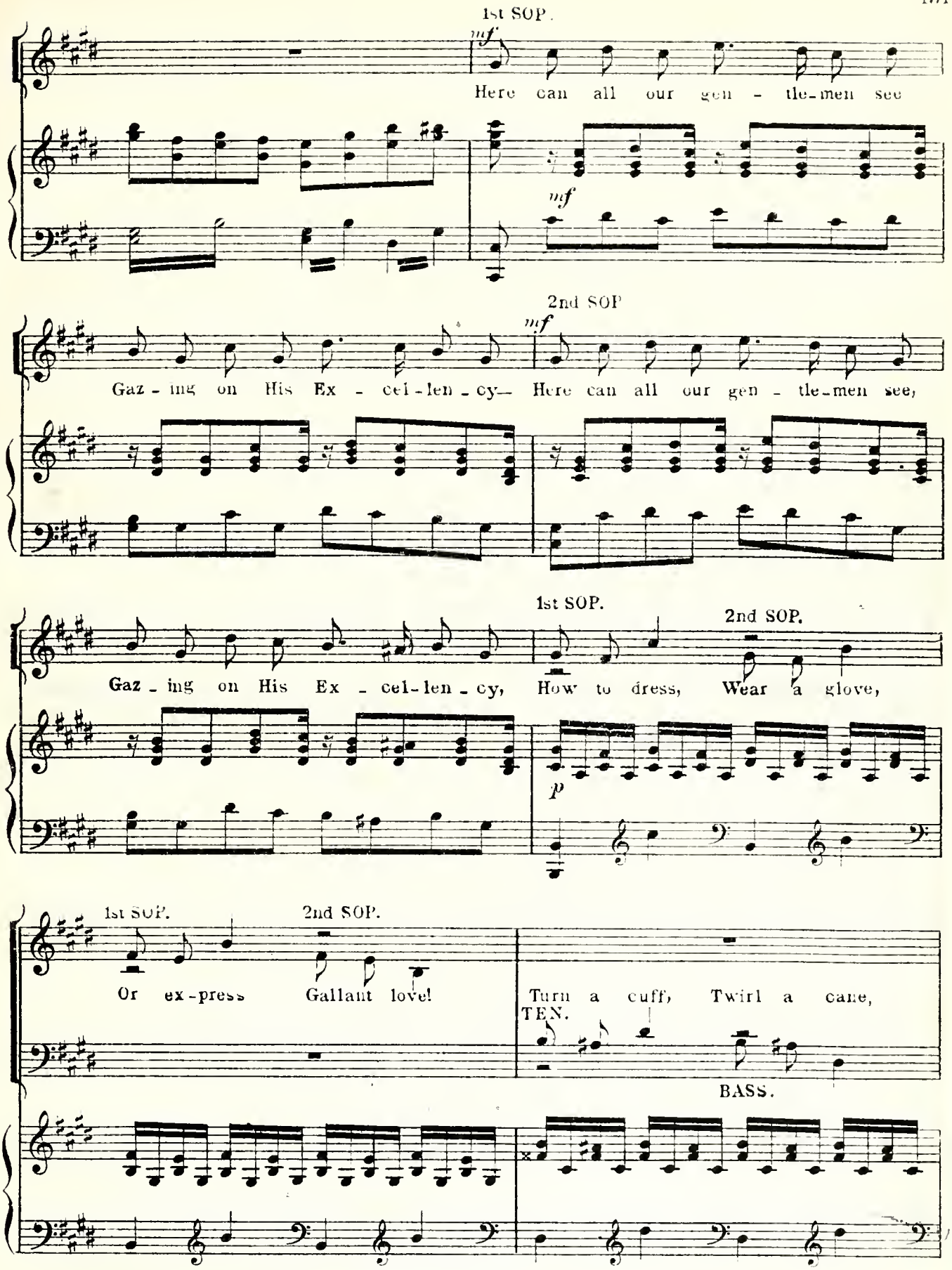
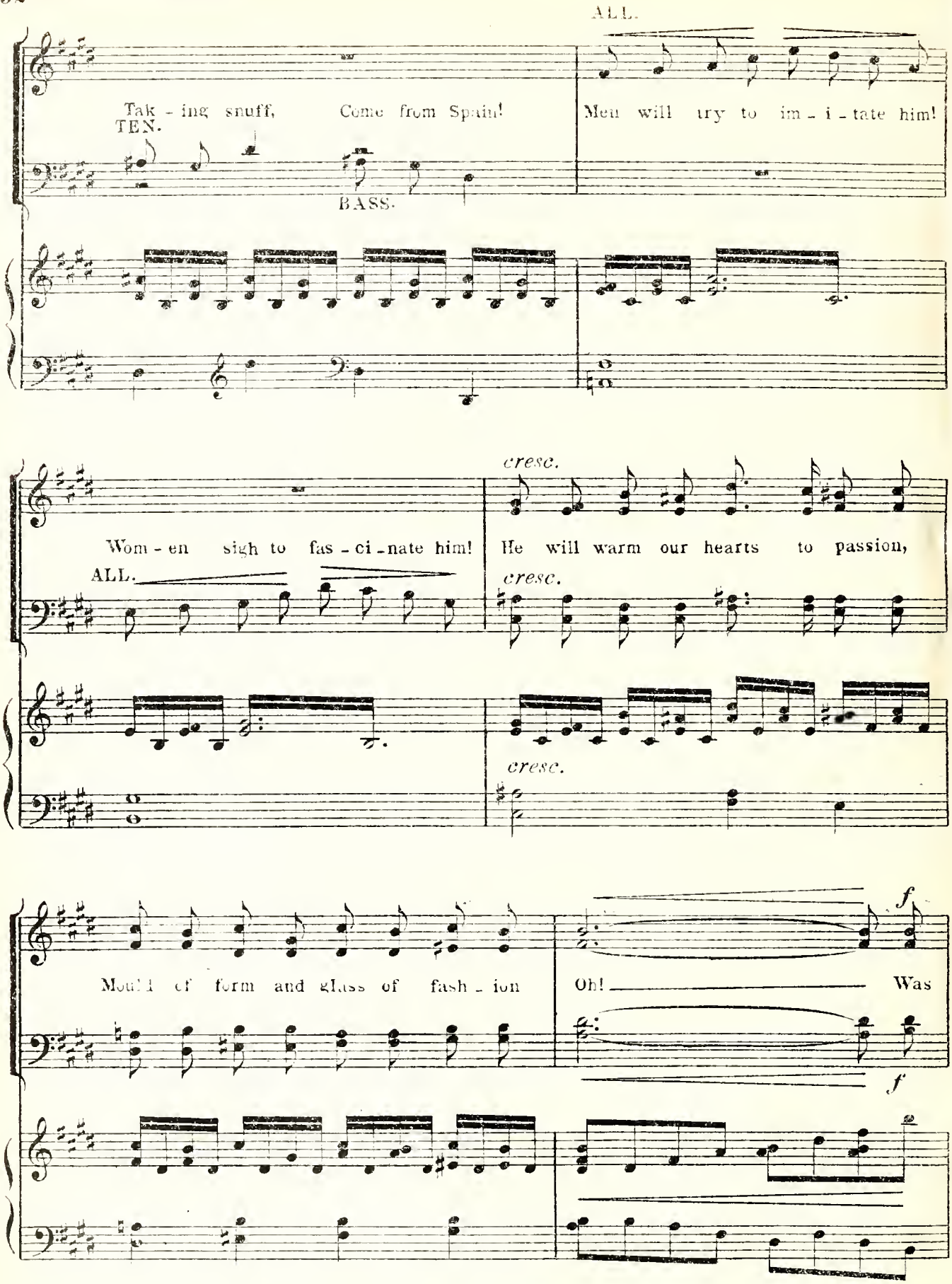
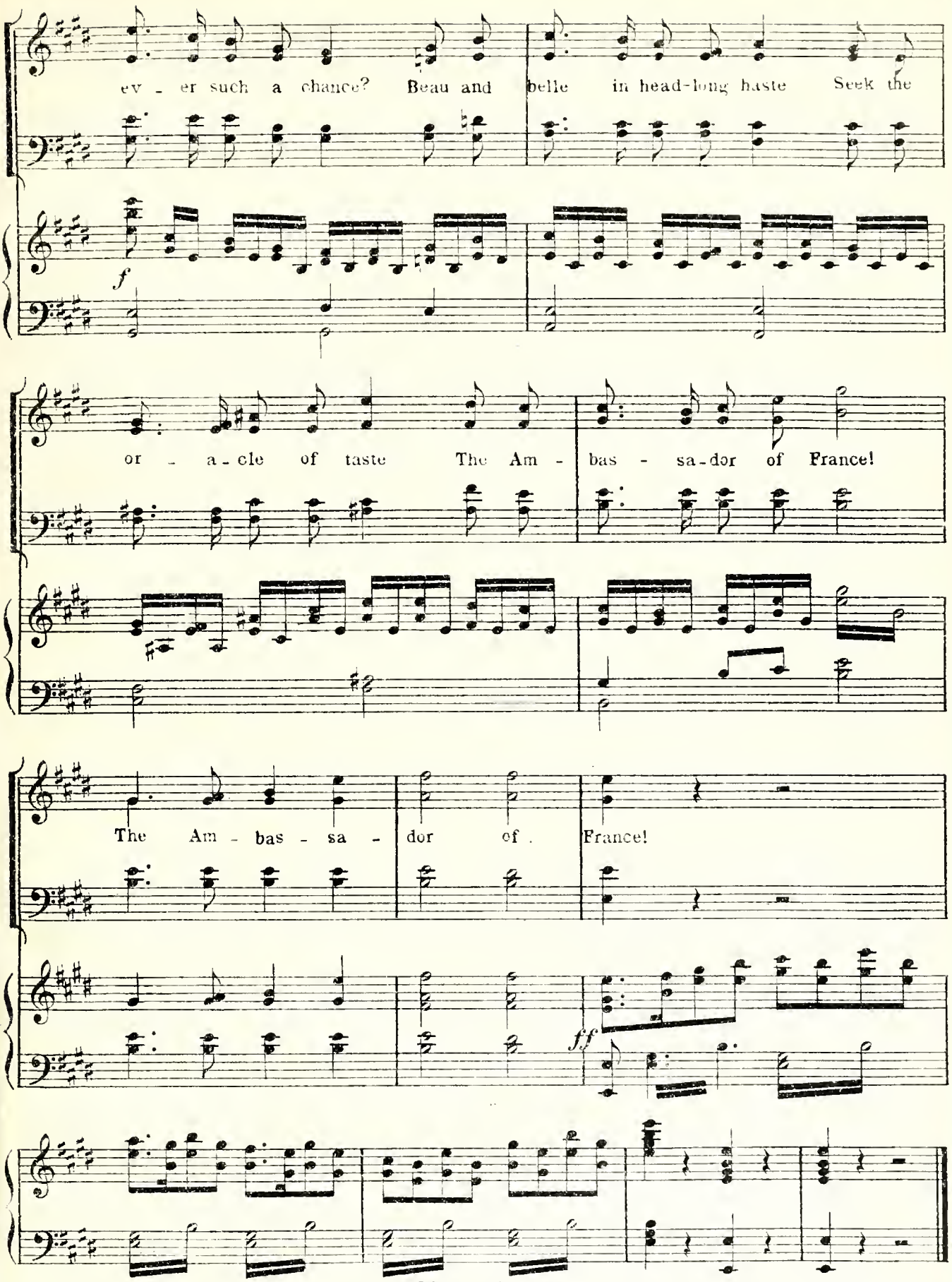
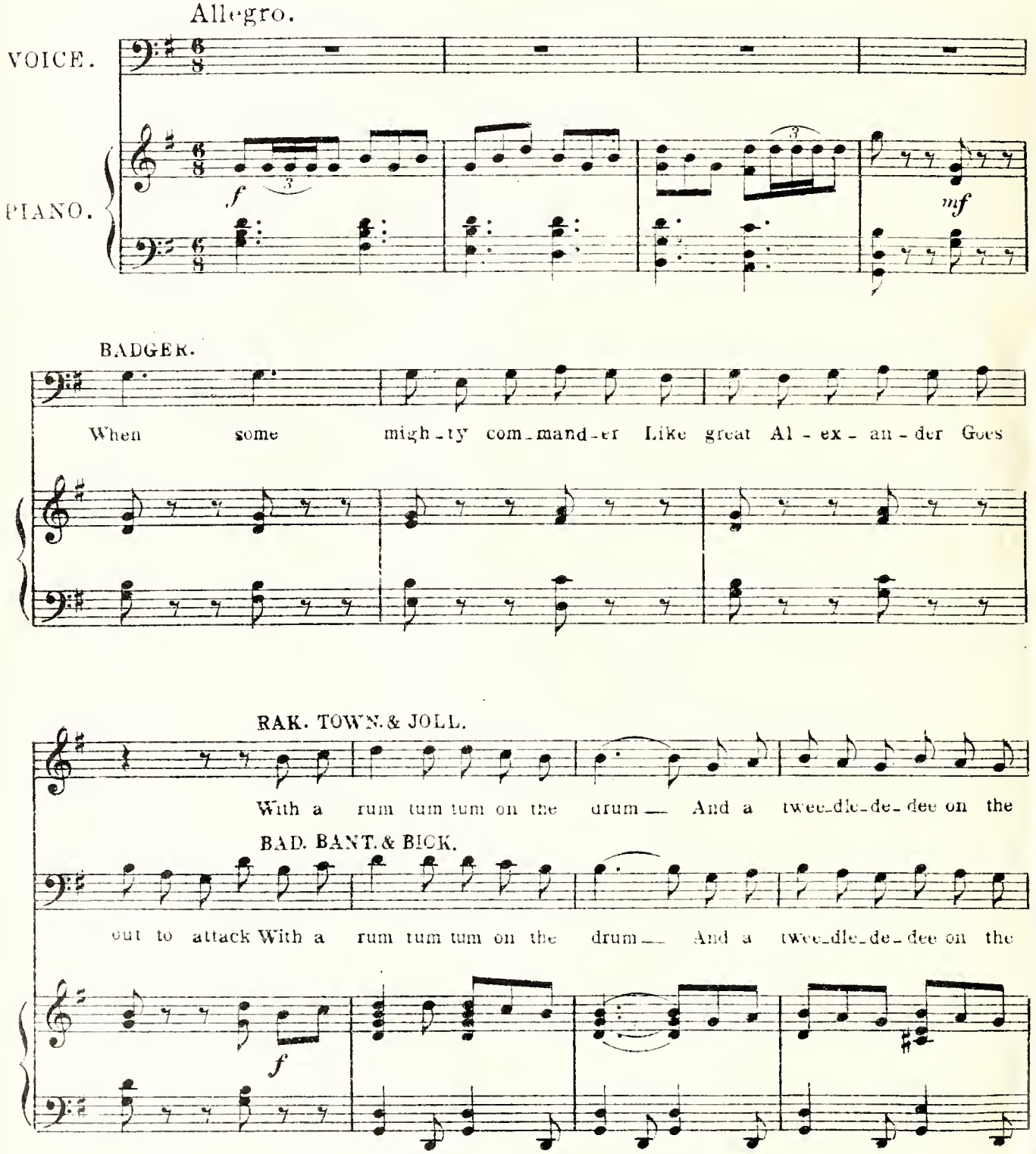

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
ff
Have you heard of who is com - ing?
ff
ff
All the ci - ty is a - live!
All the world of fash - ion humming

Like the swarming of a hive!
Hith - er in his coach and four
Comes the French Am-bas - sa - dor!
Hith - er in his coach and four
Comes the French Am - bas - sa - dor!

1st SOP.
mf
Here can all our gen - tle-men see
mf
2nd SOP
mf
Gaz - ing on His Ex - cel-len - cy— Here can all our gen - tle-men see,
1st SOP.
2nd SOP.
Gaz - ing on His Ex - cel-len - cy, How to dress, Wear a glove,
p
1st SOP.
2nd SOP.
Or ex-press Gallant love!
Turn a cuff, Twirl a cane,
TEN.
BASS.


ALL.
Tak - ing snuff, Come from Spain!
Men will try to im - i - tate him!
TEN.
BASS.
cresc.
Wom - en sigh to fas - ci - nate him!
He will warm our hearts to passion,
ALL.
cresc.
cresc.
Mould of form and glass of fash - ion
Oh! Was
f
f

ev - er such a chance? Beau and belle in head-long haste Seek the
f
or - a - cle of taste The Am - bas - sa - dor of France!
The Am - bas - sa - dor of France!
ff

No 18. SEXTETTE – "The Honours of War."

(RAKELL, TOWNBRAKE, JOLLIFFE, BADGER, BANTISON & BICKSITT.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

Allegro.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
mf
BADGER.
When some migh-ty com-mand-er Like great Al-ex-an-der Goes
RAK. TOWN. & JOLL.
With a rum tum tum on the drum — And a twee-dle-de-dee on the
BAD. BANT. & BICK.
out to attack With a rum tum tum on the drum — And a twee-dle-de-dee on the
f

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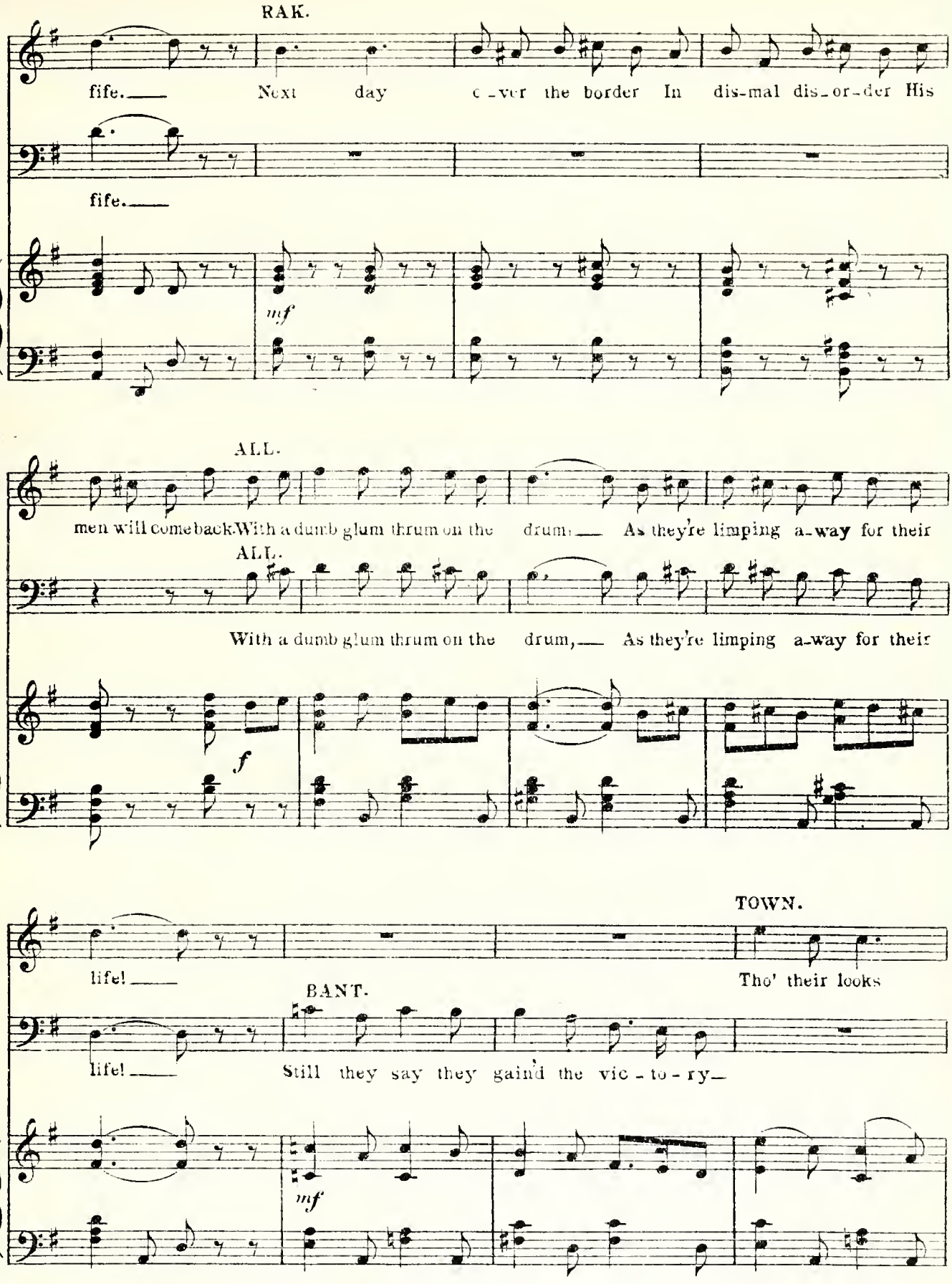
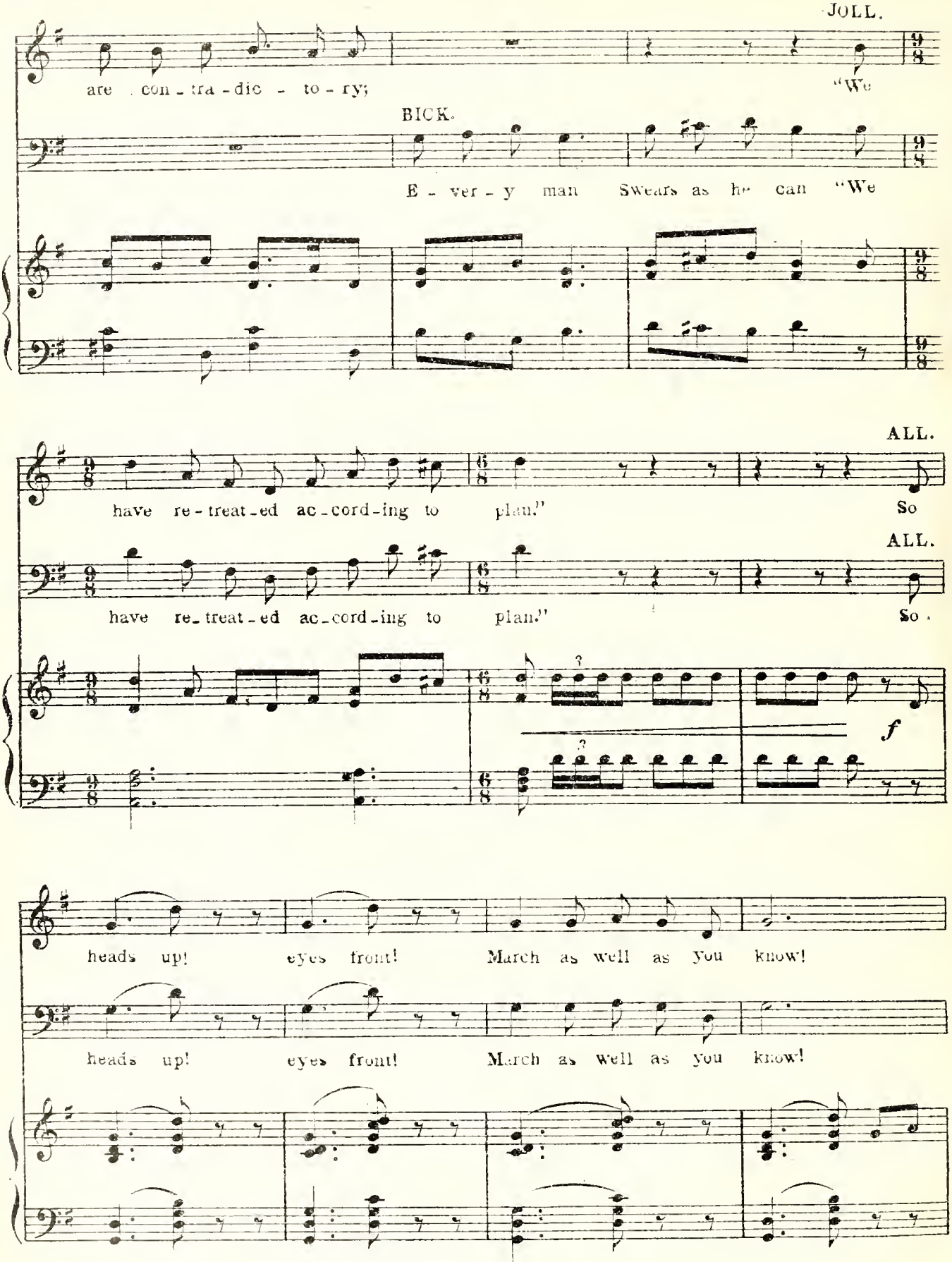
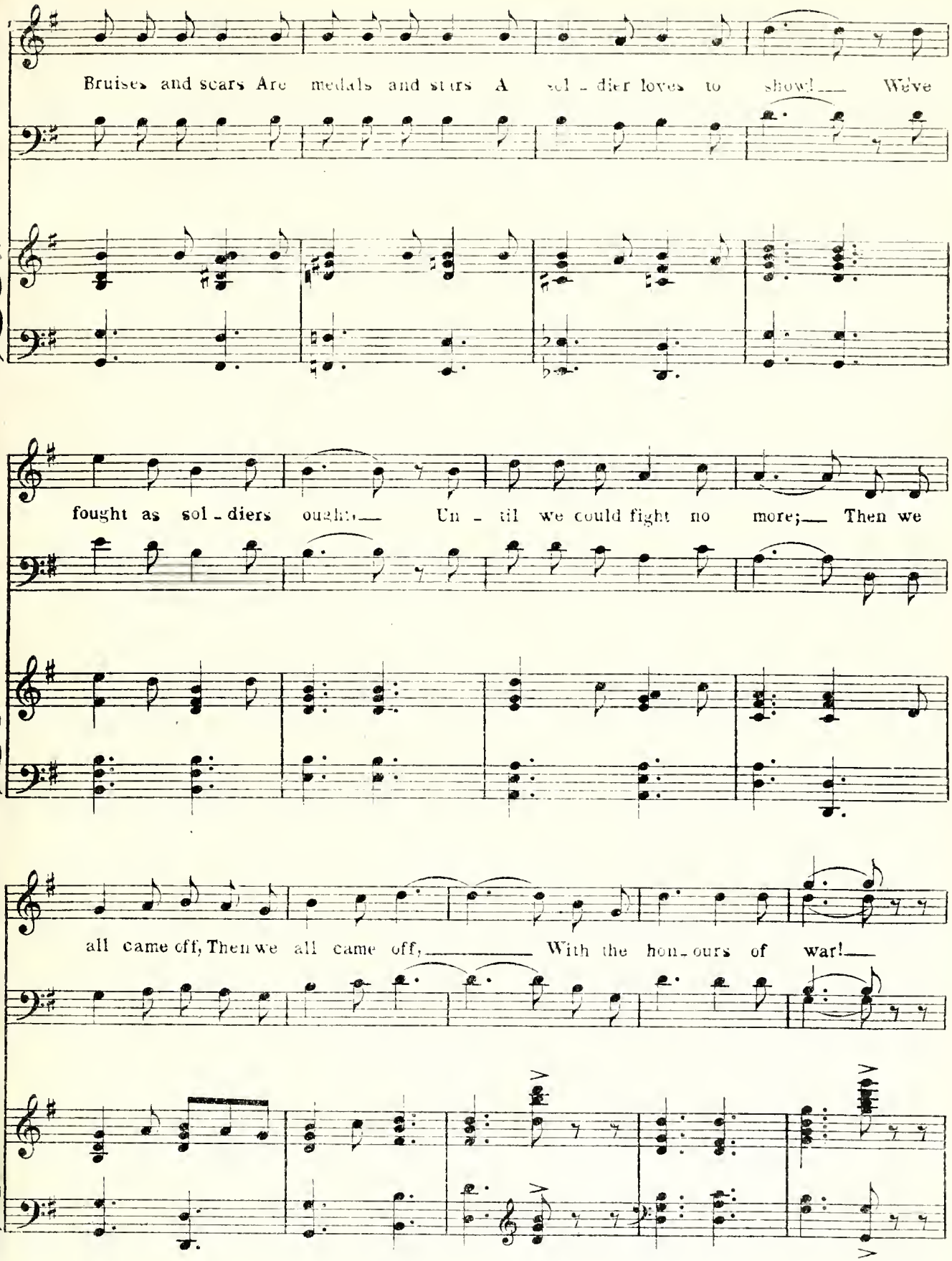
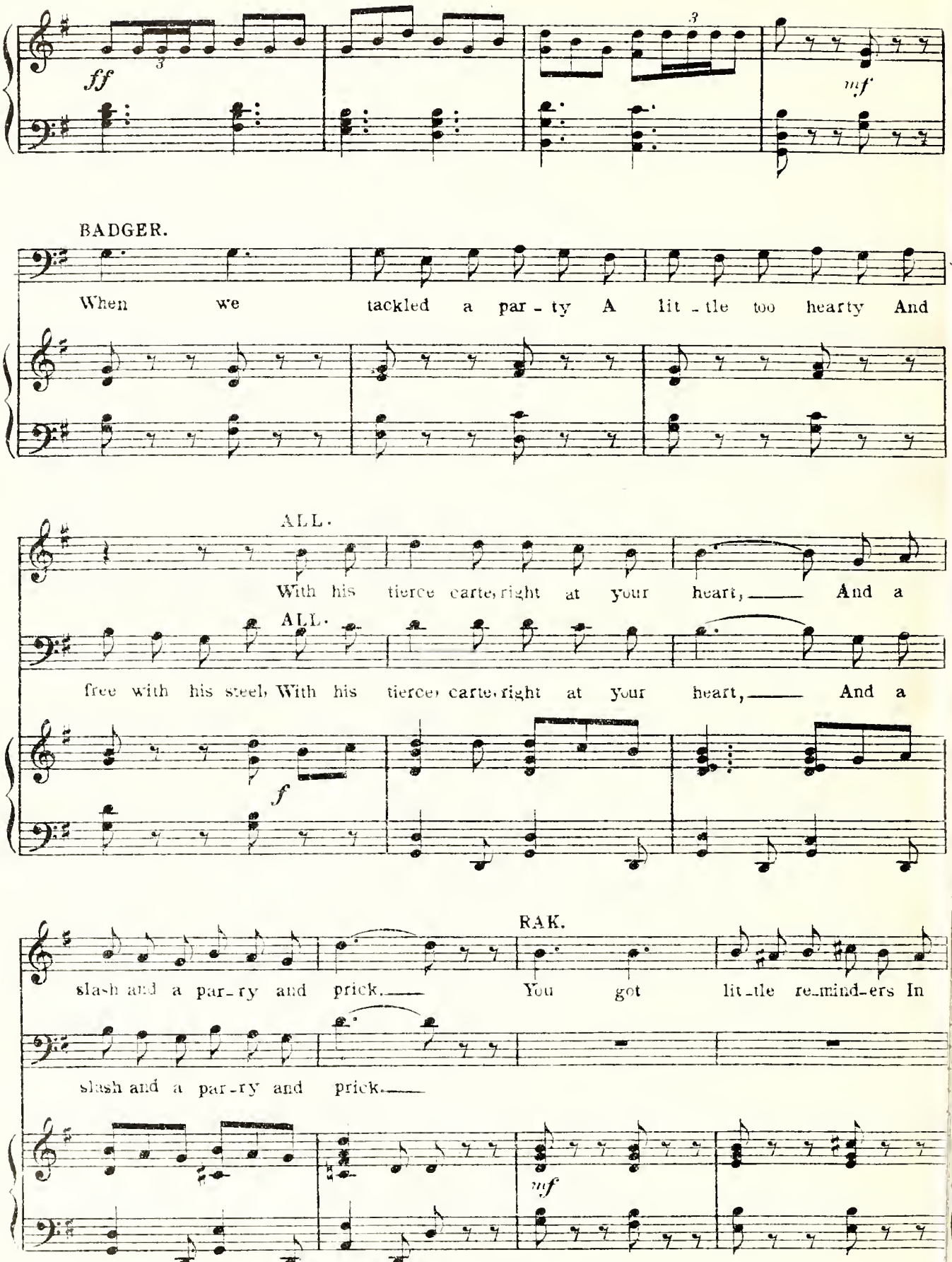
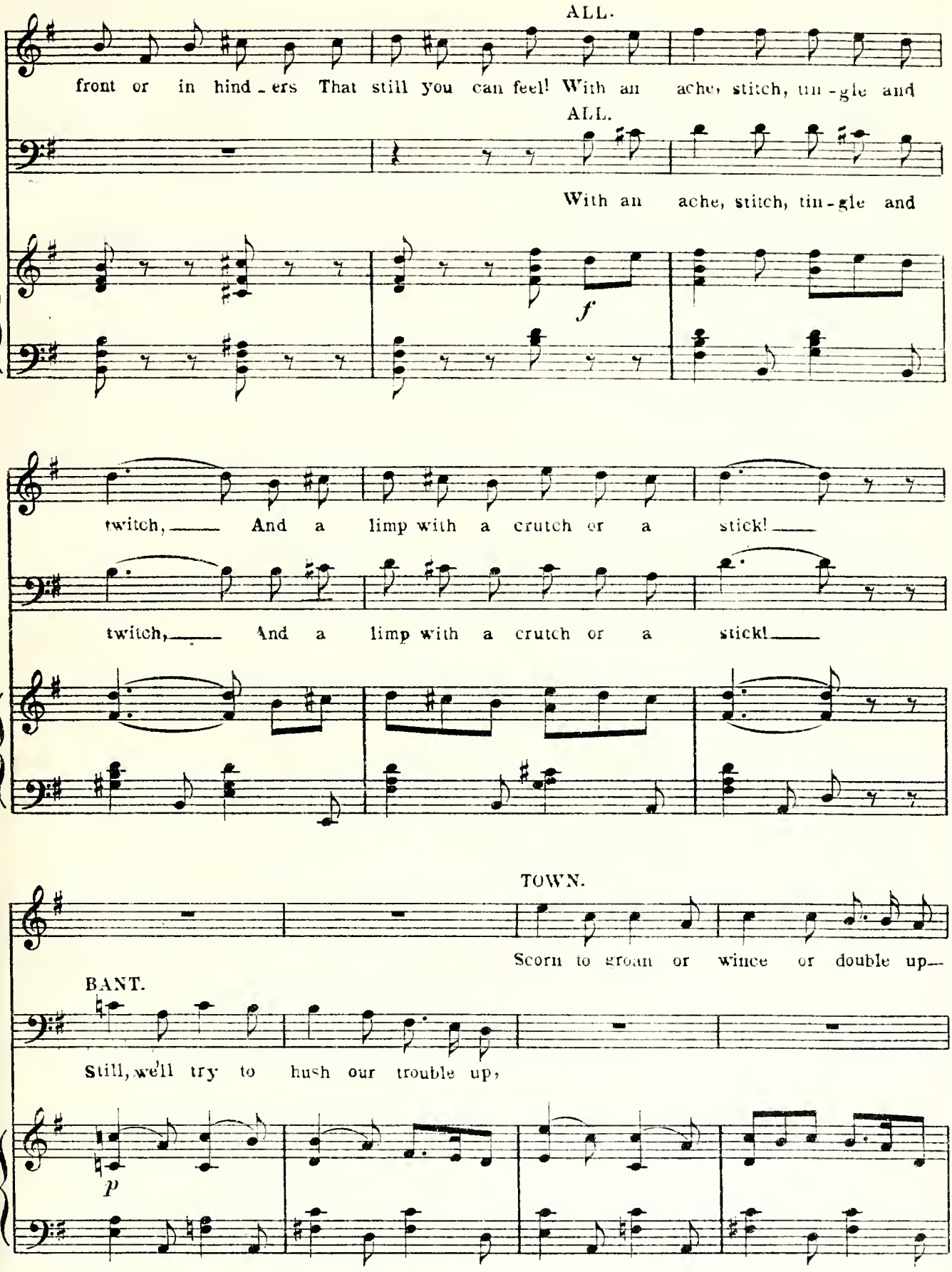

RAK.
fife.
Next day
c-ver the border In dis-mal dis-or-der His
fife.
mf
ALL.
men will come back With a dumb glum thrum on the drum, As they're limping a-way for their
ALL.
With a dumb glum thrum on the drum, As they're limping a-way for their
f
TOWN.
life!
Tho' their looks
BANT.
life!
Still they say they gaind the vic-to-ry
mf

JOLL.
are con - tra - dic - to - ry;
"We
BICK.
E - ver - y man Swears as he can "We
ALL.
have re - treat - ed ac - cord - ing to plan."
So
ALL.
have re - treat - ed ac - cord - ing to plan."
So.
f
heads up! eyes front! March as well as you know!
heads up! eyes front! March as well as you know!


Bruises and scars Are medals and stars A sol - dier loves to show!— We've
fought as sol - diers ought;— Un - til we could fight no more;— Then we
all came off, Then we all came off,— With the hon - ours of war!—

ff
mf
BADGER.
When we tackled a par - ty A lit - tle too hearty And
ALL.
With his tierce carte, right at your heart, And a
ALL.
free with his steel, With his tierce, carte, right at your heart, And a
f
RAK.
slash and a par - ry and prick. You got lit - tle re - mind - ers In
slash and a par - ry and prick.
mf

ALL.
front or in hind - ers That still you can feel! With an ache, stitch, tin - gle and
ALL.
With an ache, stitch, tin - gle and
f
twitch, And a limp with a crutch or a stick!
twitch, And a limp with a crutch or a stick!
TOWN.
Scorn to groan or wince or double up—
BANT.
Still, we'll try to hush our trouble up,
p

JOLL.

"We are all limping ac-cord-ing to

BICK.

E-ver-y man Swears if he can, "We are all limping ac-cord-ing to

plan!" So heads up!

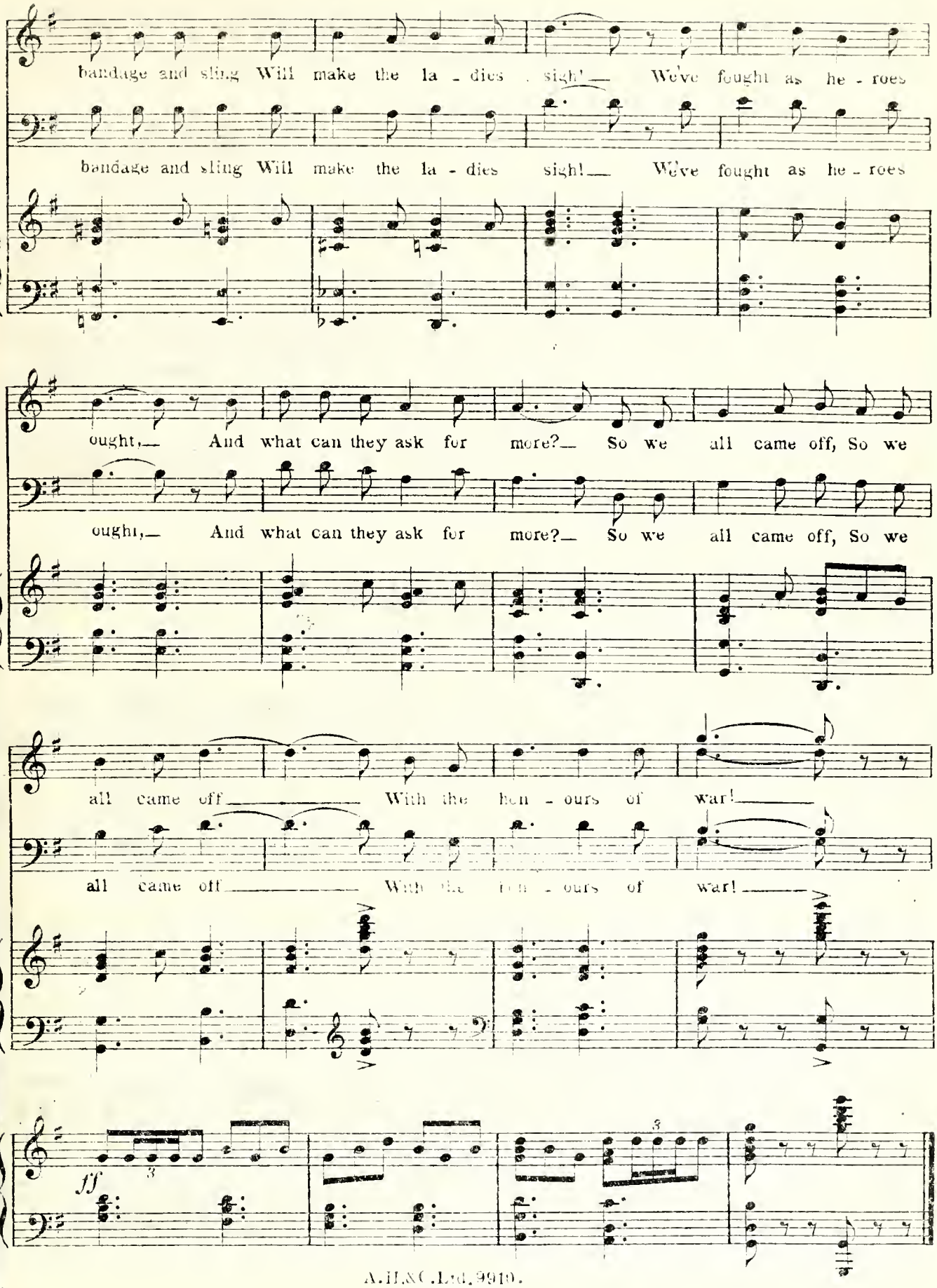
ALL.

plan!" So heads up!

ALL.

f

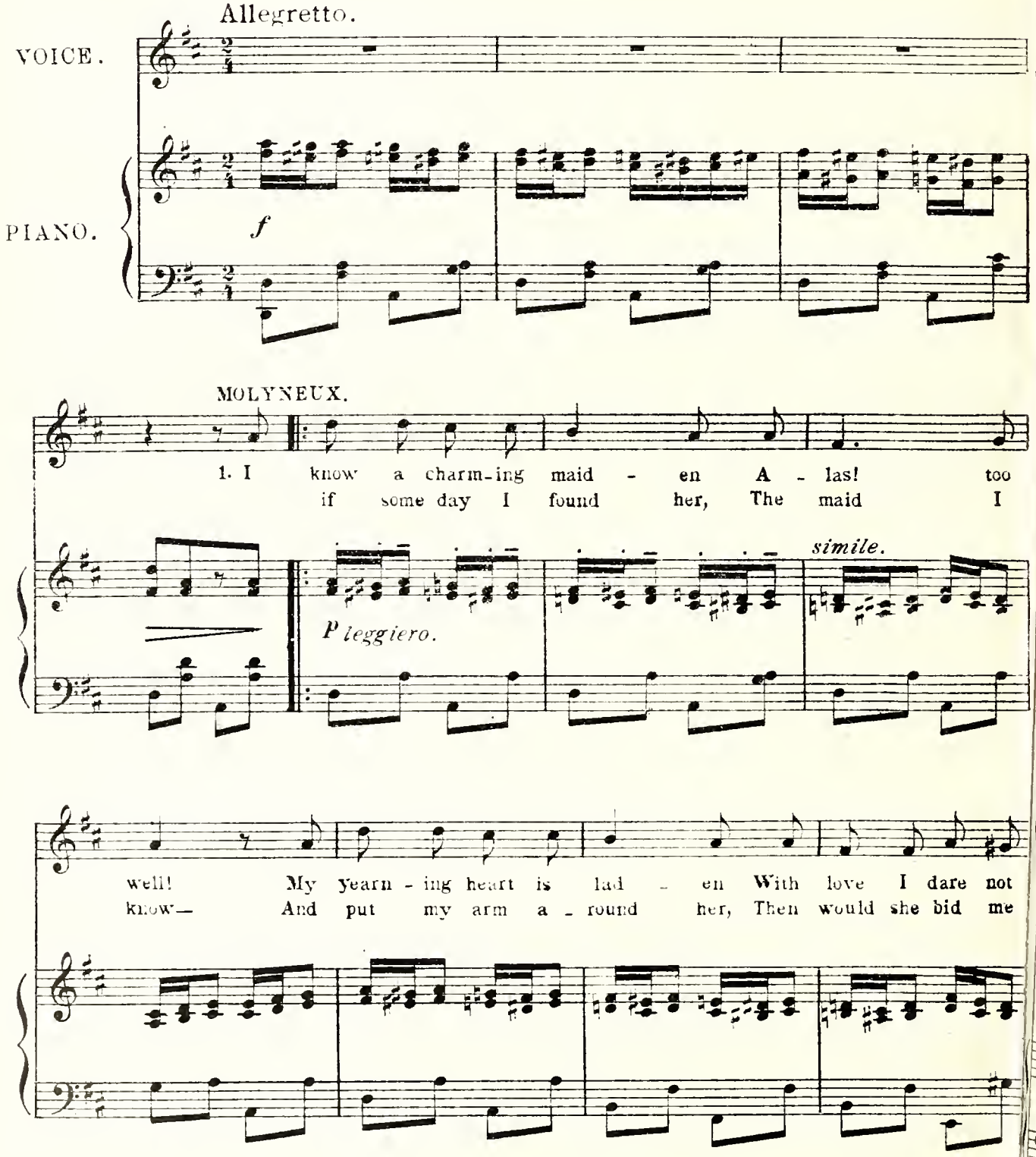
Eyes front, March as straight as a die; A-ny such thing As

Eyes front March as straight as a die A-ny such thing As

bandage and sling Will make the la - dies sigh!— We've fought as he - roes
bandage and sling Will make the la - dies sigh!— We've fought as he - roes
ought,— And what can they ask for more?— So we all came off, So we
ought,— And what can they ask for more?— So we all came off, So we
all came off— With the hon - ours of war!—
all came off— With the hon - ours of war!—
ff

No 19. DUET- "We are not speaking now."

(LUCY & MOLYNEUX.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
MOLYNEUX.
1. I know a charm-ing maid - en A - las! too
if some day I found her, The maid I
P leggiero.
simile.
well! My yearn - ing heart is lad - en With love I dare not
know— And put my arm a - round her, Then would she bid me

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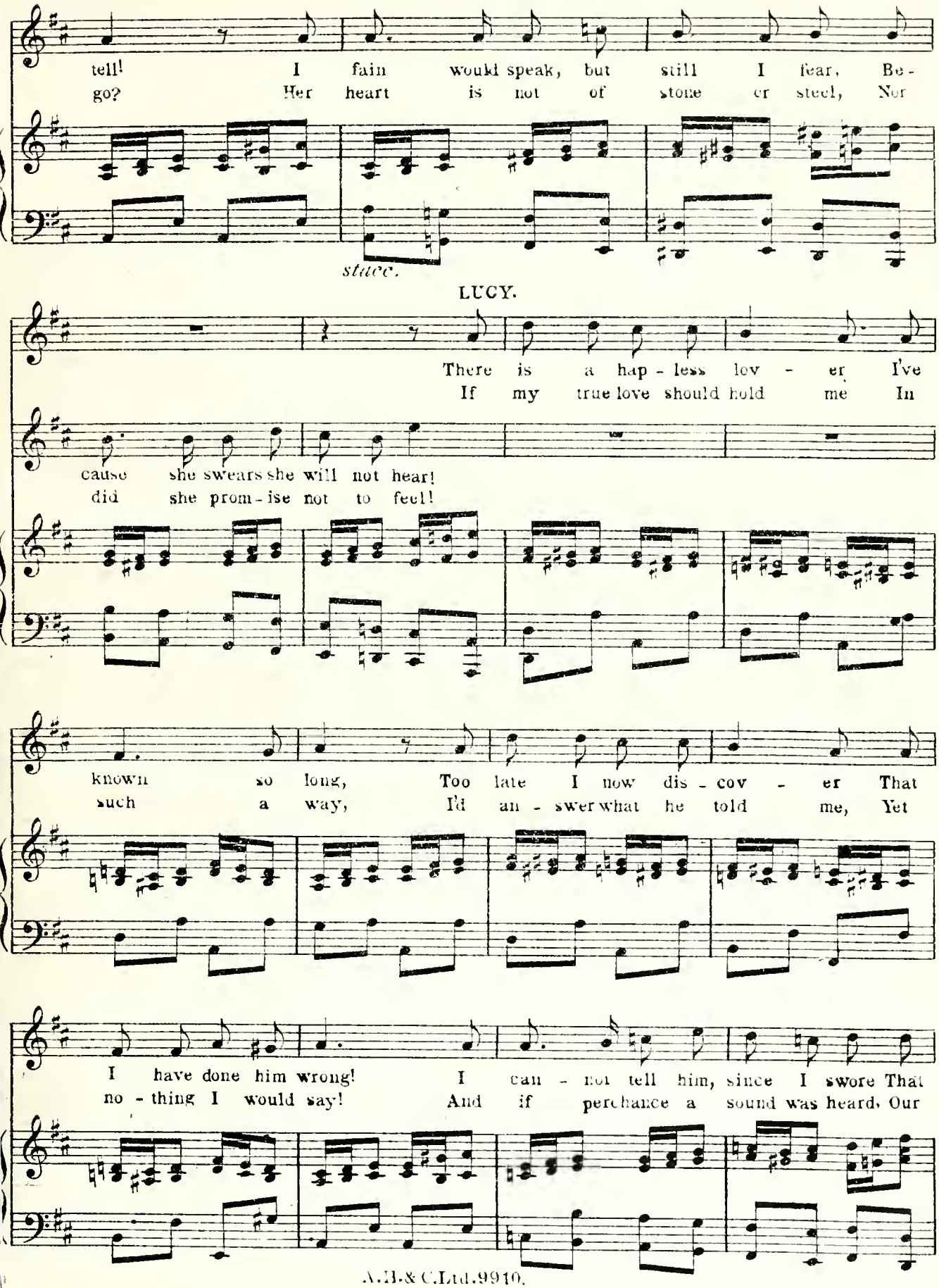
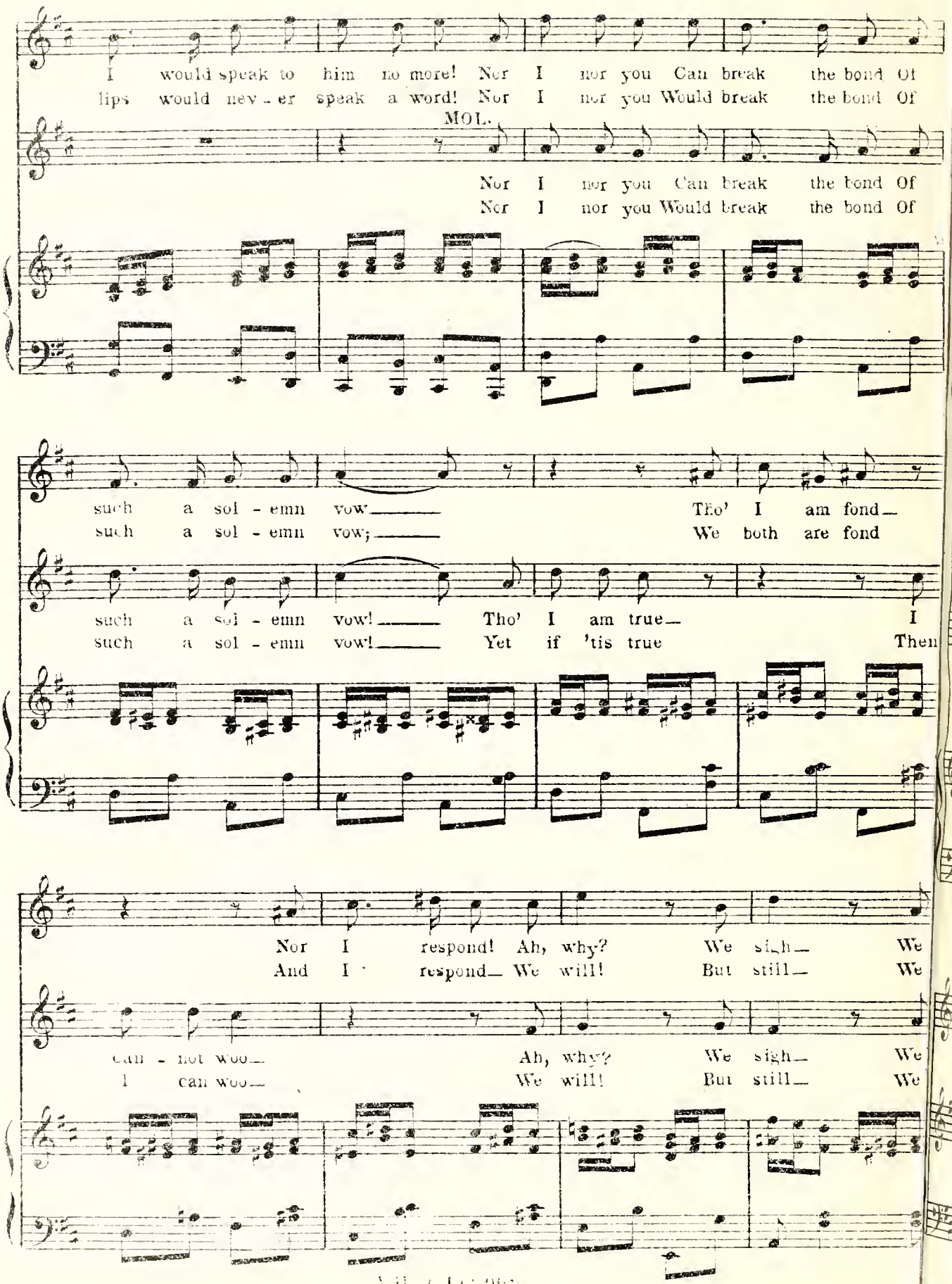
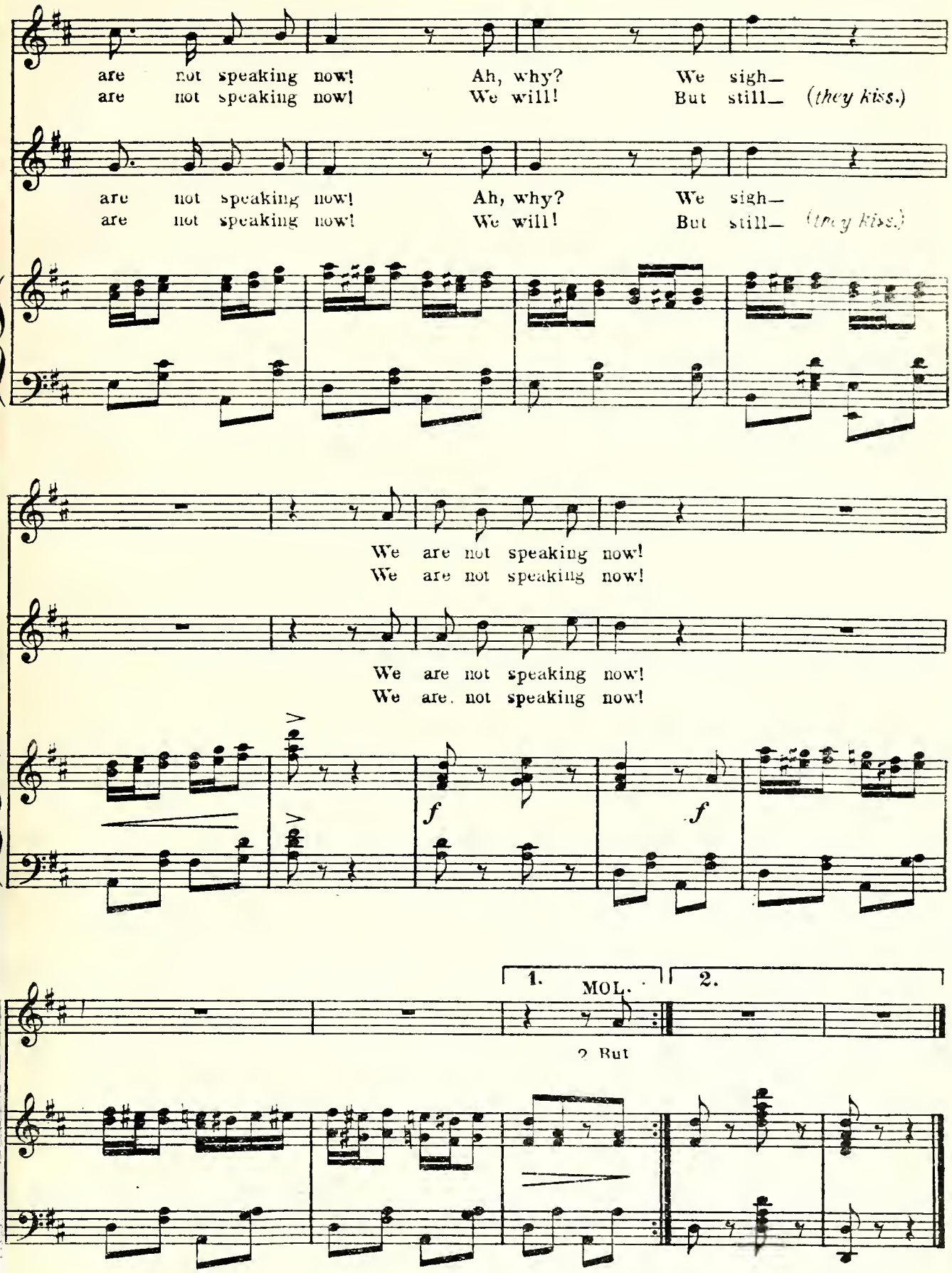
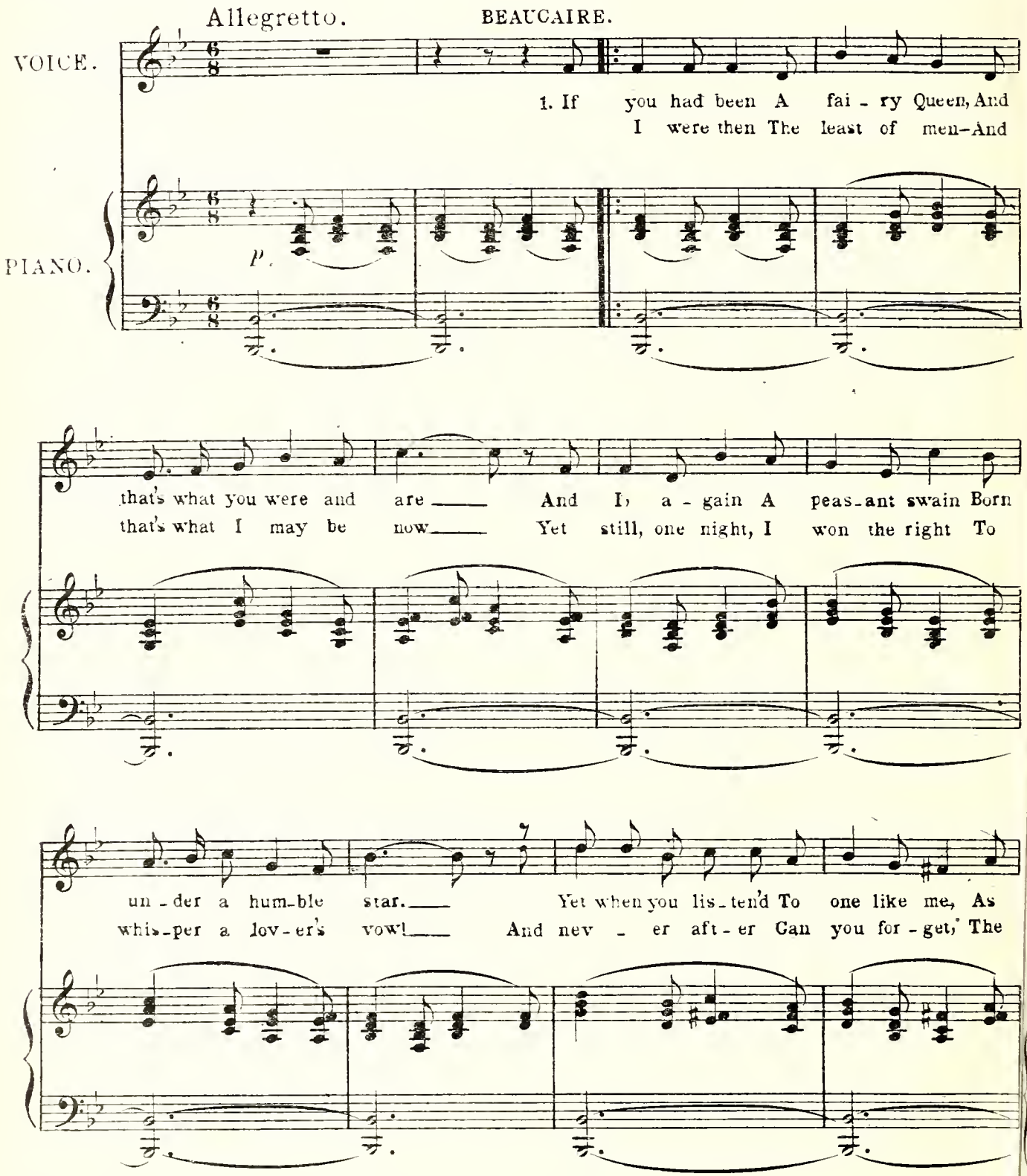

tell! I fain would speak, but still I fear, Be-
go? Her heart is not of stone or steel, Nor
stace.
LUCY.
There is a hap - less lov - er I've
If my true love should hold me In
cause she swears she will not hear!
did she prom - ise not to feel!
known so long, Too late I now dis - cov - er That
such a way, I'd an - swer what he told me, Yet
I have done him wrong! I can - not tell him, since I swore That
no - thing I would say! And if perchance a sound was heard, Our

I would speak to him no more! Nor I nor you Can break the bond Of
lips would nev - er speak a word! Nor I nor you Would break the bond Of
MOL.
Nor I nor you Can break the bond Of
Nor I nor you Would break the bond Of
such a sol - emn vow Tho' I am fond
such a sol - emn vow; We both are fond
such a sol - emn vow! Tho' I am true I
such a sol - emn vow! Yet if 'tis true Then
Nor I respond! Ah, why? We sigh We
And I respond We will! But still We
can - not woo Ah, why? We sigh We
I can woo We will! But still We


are not speaking now! Ah, why? We sigh—
are not speaking now! We will! But still— (they kiss.)
are not speaking now! Ah, why? We sigh—
are not speaking now! We will! But still— (they kiss.)
We are not speaking now!
We are not speaking now!
We are not speaking now!
We are not speaking now!
f
f
1.
MOL.
2.
2 But

No 20. SONG and CHORUS—"Under the moon."

(BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

Allegretto.
BEAUCAIRE.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p.
1. If you had been A fai - ry Queen, And
I were then The least of men—And
that's what you were and are ___ And I, a - gain A peas-ant swain Born
that's what I may be now ___ Yet still, one night, I won the right To
un - der a hum-ble star. ___ Yet when you lis-ten'd To one like me, As
whis-per a lov-er's vow! ___ And nev - er aft - er Can you for - get, The

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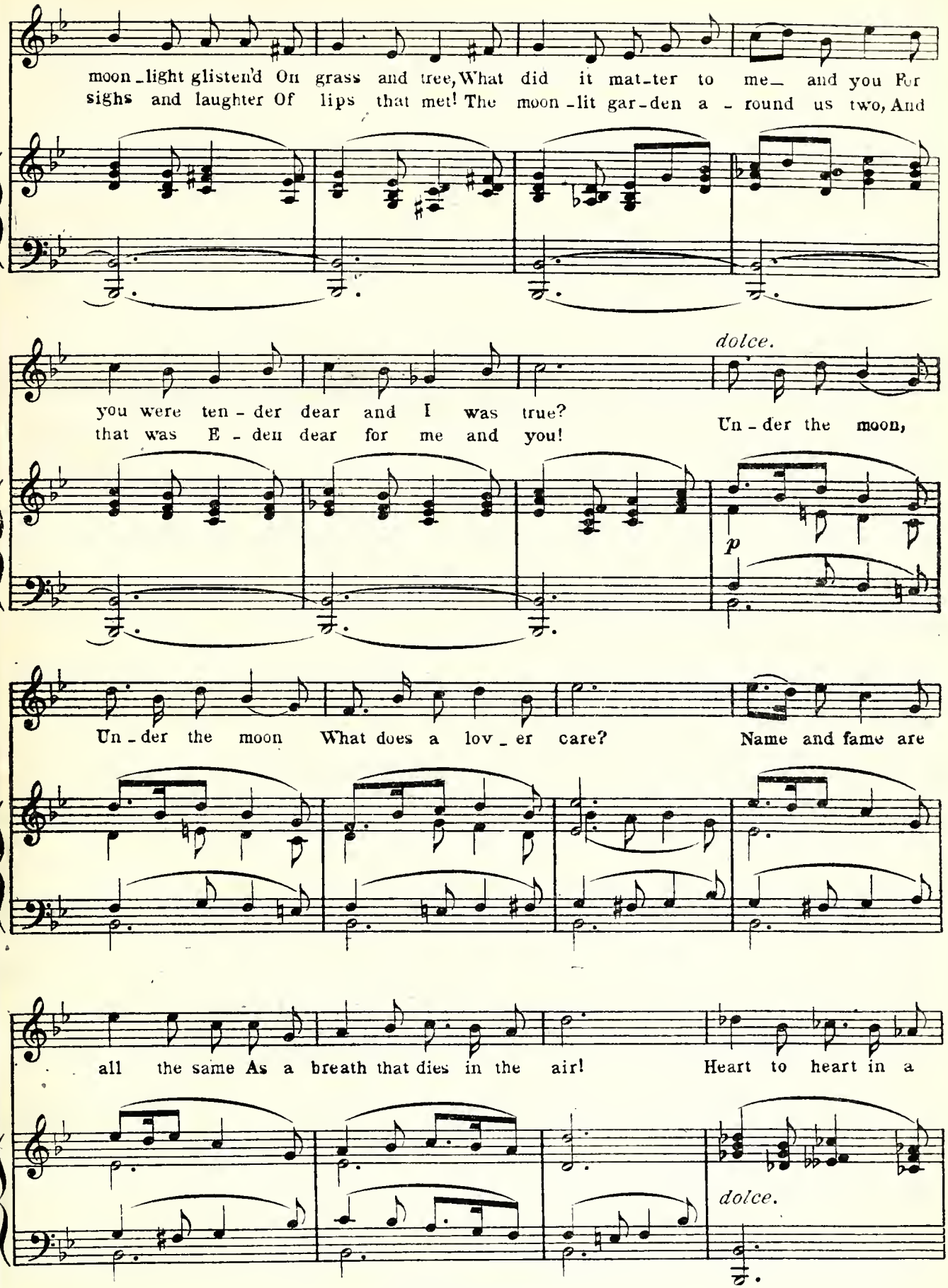
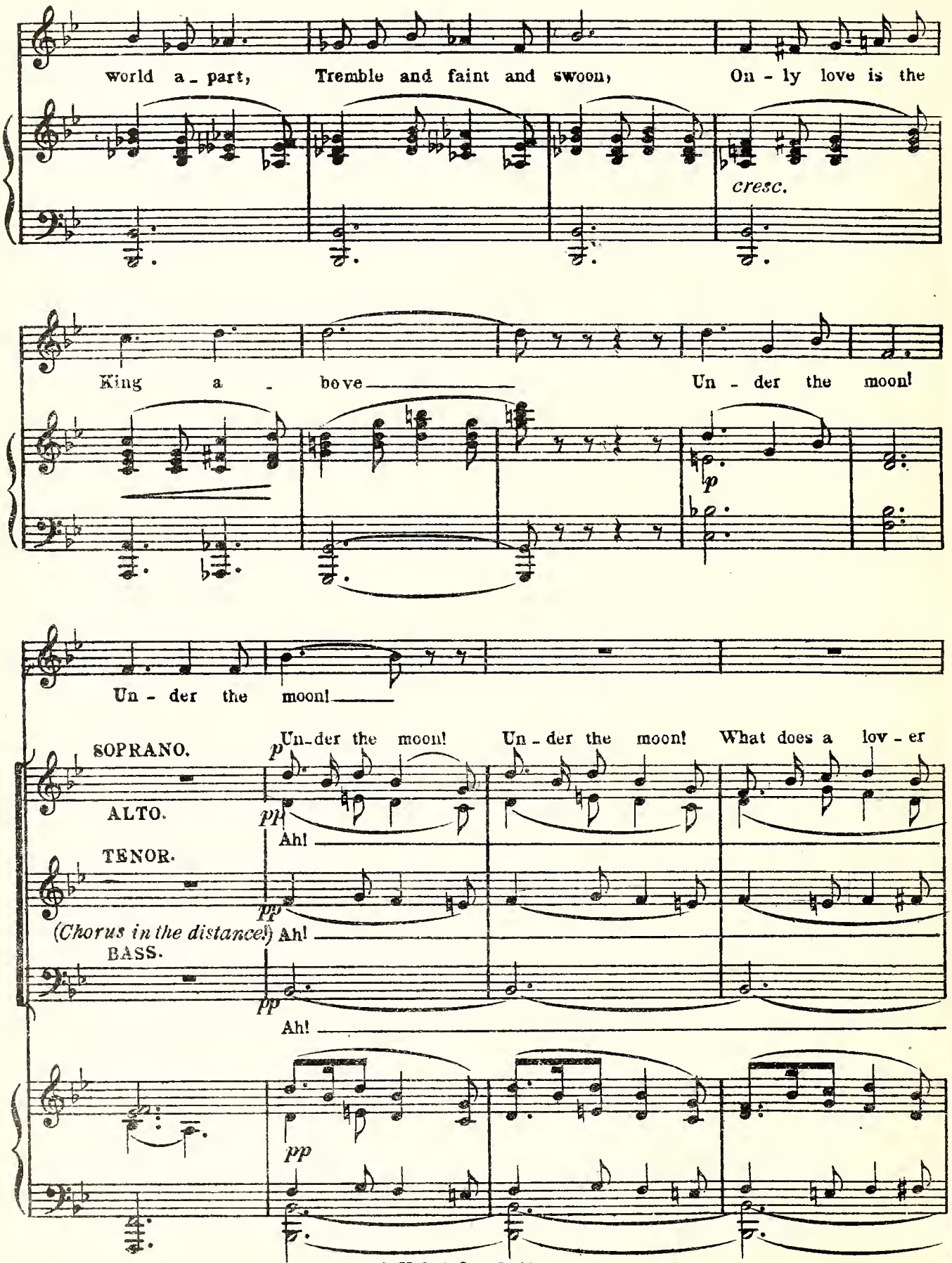
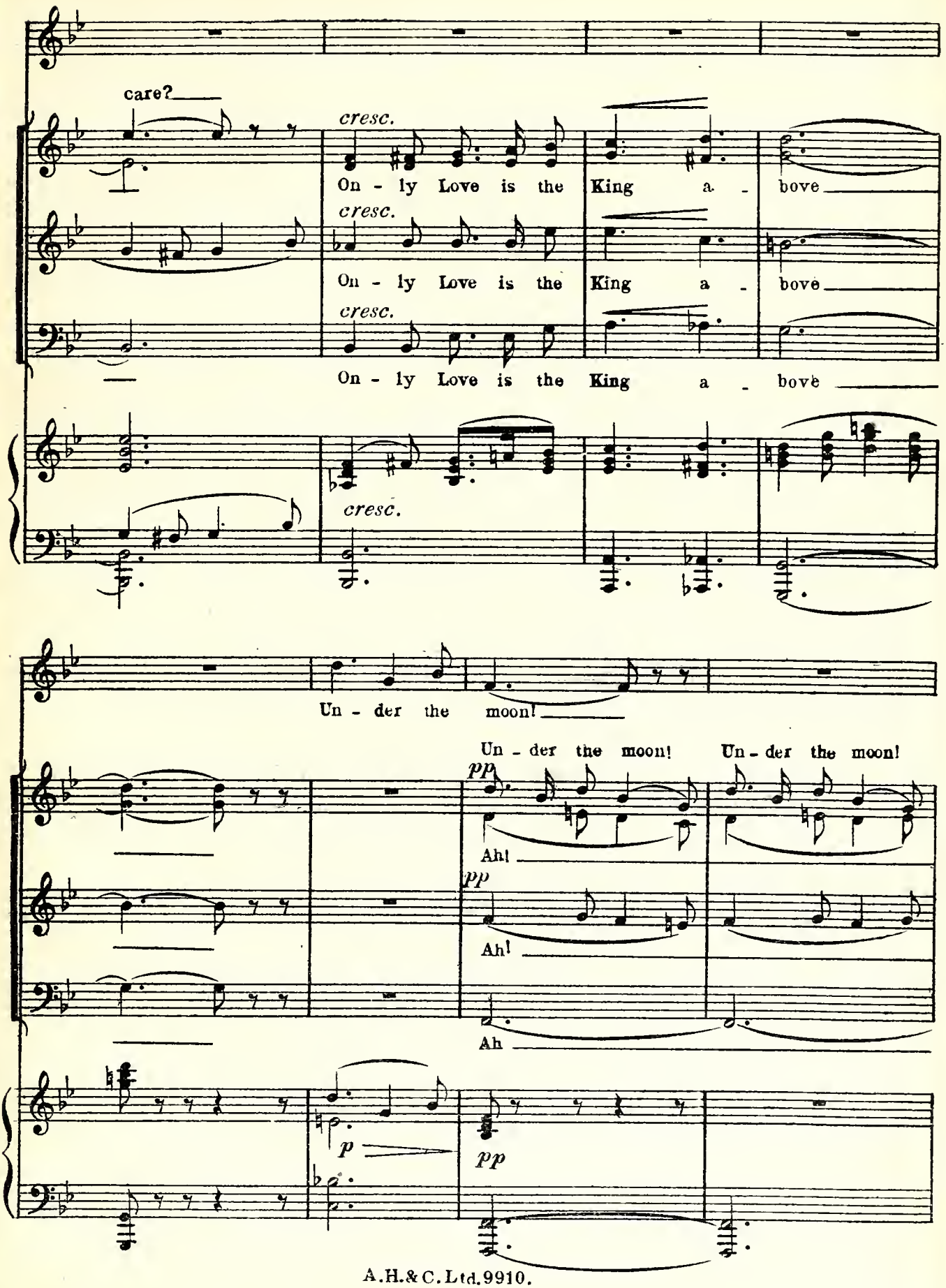
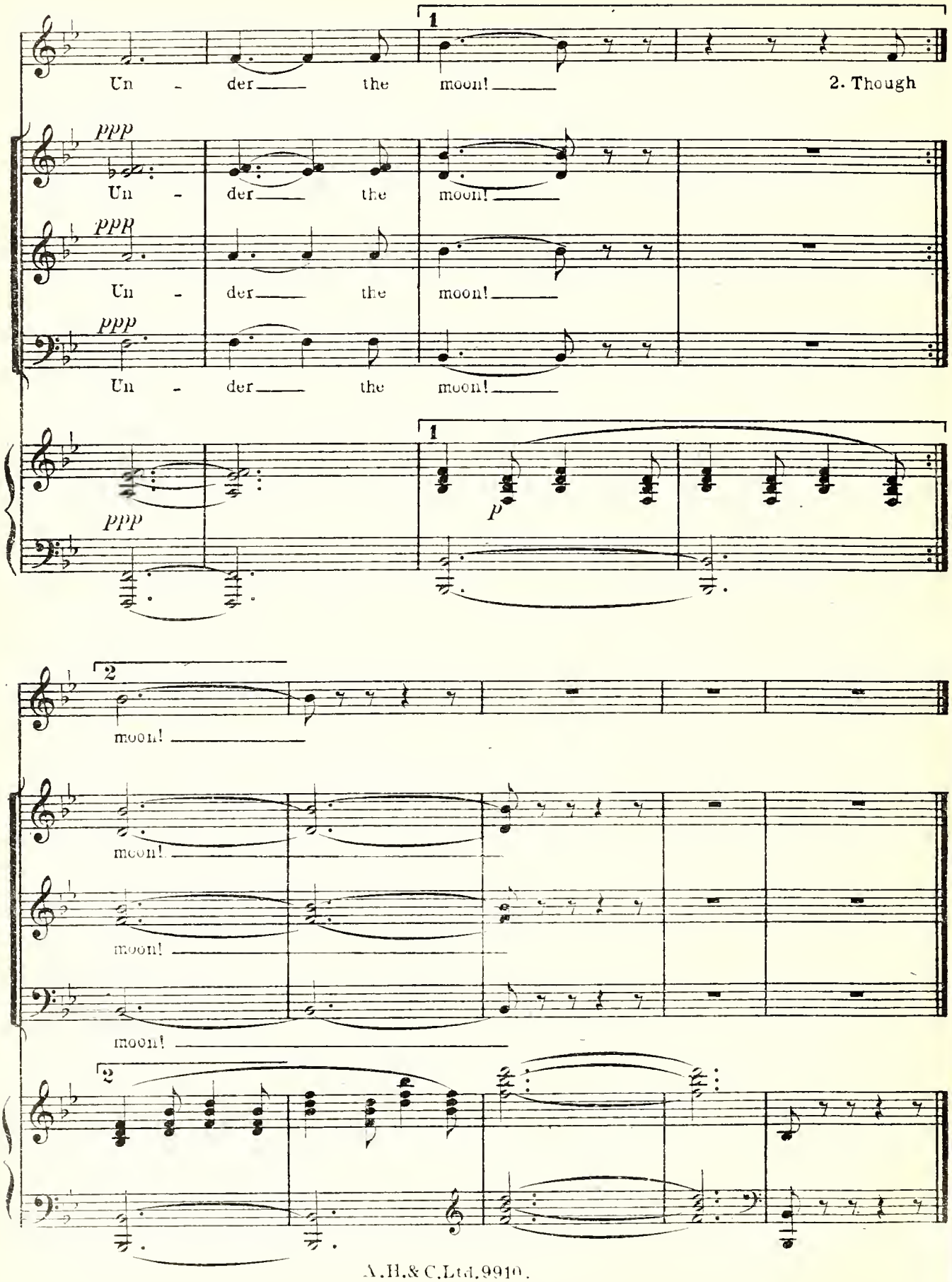
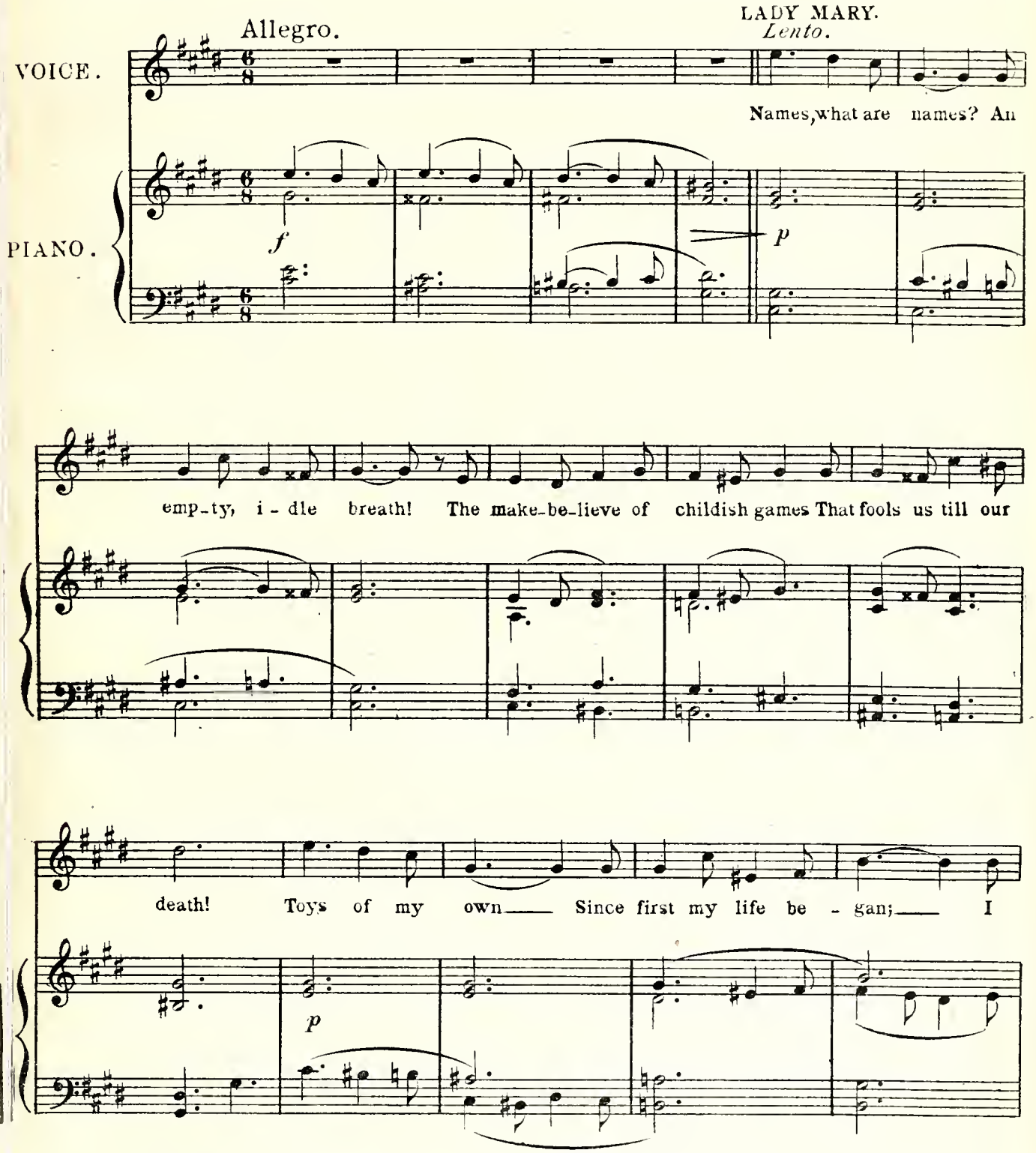

moon-light glisten'd On grass and tree, What did it mat-ter to me— and you For
sighs and laughter Of lips that met! The moon-lit gar-den a-round us two, And
dolce.
you were ten-der dear and I was true?
that was E-den dear for me and you!
Un-der the moon,
p
Un-der the moon What does a lov-er care?
Name and fame are
all the same As a breath that dies in the air!
Heart to heart in a
dolce.

world a - part, Tremble and faint and swoon, On - ly love is the
cresc.
King a - bove Un - der the moon!
p
Un - der the moon!
SOPRANO.
Un-der the moon! Un - der the moon! What does a lov - er
p
ALTO.
pp
Ah!
TENOR.
pp
(Chorus in the distance) Ah!
BASS.
pp
Ah!
pp

care?
cresc.
On - ly Love is the King a - bove
cresc.
On - ly Love is the King a - bove
cresc.
On - ly Love is the King a - bove
cresc.
Un - der the moon!
Un - der the moon! Un - der the moon!
pp
Ah!
pp
Ah!
Ah
p
pp

1
Un - der the moon!
2. Though
ppp
Un - der the moon!
ppp
Un - der the moon!
ppp
Un - der the moon!
1
p
ppp
2
moon!
moon!
moon!
2

No 21. SONG—"What are names?"

(LADY MARY.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.



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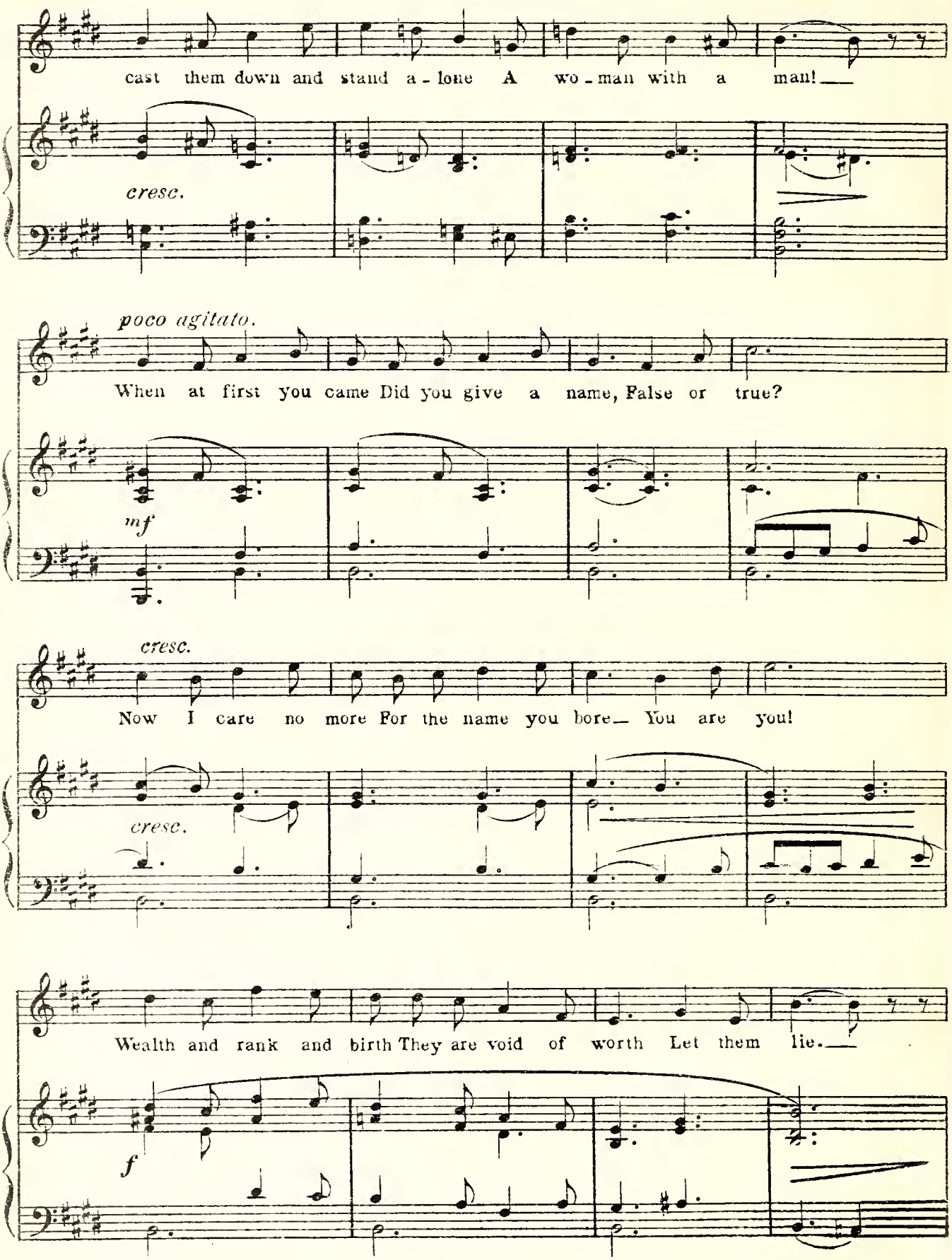
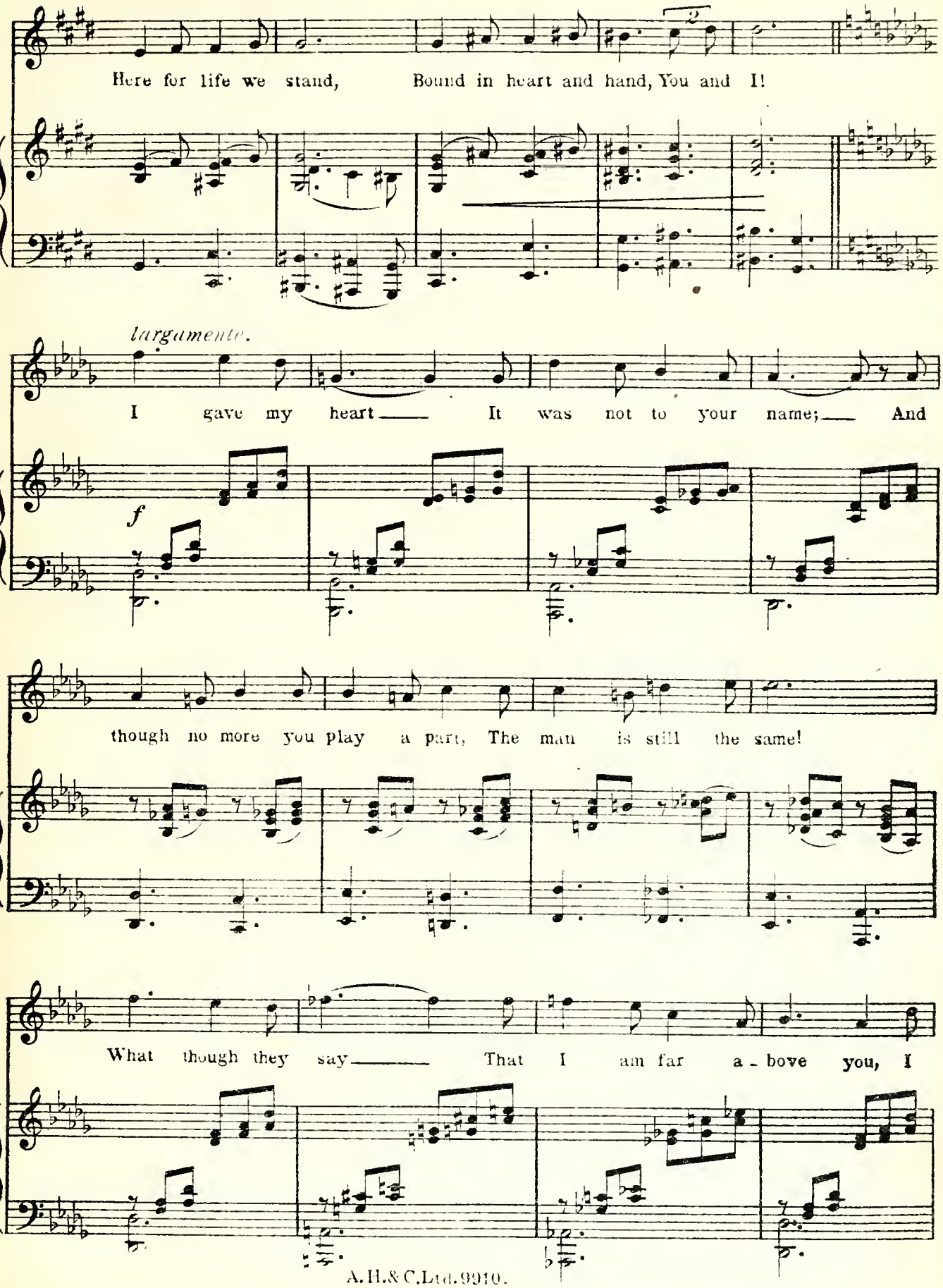
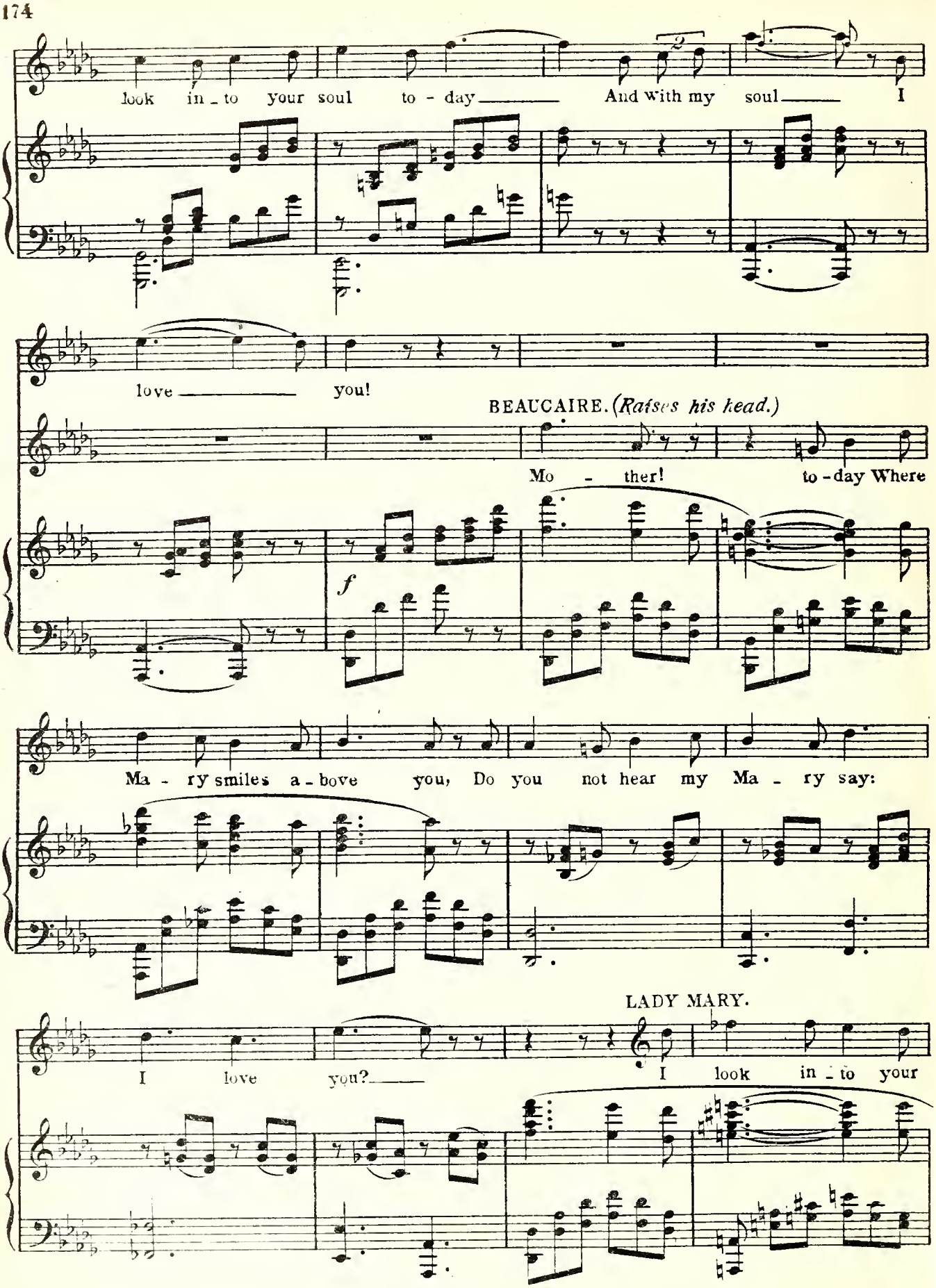
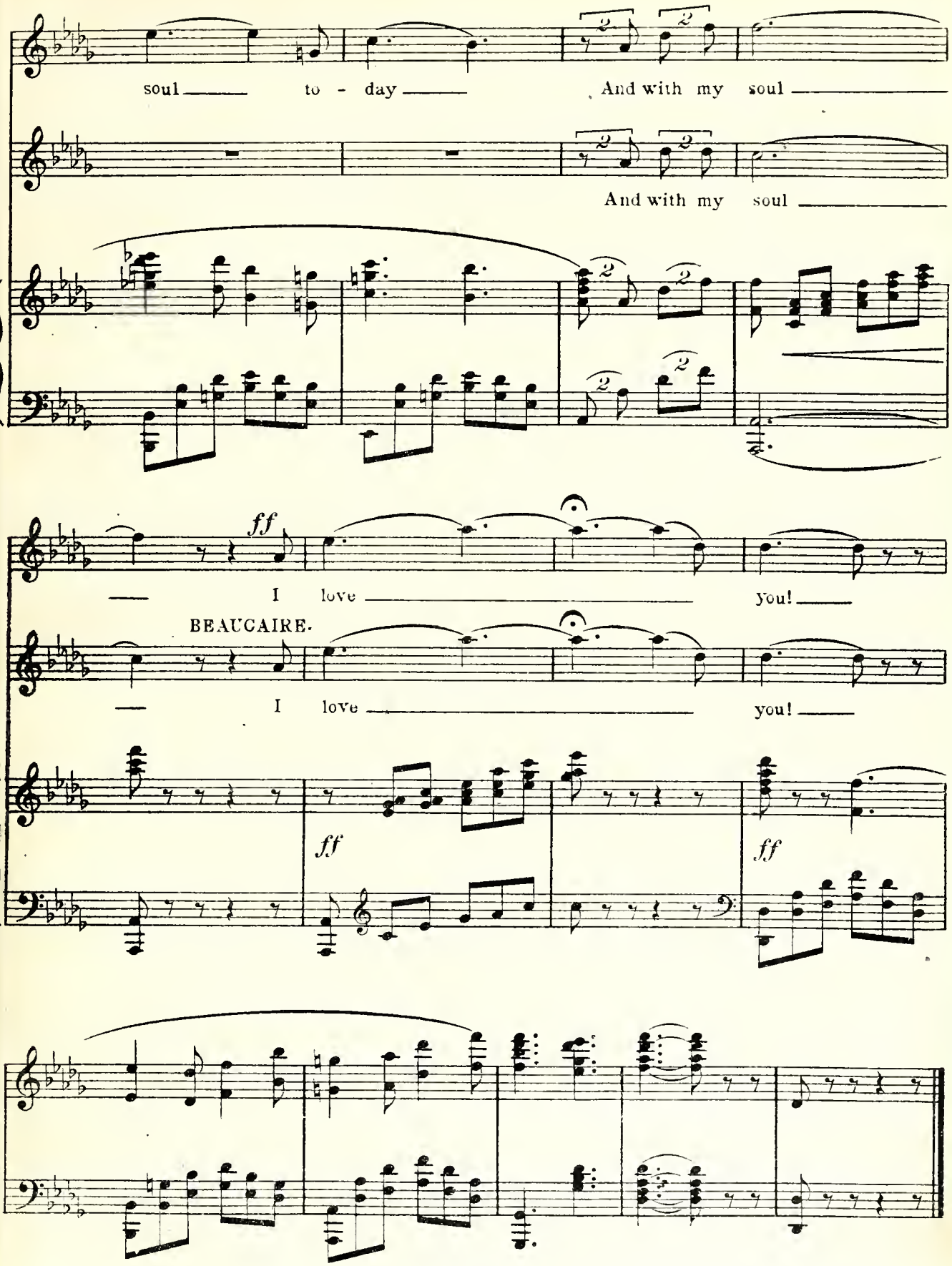

cast them down and stand a - lone A wo - man with a man!
cresc.
poco agitato.
When at first you came Did you give a name, False or true?
mf
cresc.
Now I care no more For the name you bore— You are you!
cresc.
Wealth and rank and birth They are void of worth Let them lie.
f

Here for life we stand, Bound in heart and hand, You and I!
largamente.
I gave my heart It was not to your name; And
f
though no more you play a part, The man is still the same!
What though they say That I am far a - bove you, I

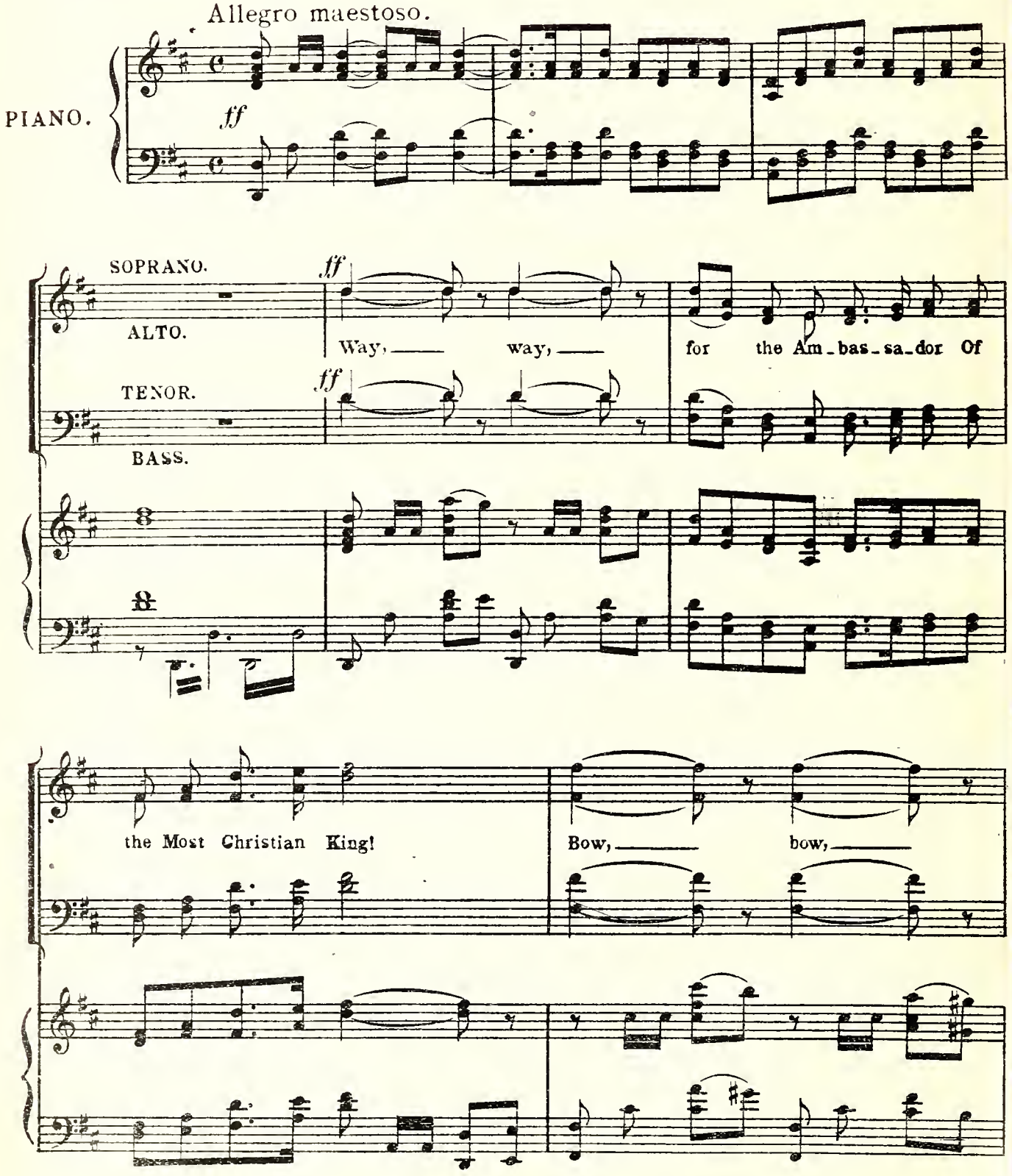

look in - to your soul to - day And with my soul I
love you!
BEAUCAIRE. (Raises his head.)
Mo - ther! to - day Where
f
Ma - ry smiles a - bove you, Do you not hear my Ma - ry say:
LADY MARY.
I love you?
I look in - to your


soul to - day And with my soul
And with my soul
ff
I love you!
BEAUCAIRE.
I love you!
ff
ff

No 22. CHORUS – "Way for the Ambassador."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.



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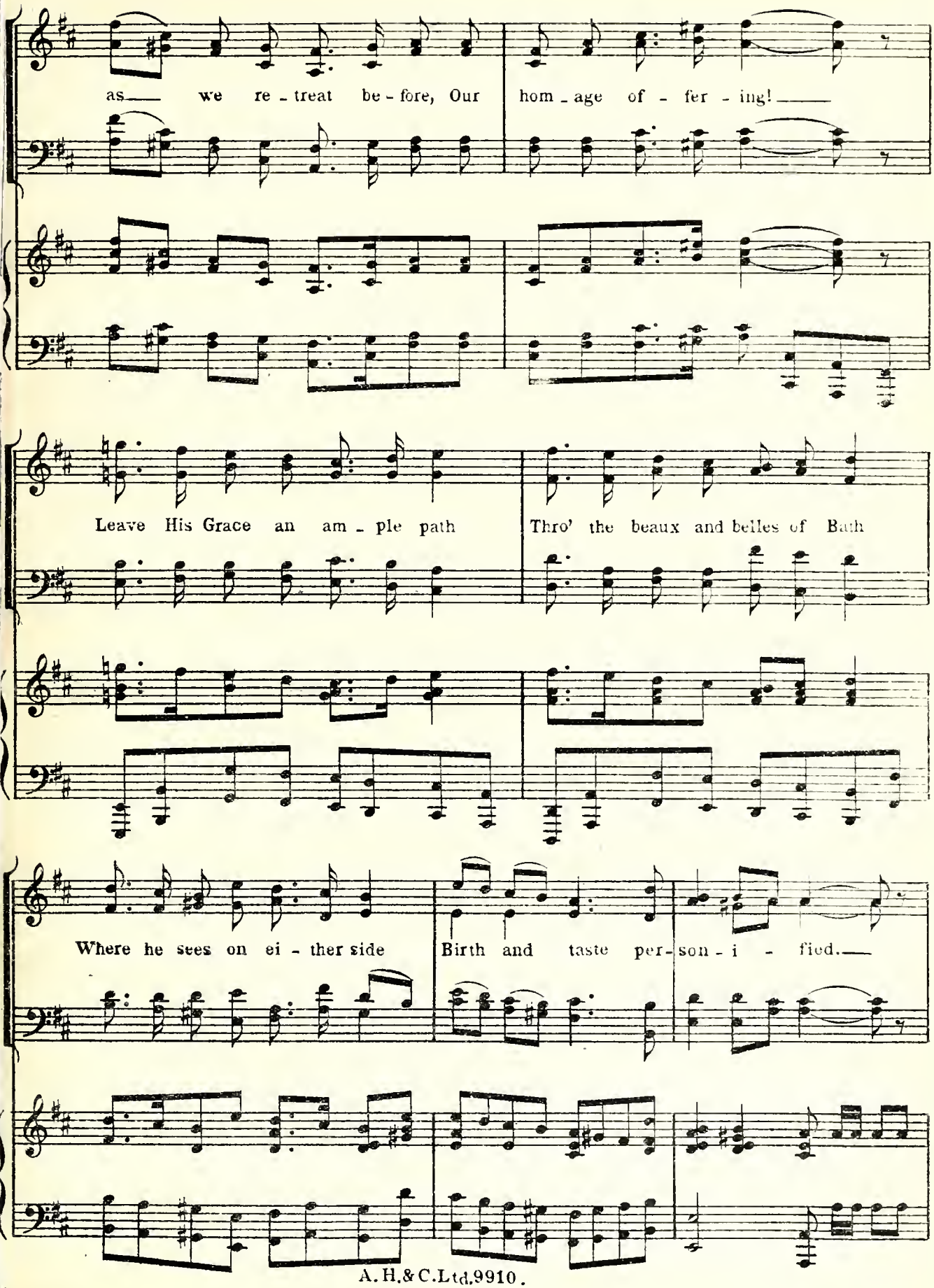
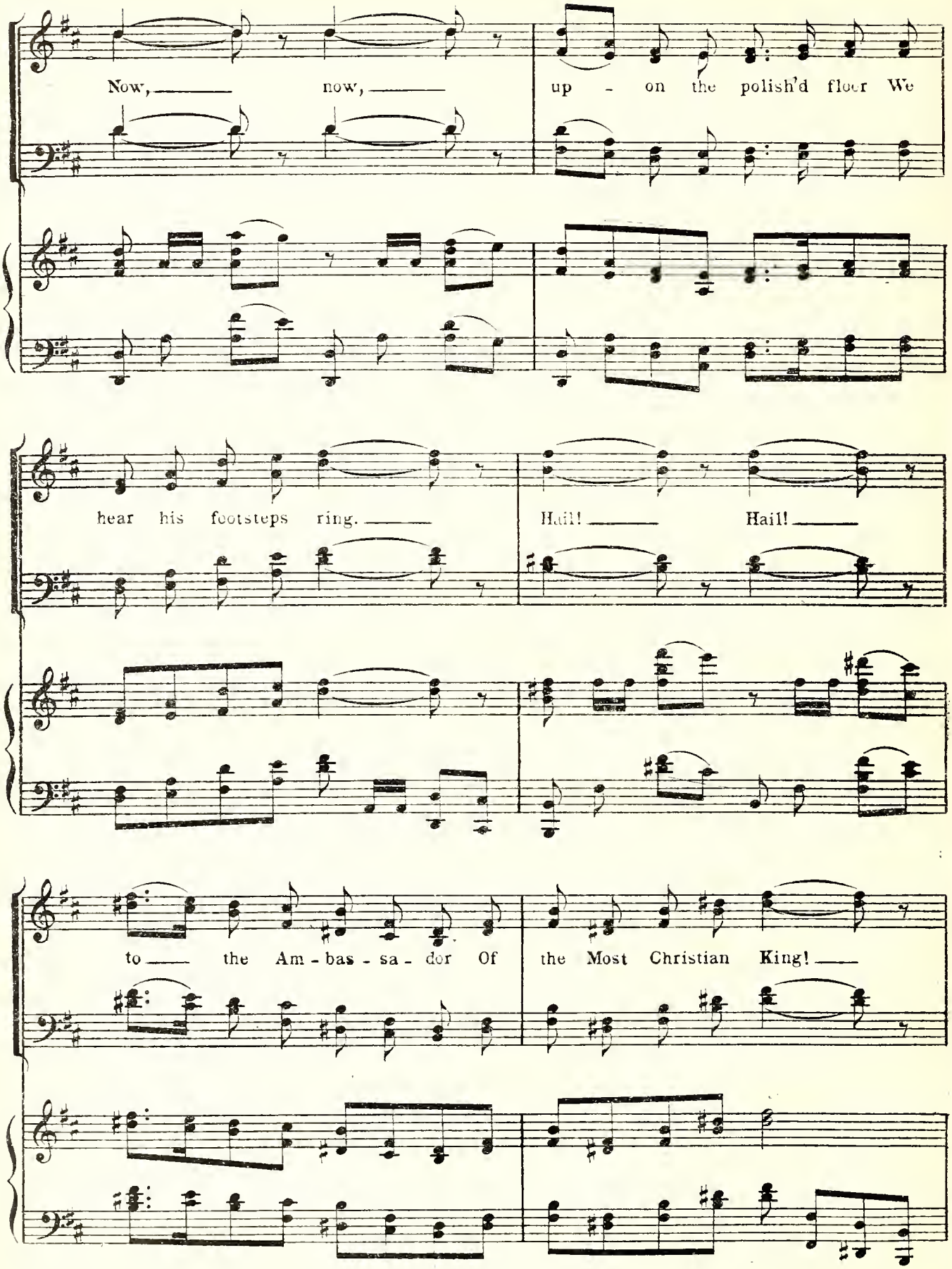
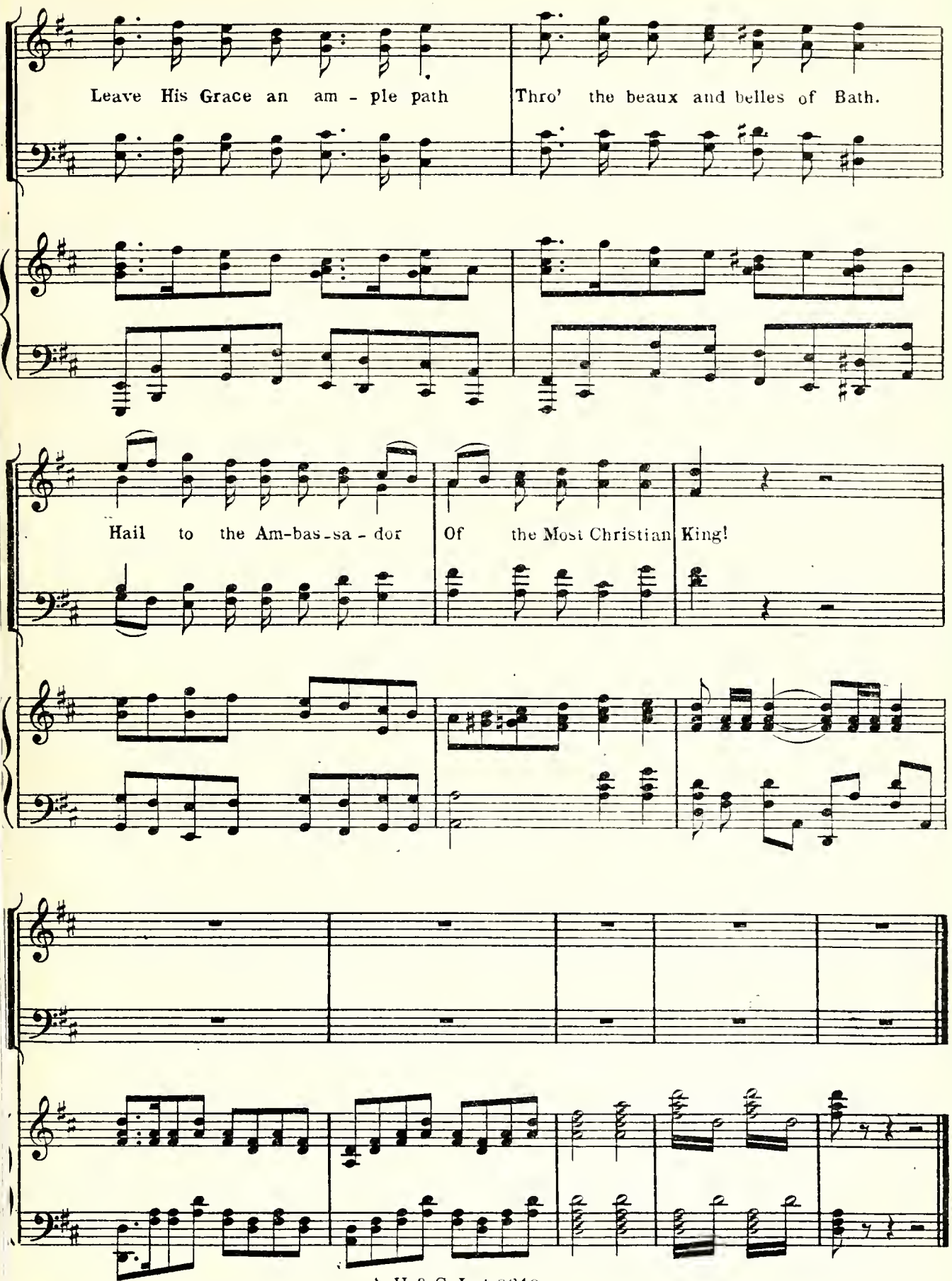
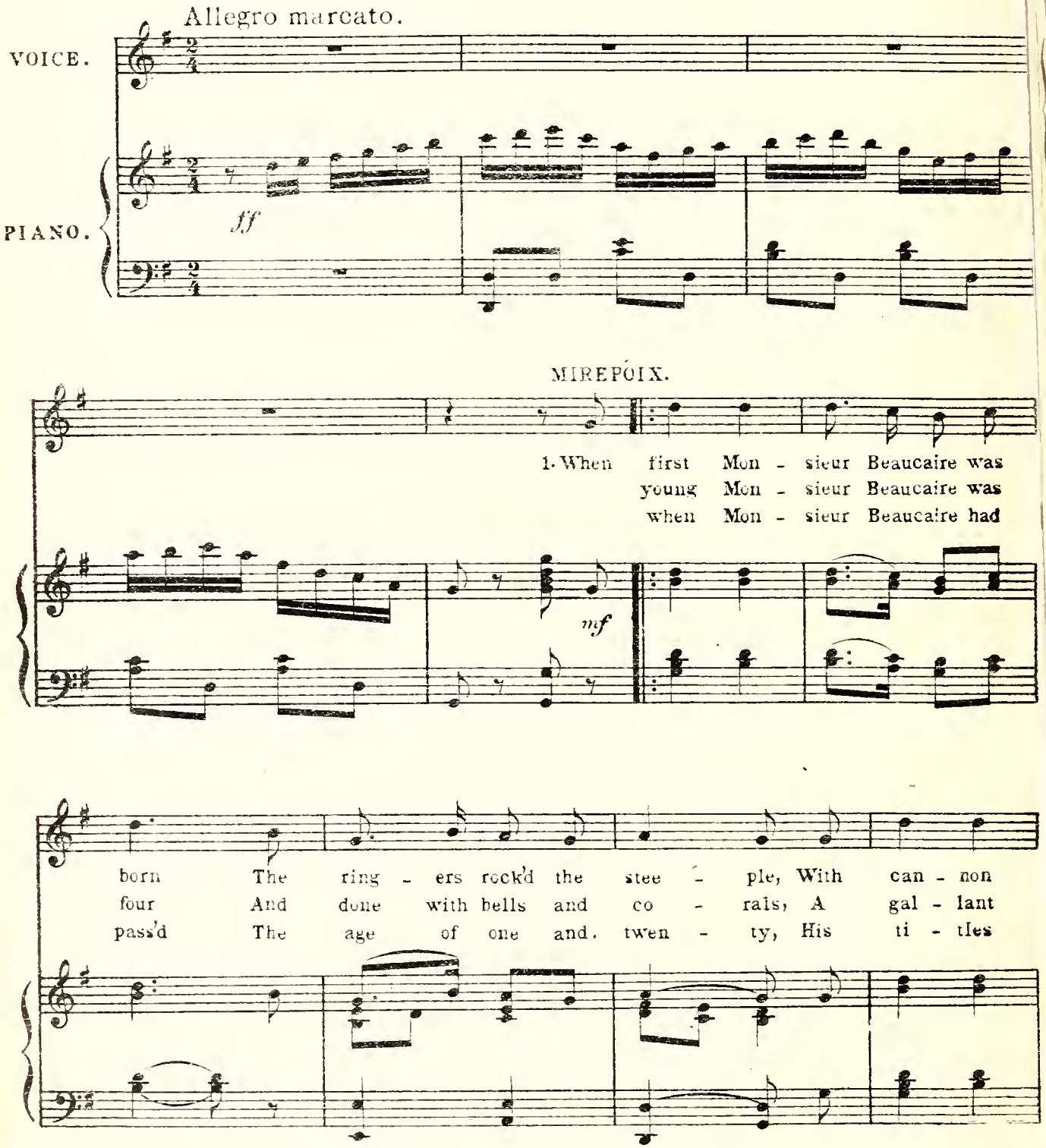

as— we re - treat be - fore, Our hom - age of - fer - ing!—
Leave His Grace an am - ple path Thro' the beaux and belles of Bath
Where he sees on ei - ther side Birth and taste per - son - i - fied.—

Now, ——— now, ——— up - on the polish'd floor We
hear his footsteps ring. ——— Hail! ——— Hail! ———
to ——— the Am - bas - sa - dor Of the Most Christian King! ———


Leave His Grace an am - ple path
Thro' the beaux and belles of Bath.
Hail to the Am-bas-sa - dor
Of the Most Christian King!

No 23. SONG and CHORUS– "A Son of France."

(MIREPOIX.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

Allegro marcato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
ff
MIREPOIX.
1. When first Mon - sieur Beaucaire was
young Mon - sieur Beaucaire was
when Mon - sieur Beaucaire had
mf
born The ring - ers rock'd the stee - ple, With can - non
four And done with bells and co - rals, A gal - lant
pass'd The age of one and twen - ty, His ti - tles

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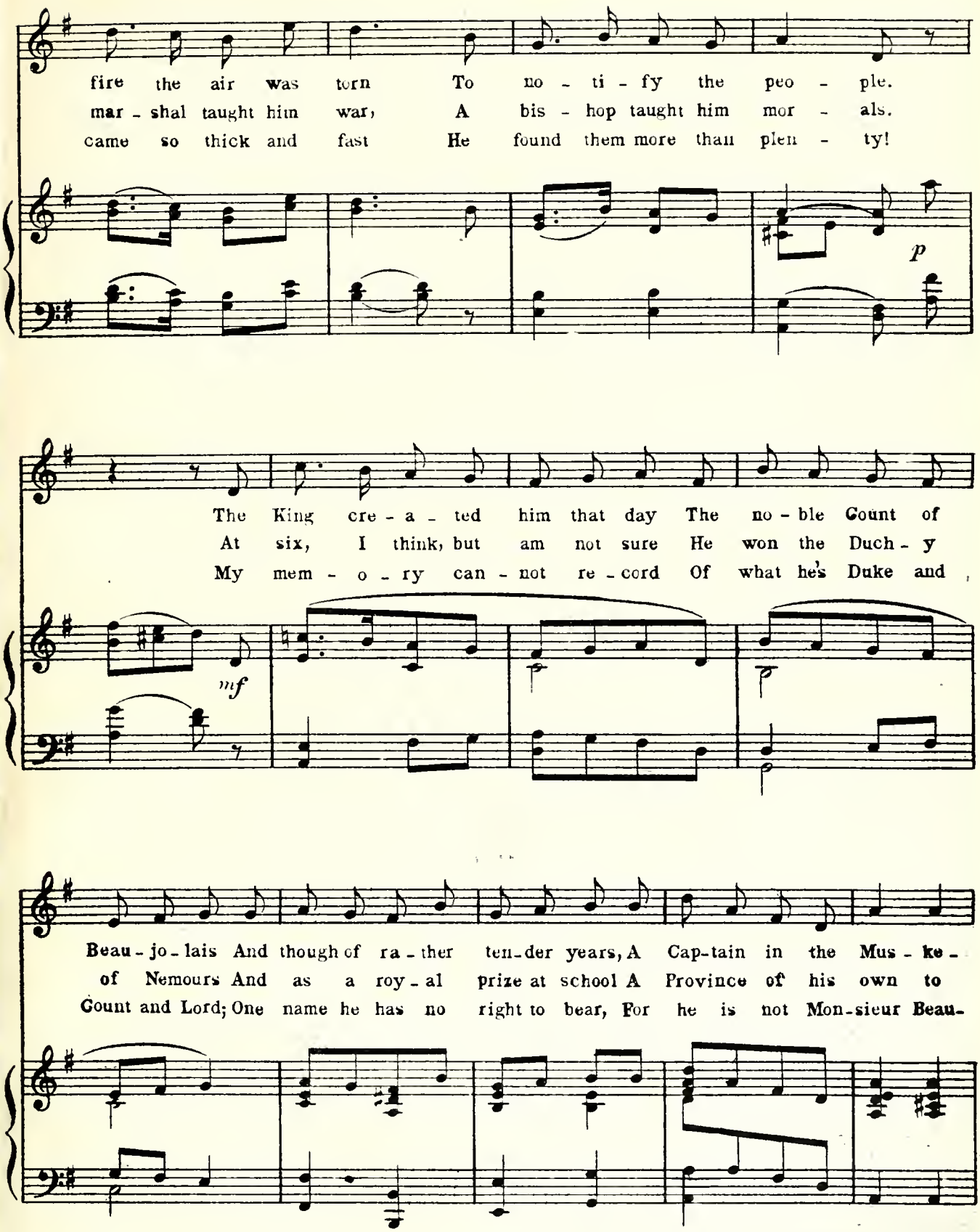
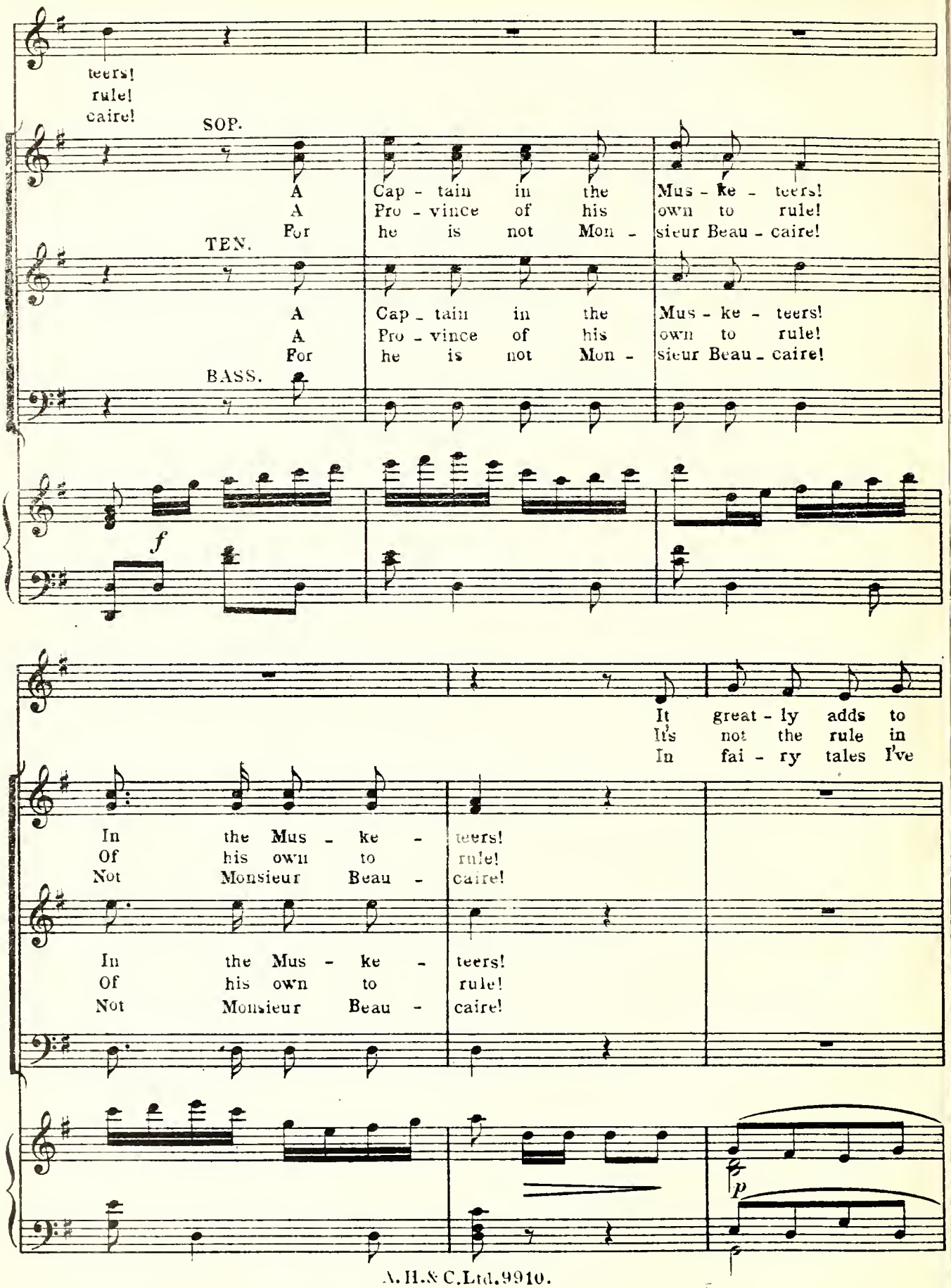
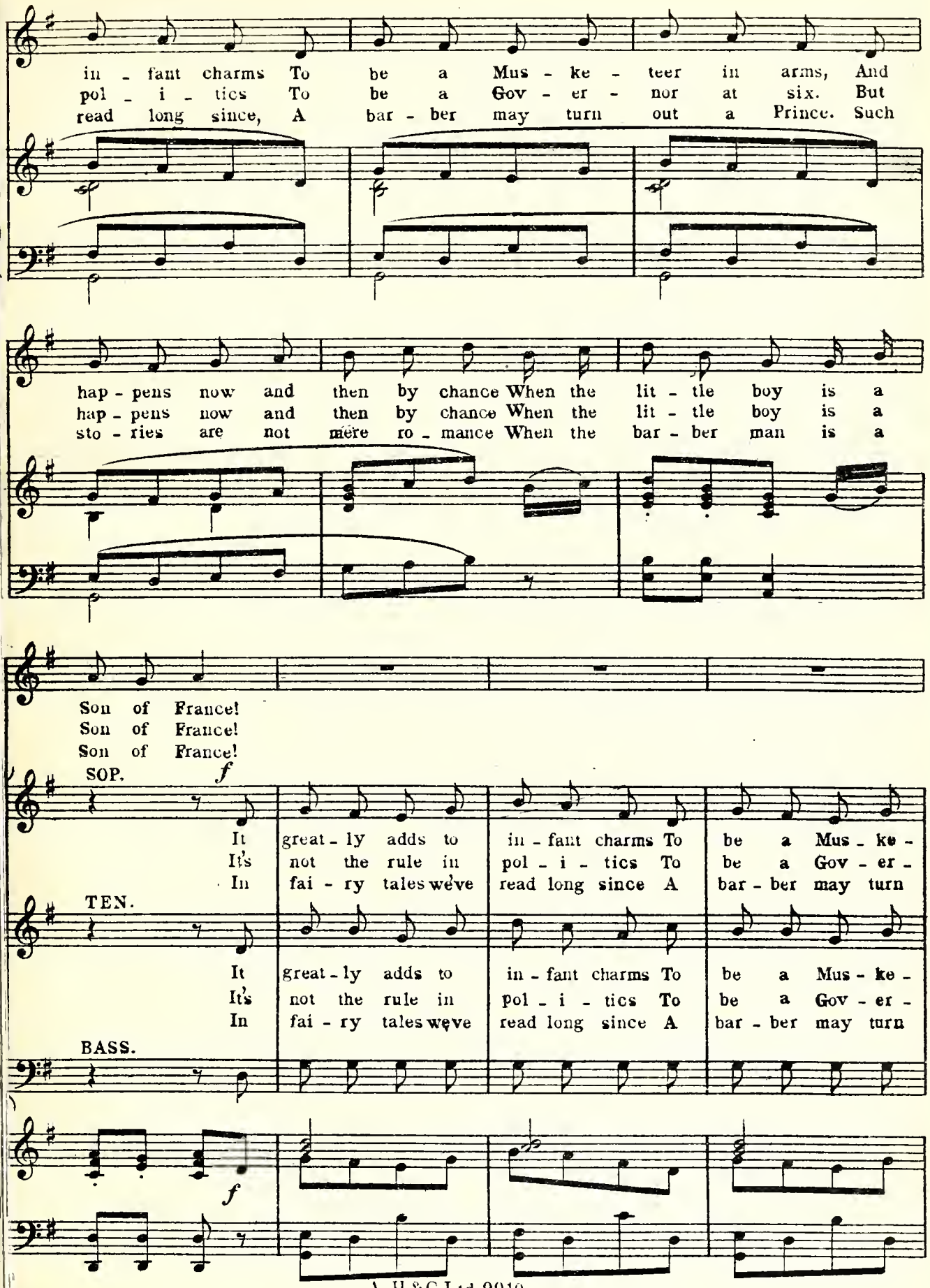
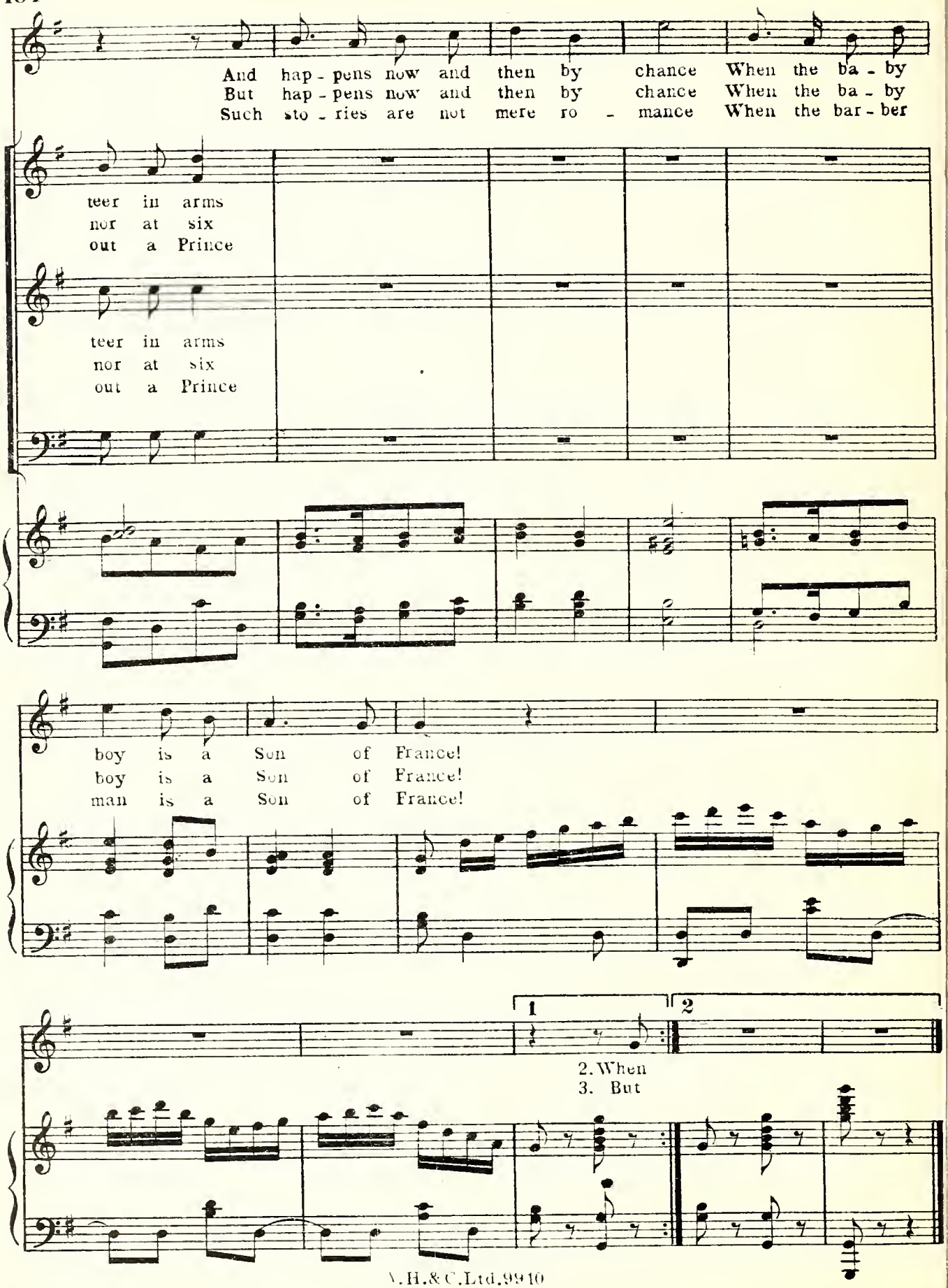

fire the air was torn To no - ti - fy the peo - ple.
mar - shal taught him war, A bis - hop taught him mor - als.
came so thick and fast He found them more than plen - ty!
p
The King cre - a - ted him that day The no - ble Count of
At six, I think, but am not sure He won the Duch - y
My mem - o - ry can - not re - cord Of what he's Duke and
mf
Beau - jo - lais And though of ra - ther ten - der years, A Cap - tain in the Mus - ke -
of Nemours And as a roy - al prize at school A Province of his own to
Count and Lord; One name he has no right to bear, For he is not Mon - sieur Beau -

teers!
rule!
caire!
SOP.
A Cap - tain in the Mus - ke - teers!
A Pro - vince of his own to rule!
For he is not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!
TEN.
A Cap - tain in the Mus - ke - teers!
A Pro - vince of his own to rule!
For he is not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!
BASS.
f
It great - ly adds to
It's not the rule in
In fai - ry tales I've
In the Mus - ke - teers!
Of his own to rule!
Not Monsieur Beau - caire!
In the Mus - ke - teers!
Of his own to rule!
Not Monsieur Beau - caire!
p

in - fant charms To be a Mus - ke - teer in arms, And
pol - i - tics To be a Gov - er - nor at six. But
read long since, A bar - ber may turn out a Prince. Such
hap - pens now and then by chance When the lit - tle boy is a
hap - pens now and then by chance When the lit - tle boy is a
sto - ries are not mere ro - mance When the bar - ber man is a
Son of France!
Son of France!
Son of France!
SOP.
f
It great - ly adds to in - fant charms To be a Mus - ke -
It's not the rule in pol - i - tics To be a Gov - er -
In fai - ry tales we've read long since A bar - ber may turn
TEN.
It great - ly adds to in - fant charms To be a Mus - ke -
It's not the rule in pol - i - tics To be a Gov - er -
In fai - ry tales we've read long since A bar - ber may turn
BASS.
f

And hap - pens now and then by chance When the ba - by
But hap - pens now and then by chance When the ba - by
Such sto - ries are not mere ro - mance When the bar - ber
teer in arms
nor at six
out a Prince
teer in arms
nor at six
out a Prince
boy is a Son of France!
boy is a Son of France!
man is a Son of France!
1
2
2. When
3. But

No 24. Finale.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER.

Allegro.

PIANO.

f

BEAUCAIRE.

Oh, fair be wind and

p

wea - ther, Let the sun - lit rip - ples dance, As the

fair - est rose of your Eng - land goes On the heart of a Son of

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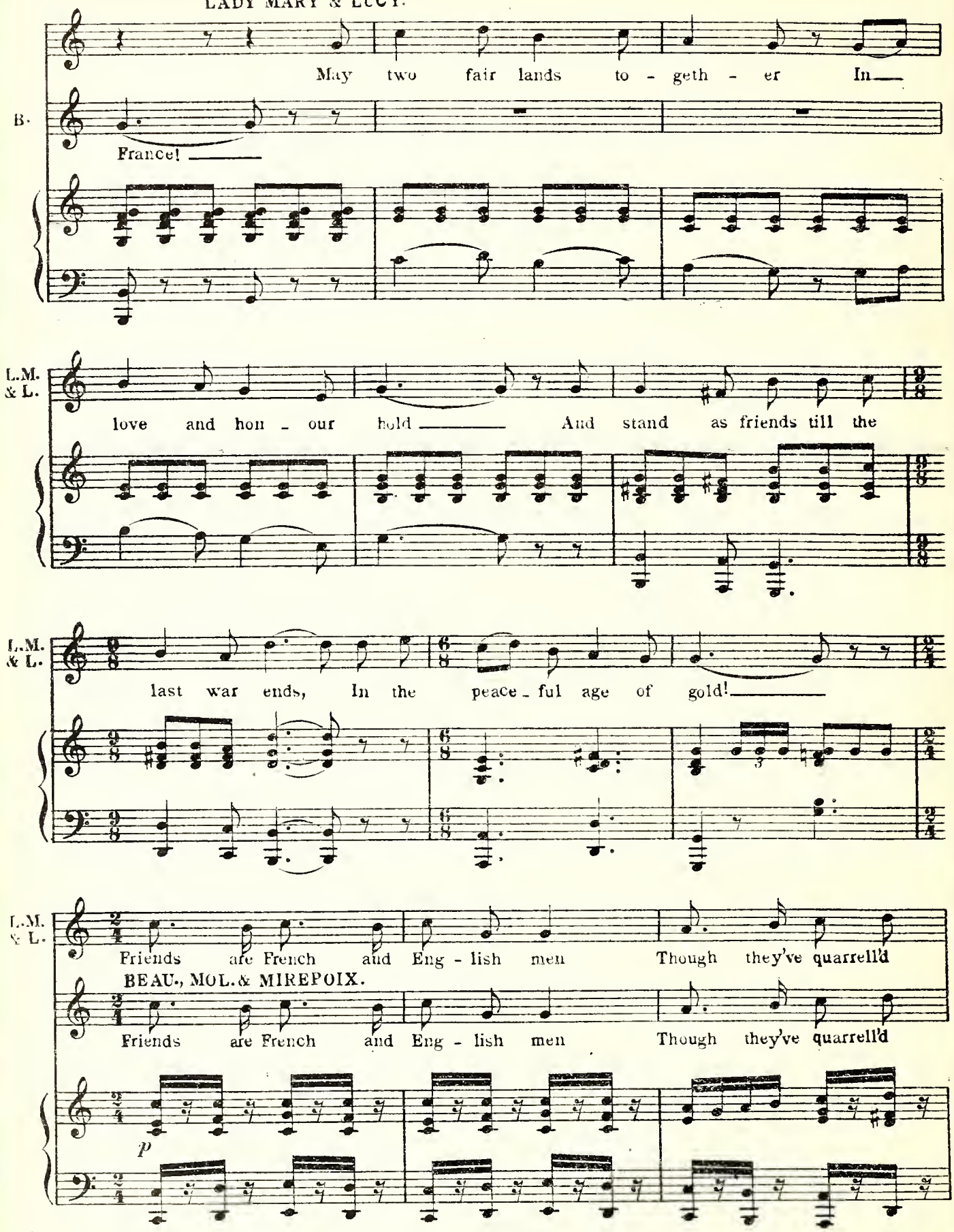
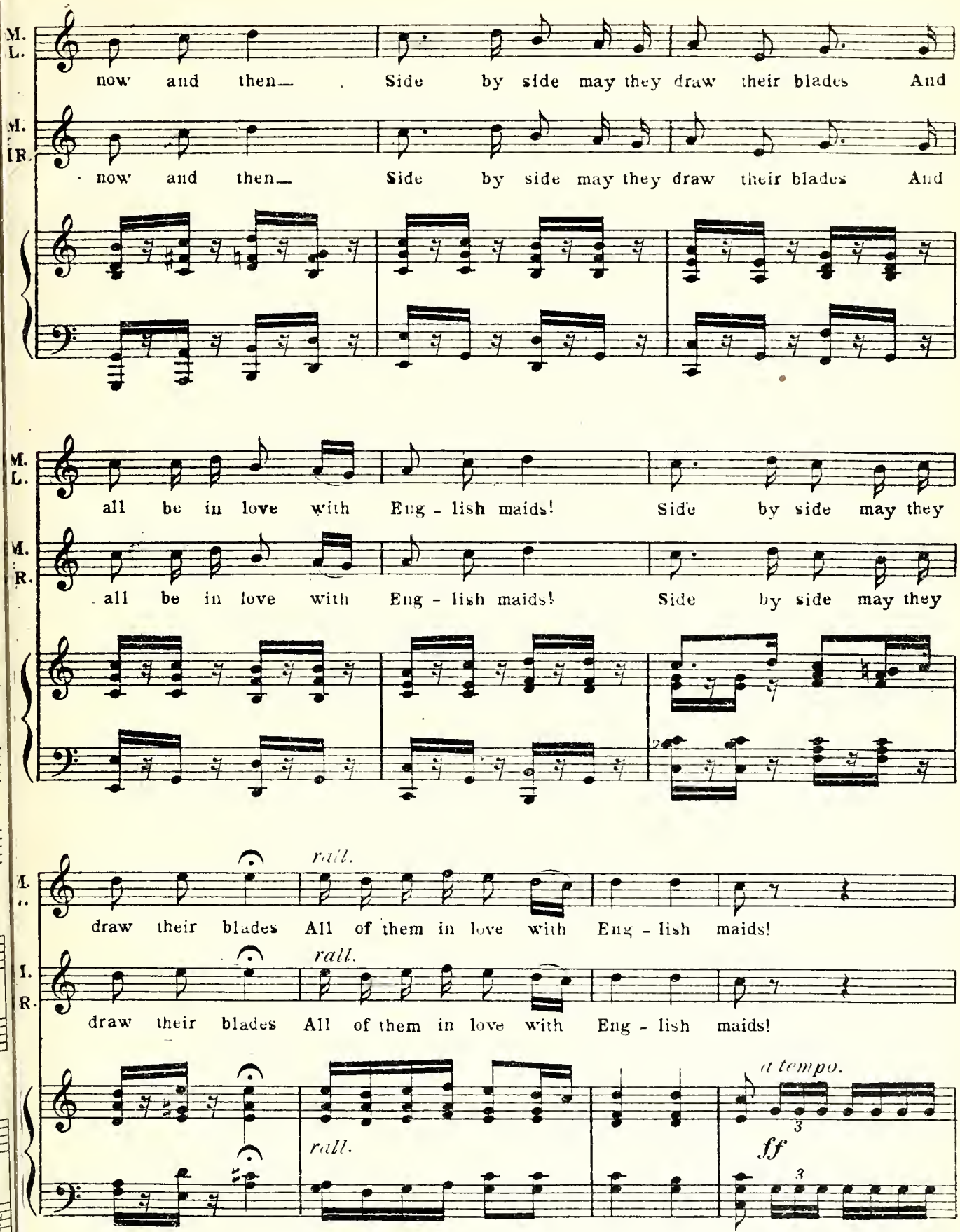
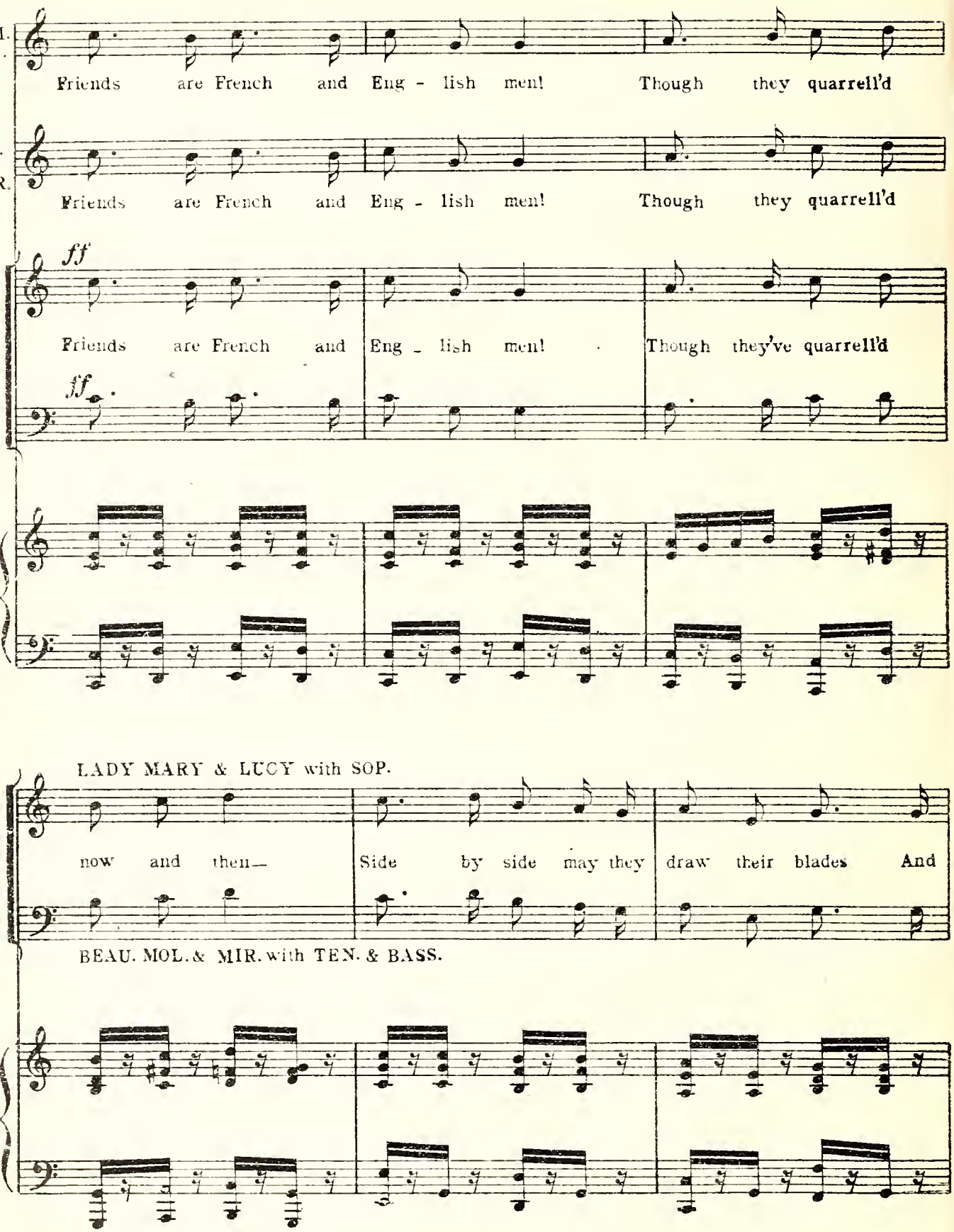
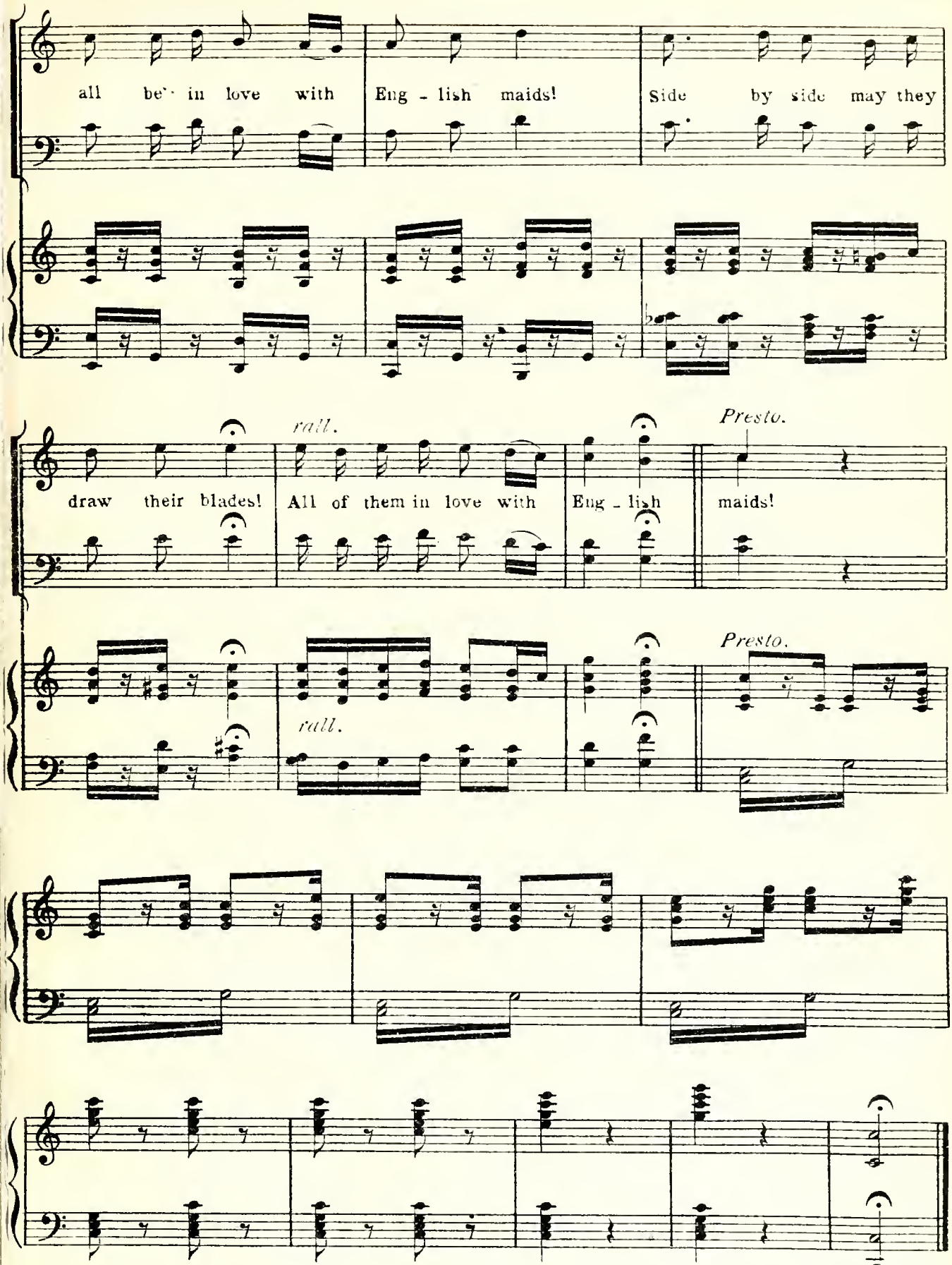
LADY MARY & LUCY.


May two fair lands to - geth - er In
B.
France!
L.M. & L.
love and hon - our hold And stand as friends till the
L.M. & L.
last war ends, In the peace - ful age of gold!
L.M. & L.
Friends are French and Eng - lish men Though they've quarrell'd
BEAU., MOL. & MIREPOIX.
Friends are French and Eng - lish men Though they've quarrell'd
p


M. L.
now and then— Side by side may they draw their blades And
M. R.
now and then— Side by side may they draw their blades And
all be in love with Eng - lish maids! Side by side may they
all be in love with Eng - lish maids! Side by side may they
rall.
draw their blades All of them in love with Eng - lish maids!
rall.
draw their blades All of them in love with Eng - lish maids!
rall.
a tempo.
ff

L.M.
& L.
Friends are French and Eng - lish men! Though they quarrell'd
B.M.
& MIR.
Friends are French and Eng - lish men! Though they quarrell'd
ff
Friends are French and Eng - lish men! Though they've quarrell'd
ff
LADY MARY & LUCY with SOP.
now and then— Side by side may they draw their blades And
BEAU. MOL. & MIR. with TEN. & BASS.



End of Act III.

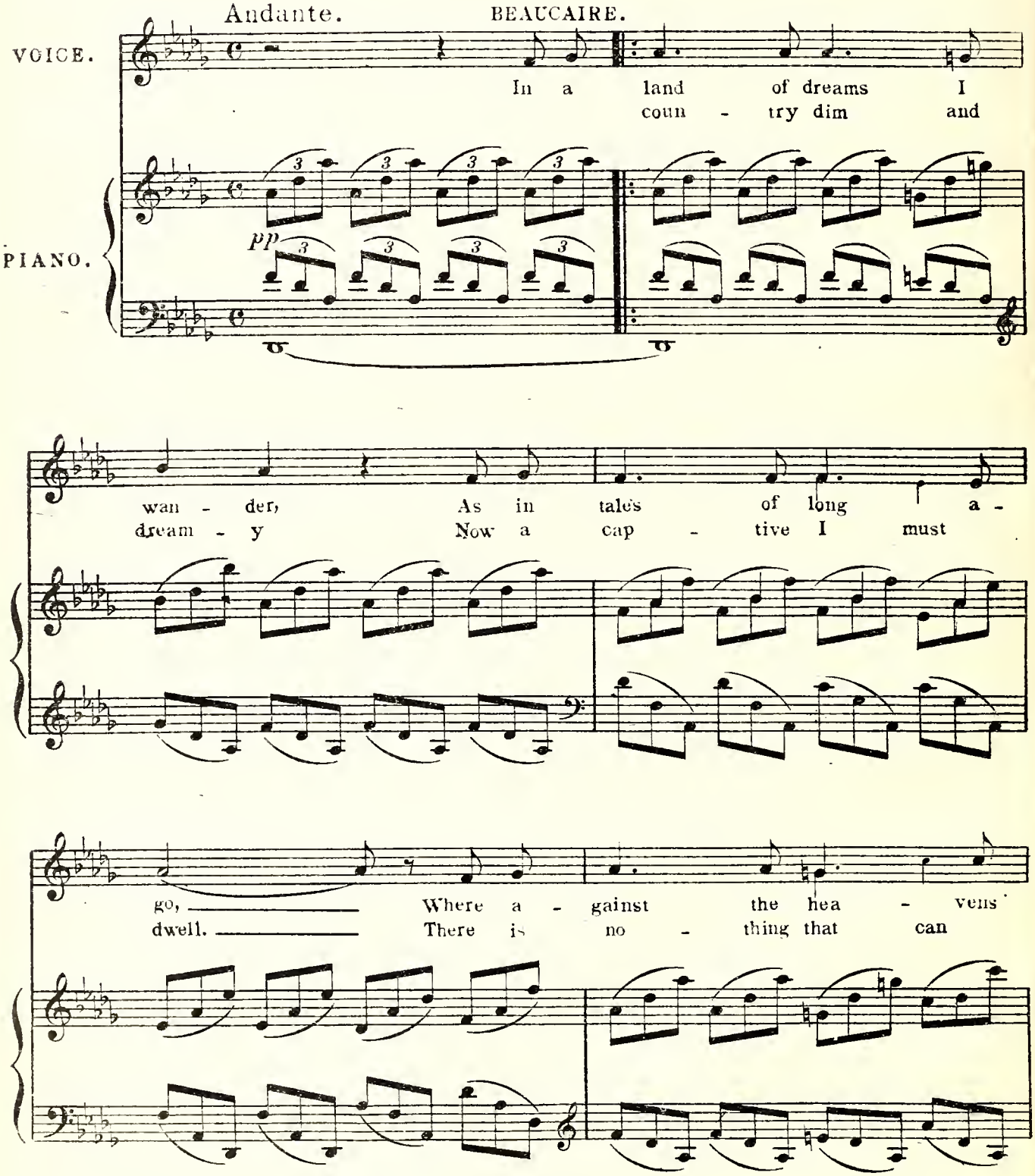
SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.

SONG—"Gold and Blue and White."

(BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ANDRÈ MESSAGER.


Andante.
BEAUCAIRE.
VOICE.
PIANO.
pp
In a land of dreams I
coun - try dim and
wan - der, As in tales of long a -
dream - y Now a cap - tive I must
go, Where a - gainst the hea - vens
dwell. There is no - thing that can

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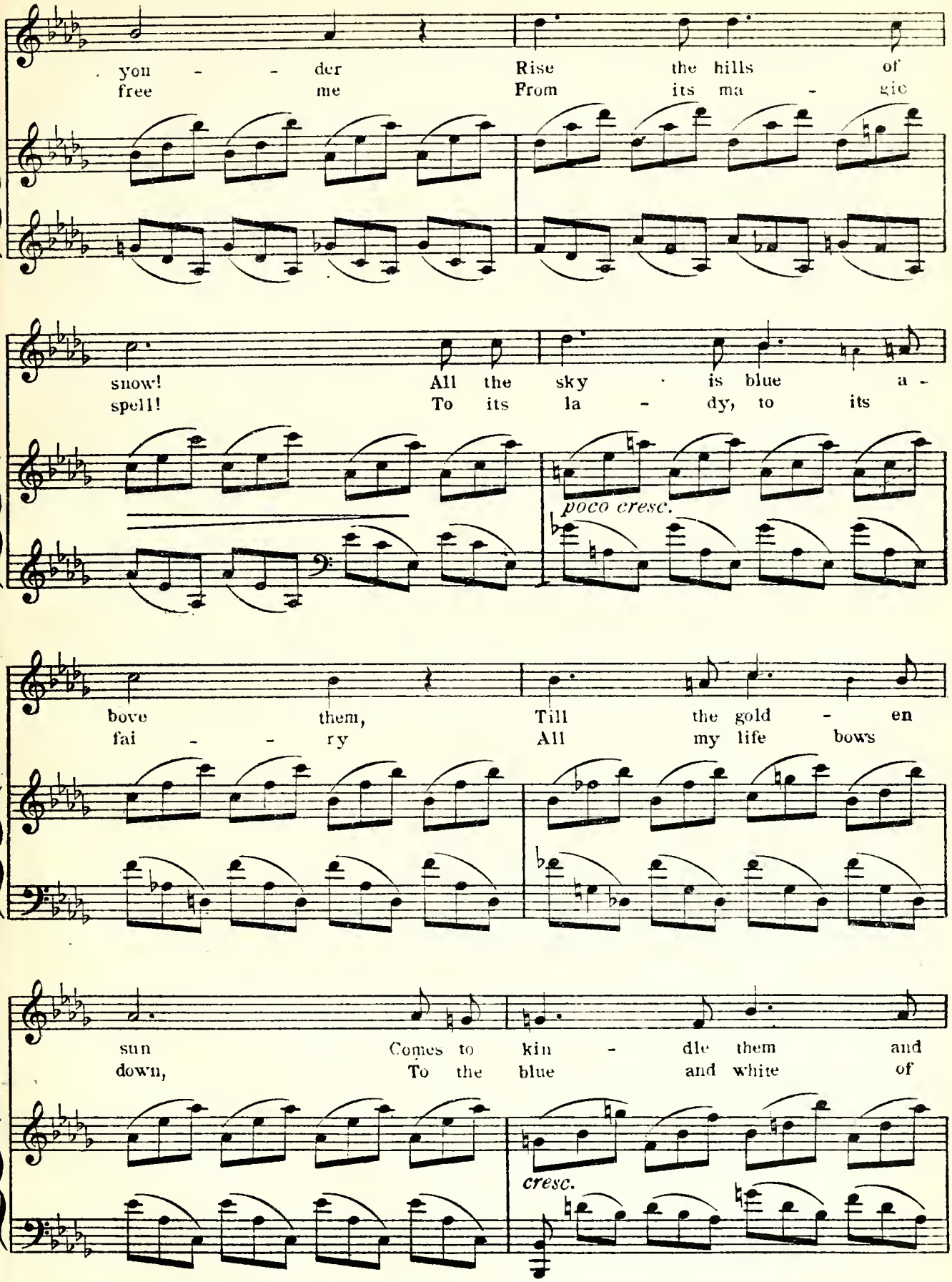
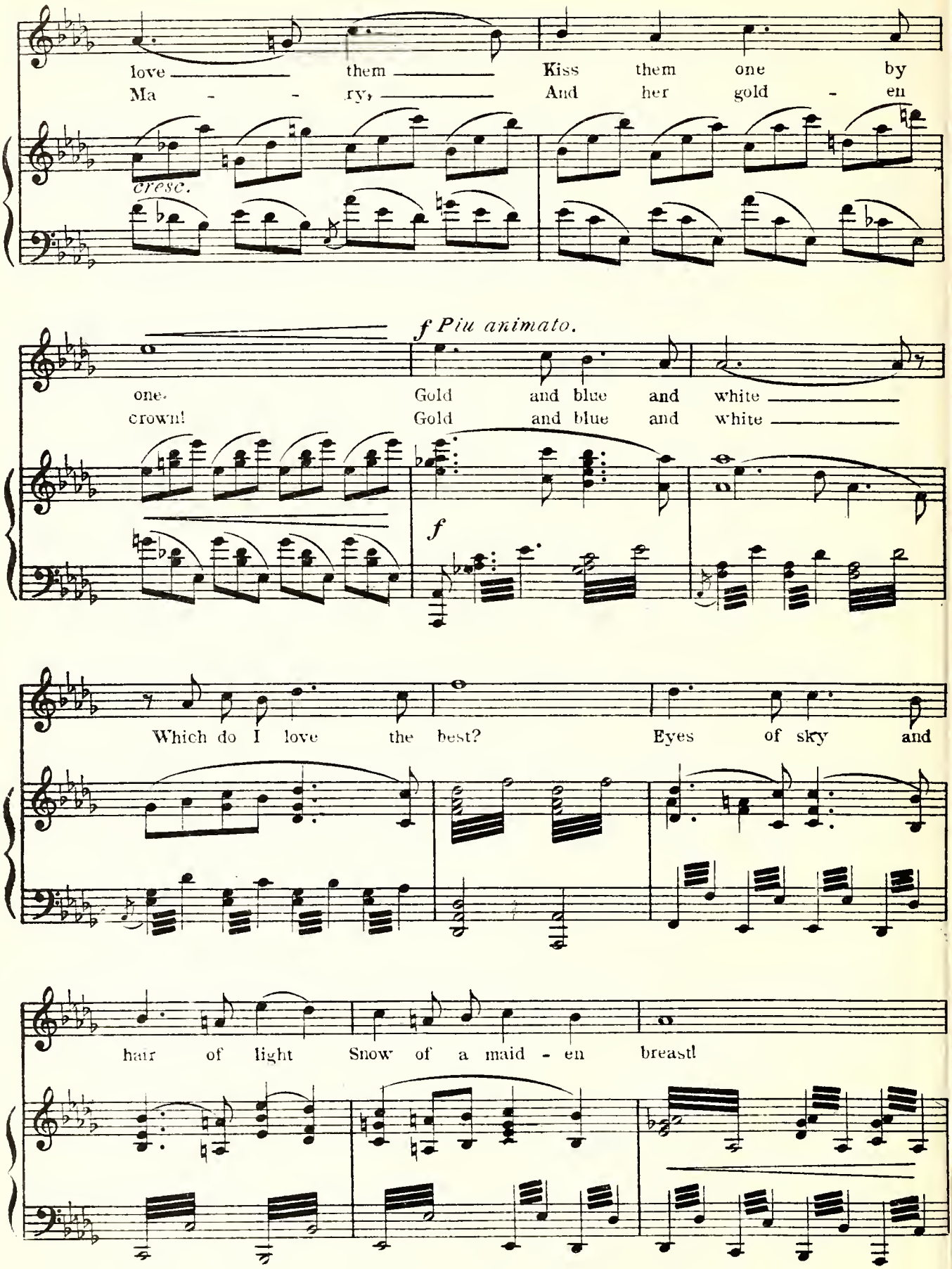
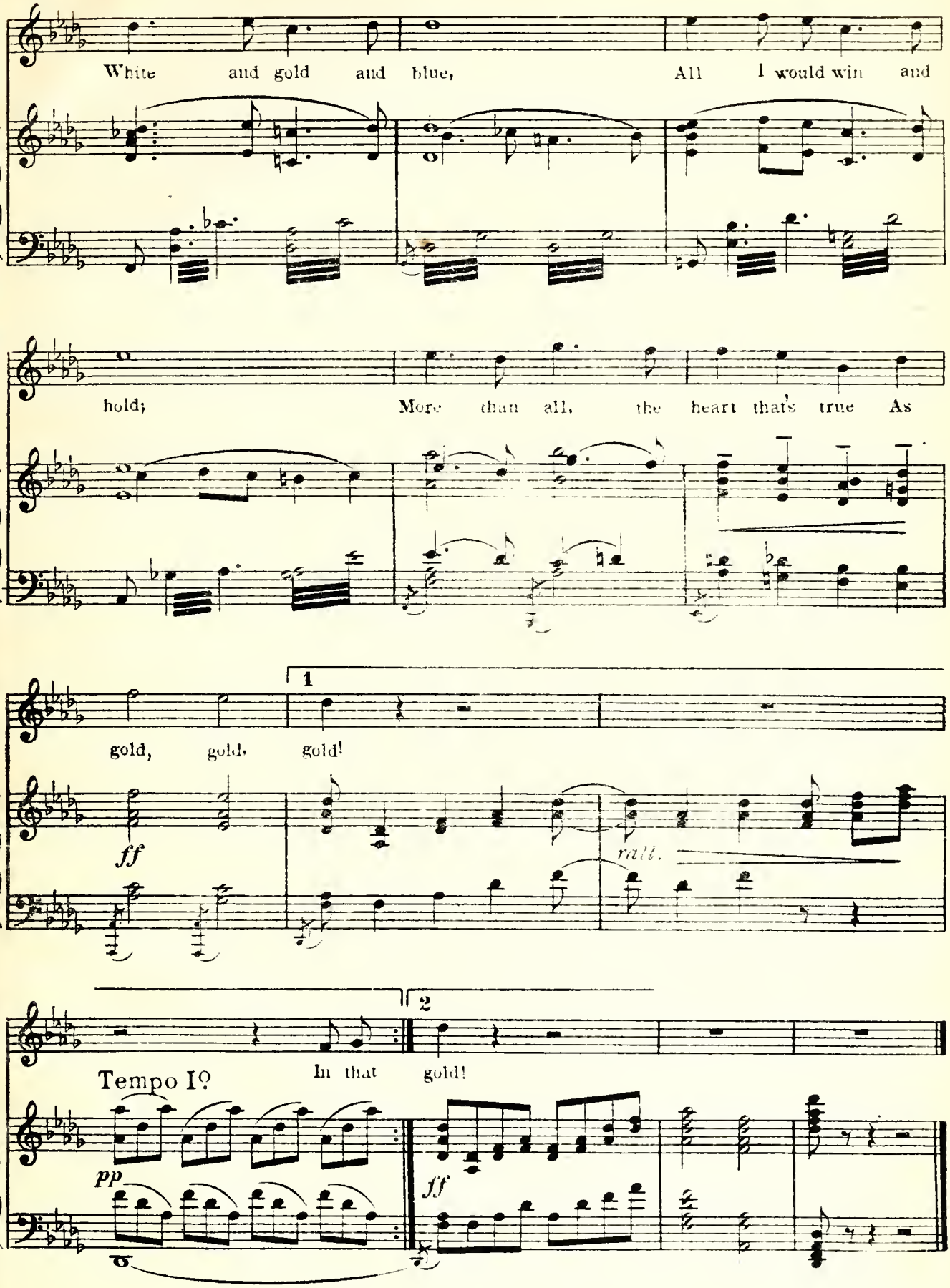

yon - - der Rise the hills of
free me From its ma - gic
snow! All the sky is blue a -
spell! To its la - dy, to its
poco cresc.
bove them, Till the gold - en
fai - - ry All my life bows
sun Comes to kin - dle them and
down, To the blue and white of
cresc.

love them Kiss them one by
Ma - - ry, And her gold - en
cresc.
f Piu animato.
one. Gold and blue and white
crown! Gold and blue and white
f
Which do I love the best? Eyes of sky and
hair of light Snow of a maid - en breast!

White and gold and blue, All I would win and
hold; More than all, the heart that's true As
1
gold, gold, gold!
ff
rall.
2
Tempo I?
In that gold!
pp
ff